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SARTOR RESARTUS

THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF

HERR TEUFELSDRÖCKH

In Three Books.

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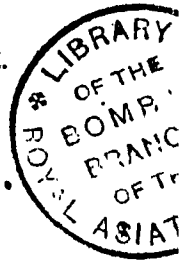
BY THOMAS CARLYLE.



Mein Vermächtniß, wie herrlich weit und breit!
Die Zeit iſt mein Vermächtniß, mein Acker iſt die Zeit.
Goethe.

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LONDON:
THE CARLYLE'S HOUSE MEMORIAL TRUST
24 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA.

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SARTOR RESARTUS.

BOOK FIRST.

CHAPTER I.

PRELIMINARY.

CONSIDERING our present advanced state of culture, and how the Torch of Science has now been brandished and borne about, with more or less effect, for five-thousand years and upwards; how, in these times especially, not only the Torch still burns, and perhaps more fiercely than ever, but innumerable Rush-lights, and Sulphur-matches, kindled thereat, are also glancing in every direction, so that not the smallest cranny or doghole in Nature or Art can remain unilluminated,—it might strike the reflective mind with some surprise that hitherto little or nothing of a fundamental character, whether in the way of Philosophy or History, has been written on the subject of Clothes.

Our Theory of Gravitation is as good as perfect: Lagrange, it is well known, has proved that the Planetary System, on this scheme, will endure forever; Laplace, still more cunningly, even guesses that it could not have been made on any other scheme. Whereby, at least, our nautical Logbooks can be better kept; and water-transport of all kinds

has grown more commodious. Of Geology and Geognosy we know enough: what with the labours of our Werners and Huttons, what with the ardent genius of their disciples, it has come about that now, to many a Royal Society, the Creation of a World is little more mysterious than the cooking of a dumpling; concerning which last, indeed, there have been minds to whom the question, *How the apples were got in*, presented difficulties. Why mention our disquisitions on the Social Contract, on the Standard of Taste, on the Migrations of the Herring? Then, have we not a Doctrine of Rent, a Theory of Value; Philosophies of Language, of History, of Pottery, of Apparitions, of Intoxicating Liquors? Man's whole life and environment have been laid open and elucidated; scarcely a fragment or fibre of his Soul, Body, and Possessions, but has been probed, dissected, distilled, desiccated, and scientifically decomposed: our spiritual Faculties, of which it appears there are not a few, have their Stewarts, Cousins, Royer Collards: every cellular, vascular, muscular Tissue glories in its Lawrences, Majendies, Bichâts.

How, then, comes it, may the reflective mind repeat, that the grand Tissue of all Tissues, the only real Tissue, should have been quite overlooked by Science,—the vestural Tissue, namely, of woollen or other cloth; which Man's Soul wears as its outmost wrappage and overall; wherein his whole other Tissues are included and screened, his whole Faculties work, his whole Self lives, moves, and has its being? For if, now and then, some straggling broken-winged thinker has cast an owl's-glance into this obscure region, the most have soared over it altogether heedless; regarding Clothes as a property, not an accident, as quite natural and

spontaneous, like the leaves of trees, like the plumage of birds. In all speculations they have tacitly figured man as a *Clothed Animal;* whereas he is by nature a *Naked Animal;* and only in certain circumstances, by purpose and device, masks himself in Clothes. Shakespeare says, we are creatures that look before and after: the more surprising that we do not look round a little, and see what is passing under our very eyes.

But here, as in so many other cases, Germany, learned, indefatigable, deep-thinking Germany comes to our aid. It is, after all, a blessing that, in these revolutionary times, there should be one country where abstract Thought can still take shelter; that while the din and frenzy of Catholic Emancipations, and Rotten Boroughs, and Revolts of Paris, deafen every French and every English ear, the German can stand peaceful on his scientific watch-tower; and, to the raging, struggling multitude here and elsewhere, solemnly, from hour to hour, with preparatory blast of cowhorn, emit his *Höret ihr Herren und lasset's Euch sagen;* in other words, tell the Universe, which so often forgets that fact, what o'clock it really is. Not unfrequently the Germans have been blamed for an unprofitable diligence; as if they struck into devious courses, where nothing was to be had but the toil of a rough journey; as if, forsaking the gold-mines of finance and that political slaughter of fat oxen whereby a man himself grows fat, they were apt to run goose-hunting into regions of bilberries and crowberries, and be swallowed up at last in remote peat-bogs. Of that unwise science, which, as our Humorist expresses it,

> 'By geometric scale
> Doth take the size of pots of ale;'

still more, of that altogether misdirected industry, which is seen vigorously thrashing mere straw, there can nothing defensive be said. In so far as the Germans are chargeable with such, let them take the consequence. Nevertheless be it remarked, that even a Russian steppe has tumuli and gold ornaments; also many a scene that looks desert and rock-bound from the distance, will unfold itself, when visited, into rare valleys. Nay, in any case, would Criticism erect not only finger-posts and turnpikes, but spiked gates and impassable barriers, for the mind of man? It is written, 'Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased.' Surely the plain rule is, Let each considerate person have his way, and see what it will lead to. For not this man and that man, but all men make up mankind, and their united tasks the task of mankind. How often have we seen some such adventurous, and perhaps much-censured wanderer light on some outlying, neglected, yet vitally momentous province; the hidden treasures of which he first discovered, and kept proclaiming till the general eye and effort were directed thither, and the conquest was completed;—thereby, in these his seemingly so aimless rambles, planting new standards, founding new habitable colonies, in the immeasurable circumambient realm of Nothingness and Night! Wise man was he who counselled that Speculation should have free course, and look fearlessly towards all the thirty-two points of the compass, whithersoever and howsoever it listed.

Perhaps it is proof of the stunted condition in which pure Science, especially pure moral Science, languishes among us English; and how our mercantile greatness, and invaluable Constitution, im-

pressing a political or other immediately practical tendency on all English culture and endeavour, cramps the free flight of Thought,—that this, not Philosophy of Clothes, but recognition even that we have no such Philosophy, stands here for the first time published in our language. What English intellect could have chosen such a topic, or by chance stumbled on it? But for that same unshackled, and even sequestered condition of the German Learned, which permits and induces them to fish in all manner of waters, with all manner of nets, it seems probable enough, this abstruse Inquiry might, in spite of the results it leads to, have continued dormant for indefinite periods. The Editor of these sheets, though otherwise boasting himself a man of confirmed speculative habits, and perhaps discursive enough, is free to confess, that never, till these last months, did the above very plain considerations, on our total want of a Philosophy of Clothes, occur to him; and then, by quite foreign suggestion. By the arrival, namely, of a new Book from Professor Teufelsdröckh of Weissnichtwo; treating expressly of this subject, and in a style which, whether understood or not, could not even by the blindest be overlooked. In the present Editor's way of thought, this remarkable Treatise, with its Doctrines, whether as judicially acceded to, or judicially denied, has not remained without effect.

'*Die Kleider, ihr Werden und Wirken* (Clothes, 'their Origin and Influence): *von Diog. Teufels-* '*dröckh J.U.D. etc. Stillschweigen und Compte.* '*Weissnichtwo*, 1831.

'Here,' says the *Weissnichtwo'sche Anzeiger*, 'comes a Volume of that extensive, close-printed, 'close-meditated sort, which, be it spoken with 'pride, is seen only in Germany, perhaps only in

'Weissnichtwo. Issuing from the hitherto irre-
'proachable Firm of Stillschweigen and Company,
'with every external furtherance, it is of such
'internal quality as to set Neglect at defiance.'
* * * * 'A work,' concludes the well-nigh enthus-
'iastic Reviewer, 'interesting alike to the antiquary,
'the historian, and the philosophic thinker; a
'masterpiece of boldness, lynx-eyed acuteness, and
'rugged independent Germanism and Philanthropy
'(*derber Kerndeutschheit und Menschenliebe*); which
'will not, assuredly, pass current without opposition
'in high places; but must and will exalt the almost
'new name of Teufelsdröckh to the first ranks of
'Philosophy, in our German Temple of Honour.'

Mindful of old friendship, the distinguished Professor, in this the first blaze of his fame, which however does not dazzle him, sends hither a Presentation-copy of his Book; with compliments and enconiums which modesty forbids the present Editor to rehearse; yet without indicated wish or hope of any kind, except what may be implied in the concluding phrase: *Möchte es* (this remarkable Treatise) *auch im Brittischen Boden gedeihen!*

CHAPTER II.

EDITORIAL DIFFICULTIES.

If for a speculative man, 'whose seedfield,' in the sublime words of the Poet, 'is Time,' no conquest is important but that of new ideas, then might the arrival of Professor Teufelsdröckh's Book be marked with chalk in the Editor's calendar. It is indeed an 'extensive Volume,' of boundless, almost form-

less contents, a very Sea of Thought; neither calm nor clear, if you will; yet wherein the toughest pearl-diver may dive to his utmost depth, and return not only with sea-wreck but with true orients.

Directly on the first perusal, almost on the first deliberate inspection, it became apparent that here a quite new Branch of Philosophy, leading to as yet undescribed ulterior results, was disclosed; farther, what seemed scarcely less interesting, a quite new human Individuality, an almost unexampled personal character, that, namely, of Professor Teufelsdröckh the Discloser. Of both which novelties, as far as might be possible, we resolved to master the significance. But as man is emphatically a proselytising creature, no sooner was such mastery even fairly attempted, than the new question arose: How might this acquired good be imparted to others, perhaps in equal need thereof: how could the Philosophy of Clothes, and the Author of such Philosophy, be brought home, in any measure, to the business and bosoms of our own English Nation? For if new-got gold is said to burn the pockets till it be cast forth into circulation, much more may new truth.

Here, however, difficulties occurred. The first thought naturally was to publish Article after Article on this remarkable Volume, in such widely-circulating Critical Journals as the Editor might stand connected with, or by money or love procure access to. But, on the other hand, was it not clear that such matter as must here be revealed, and treated of, might endanger the circulation of any Journal extant? If, indeed, all party-divisions in the State could have been abolished, Whig, Tory, and Radical, embracing in discrepant union; and all the Journals of the Nation could have been

jumbled into one Journal, and the Philosophy of Clothes poured forth in incessant torrents therefrom, the attempt had seemed possible. But, alas, what vehicle of that sort have we, except *Fraser's Magazine?* A vehicle all strewed (figuratively speaking) with the maddest Waterloo-Crackers, exploding distractively and destructively, wheresoever the mystified passenger stands or sits; nay, in any case, understood to be, of late years, a vehicle full to overflowing, and inexorably shut! Besides, to state the Philosophy of Clothes without the Philosopher, the ideas of Teufelsdröckh without something of his personality, was it not to insure both of entire misapprehension? Now for Biography, had it been otherwise admissible, there were no adequate documents, no hope of obtaining such, but rather, owing to circumstances, a special despair. Thus did the Editor see himself, for the while, shut out from all public utterance of these extraordinary Doctrines, and constrained to revolve them, not without disquietude, in the dark depths of his own mind.

So had it lasted for some months; and now the Volume on Clothes, read and again read, was in several points becoming lucid and lucent; the personality of its Author more and more surprising, but, in spite of all that memory and conjecture could do, more and more enigmatic; whereby the old disquietude seemed fast settling into fixed discontent,—when altogether unexpectedly arrives a Letter from Herr Hofrath Heuschrecke, our Professor's chief friend and associate in Weissnichtwo, with whom we had not previously corresponded. The Hofrath, after much quite extraneous matter, began dilating largely on the 'agitation and attention' which the Philosophy of Clothes was exciting

in its own German Republic of Letters; on the deep significance and tendency of his Friend's Volume; and then, at length, with great circumlocution, hinted at the practicability of conveying 'some 'knowledge of it, and of him, to England, and 'through England to the distant West:' a work on 'Professor Teufelsdröckh 'were undoubtedly welcome 'to the *Family*, the *National*, or any other of those 'patriotic *Libraries*, at present the glory of British 'Literature;' might work revolutions in Thought; and so forth;—in conclusion, intimating not obscurely, that should the present Editor feel disposed to undertake a Biography of Teufelsdröckh, he, Hofrath Heuschrecke, had it in his power to furnish the requisite Documents.

As in some chemical mixture, that has stood long evaporating, but would not crystallise, instantly when the wire or other fixed substance is introduced, crystallisation commences, and rapidly proceeds till the whole is finished, so was it with the Editor's mind and this offer of Heuschrecke's. Form rose out of void solution and discontinuity; like united itself with like in definite arrangement: and soon either in actual vision and possession, or in fixed reasonable hope, the image of the whole Enterprise had shaped itself, so to speak, into a solid mass. Cautiously yet courageously, through the twopenny post, application to the famed redoubtable OLIVER YORKE was now made: an interview, interviews with that singular man have taken place; with more of assurance on our side, with less of satire (at least of open satire) on his, than we anticipated;—for the rest, with such issue as is now visible. As to those same 'patriotic *Libraries*,' the Hofrath's counsel could only be viewed with silent amazement; but with his offer of Documents we

joyfully and almost instantaneously closed. Thus, too, in the sure expectation of these, we already see our task begun; and this our *Sartor Resartus*, which is properly a 'Life and Opinions of Herr Teufelsdröckh,' hourly advancing.

Of our fitness for the Enterprise, to which we have such title and vocation, it were perhaps uninteresting to say more. Let the British reader study and enjoy, in simplicity of heart, what is here presented him, and with whatever metaphysical acumen and talent for meditation he is possessed of. Let him strive to keep a free, open sense; cleared from the mists of prejudice, above all from the paralysis of cant; and directed rather to the Book itself than to the Editor of the Book. Who or what such Editor may be, must remain conjectural, and even insignificant:[1] it is a voice publishing tidings of the Philosophy of Clothes; undoubtedly a Spirit addressing Spirits; whoso hath ears, let him hear.

On one other point the Editor thinks it needful to give warning: namely, that he is animated with a true though perhaps a feeble attachment to the Institutions of our Ancestors; and minded to defend these, according to ability, at all hazards; nay, it was partly with a view to such defence that he engaged in this undertaking. To stem, or if that be impossible, profitably to divert the current of Innovation, such a Volume as Teufelsdröckh's, if cunningly planted down, were no despicable pile, or floodgate, in the logical wear.

For the rest, be it nowise apprehended, that any

[1] With us even he still communicates in some sort of mask, or muffler; and we have reason to think, under a feigned name!—O. Y.

personal connexion of ours with Teufelsdröckh, Heuschrecke, or this Philosophy of Clothes, can pervert our judgment, or sway us to extenuate or exaggerate. Powerless, we venture to promise, are those private Compliments themselves. Grateful they may well be; as generous illusions of friendship; as fair mementos of bygone unions, of those nights and suppers of the gods, when, lapped in the symphonies and harmonies of Philosophic Eloquence, though with baser accompaniments, the present Editor revelled in that feast of reason, never since vouchsafed him in so full measure! But what then? *Amicus Plato, magis amica veritas;* Teufelsdröckh is our friend, Truth is our divinity. In our historical and critical capacity, we hope we are strangers to all the world; have feud or favour with no one,—save indeed the Devil, with whom, as with the Prince of Lies and Darkness, we do at all times wage internecine war. This assurance, at an epoch when puffery and quackery have reached a height unexampled in the annals of mankind, and even English Editors, like Chinese Shopkeepers, must write on their door-lintels *No Cheating here,*—we thought it good to premise.

CHAPTER III.

REMINISCENCES.

To the Author's private circle the appearance of this singular Work on Clothes must have occasioned little less surprise than it has to the rest of the world. For ourselves, at least, few things have been more unexpected. Professor Teufelsdröckh,

at the period of our acquaintance with him, seemed to lead a quite still and self-contained life: a man devoted to the higher Philosophies, indeed; yet more likely, if he published at all, to publish a refutation of Hegel and Bardili, both of whom, strangely enough, he included under a common ban; than to descend, as he has here done, into the angry noisy Forum, with an Argument that cannot but exasperate and divide. Not, that we can remember, was the Philosophy of Clothes once touched upon between us. If through the high, silent, meditative Transcendentalism of our Friend we detected any practical tendency whatever, it was at most Political, and towards a certain prospective, and for the present quite speculative, Radicalism; as indeed some correspondence, on his part, with Herr Oken of Jena was now and then suspected; though his special contributions to the *Isis* could never be more than surmised at. But, at all events, nothing Moral, still less anything Didactico-Religious, was looked for from him.

Well do we recollect the last words he spoke in our hearing; which indeed, with the Night they were uttered in, are to be forever remembered. Lifting his huge tumbler of *Gukguk*,[1] and for a moment lowering his tobacco-pipe, he stood up in full coffee-house (it was *Zur Grünen Gans*, the largest in Weissnichtwo, where all the Virtuosity, and nearly all the Intellect of the place assembled of an evening); and there, with low, soul-stirring tone, and the look truly of an angel, though whether of a white or of a black one might be dubious, proposed this toast: *Die Sache der Armen in Gottes und Teufels Namen* (The Cause of the Poor, in Heaven's name and ——'s)! One full shout, breaking the leaden

[1] Gukguk is unhappily only an academical—beer.

silence; then a gurgle of innumerable emptying bumpers, again followed by universal cheering, returned him loud acclaim. It was the finale of the night. Resuming their pipes; in the highest enthusiasm, amid volumes of tobacco-smoke; triumphant, cloud-capt without and within, the assembly broke up, each to his thoughtful pillow. *Bleibt doch ein echter Spass- und Galgen-vogel*, said several; meaning thereby that, one day, he would probably be hanged for his democratic sentiments. *Wo steckt doch der Schalk?* added they, looking round: but Teufelsdröckh had retired by private alleys, and the Compiler of these pages beheld him no more.

In such scenes has it been our lot to live with this Philosopher, such estimate to form of his purposes and powers. And yet, thou brave Teufelsdröckh, who could tell what lurked in thee? Under those thick locks of thine, so long and lank, overlapping roof-wise the gravest face we ever in this world saw, there dwelt a most busy brain. In thy eyes too, deep under their shaggy brows, and looking out so still and dreamy, have we not noticed gleams of an ethereal or else a diabolic fire, and half-fancied that their stillness was but the rest of infinite motion, the *sleep* of a spinning-top? Thy little figure, there as, in loose ill-brushed threadbare habiliments, thou sattest, amid litter and lumber, whole days, to 'think and smoke tobacco,' held in it a mighty heart. The secrets of man's Life were laid open to thee; thou sawest into the mystery of the Universe, farther than another; thou hadst *in petto* thy remarkable Volume on Clothes. Nay, was there not in that clear logically-founded Transcendentalism of thine; still more, in thy meek, silent, deep-seated Sansculottism, combined with a

true princely Courtesy of inward nature, the visible rudiments of such speculation? But great men are too often unknown, or what is worse, misknown. Already, when we dreamed not of it, the warp of thy remarkable Volume lay on the loom; and silently, mysterious shuttles were putting-in the woof!

How the Hofrath Heuschrecke is to furnish biographical data, in this case, may be a curious question; the answer of which, however, is happily not our concern, but his. To us it appeared, after repeated trial, that in Weissnichtwo, from the archives or memories of the best-informed classes, no Biography of Teufelsdröckh was to be gathered; not so much as a false one. He was a stranger there, wafted thither by what is called the course of circumstances; concerning whose parentage, birthplace, prospects, or pursuits, curiosity had indeed made inquiries, but satisfied herself with the most indistinct replies. For himself, he was a man so still and altogether unparticipating, that to question him even afar off on such particulars was a thing of more than usual delicacy: besides, in his sly way, he had ever some quaint turn, not without its satirical edge, wherewith to divert such intrusions, and deter you from the like. Wits spoke of him secretly as if he were a kind of Melchizedek, without father or mother of any kind; sometimes, with reference to his great historic and statistic knowledge, and the vivid way he had of expressing himself like an eye-witness of distant transactions and scenes, they called him the *Ewige Jude*, Everlasting, or as we say, Wandering Jew.

To the most, indeed, he had become not so much a Man as a Thing; which Thing doubtless they

were accustomed to see, and with satisfaction; but no more thought of accounting for than for the fabrication of their daily *Allgemeine Zeitung*, or the domestic habits of the Sun. Both were there and welcome; the world enjoyed what good was in them, and thought no more of the matter. The man Teufelsdröckh passed and repassed, in his little circle, as one of those originals and nondescripts, more frequent in German Universities than elsewhere; of whom, though you see them alive, and feel certain enough that they must have a History, no History seems to be discoverable; or only such as men give of mountain rocks and antediluvian ruins: That they have been created by unknown agencies, are in a state of gradual decay, and for the present reflect light and resist pressure; that is, are visible and tangible objects in this phantasm world, where so much other mystery is.

It was to be remarked that though, by title and diploma, *Professor der Allerley Wissenschaft*, or as we should say in English, 'Professor of Things in General,' he had never delivered any Course; perhaps never been incited thereto by any public furtherance or requisition. To all appearance, the enlightened Government of Weissnichtwo, in founding their New University, imagined they had done enough, if 'in times like ours,' as the half-official Program expressed it, 'when all things are, rapidly 'or slowly, resolving themselves into Chaos, a 'Professorship of this kind had been established; 'whereby, as occasion called, the task of bodying 'somewhat forth again from such Chaos might be, 'even slightly, facilitated.' That actual Lectures should be held, and Public Classes for the 'Science of Things in General,' they doubtless considered premature; on which ground too they had only

established the Professorship, nowise endowed it; so that Teufelsdröckh, 'recommended by the highest Names,' had been promoted thereby to a Name merely.

Great, among the more enlightened classes, was the admiration of this new Professorship: how an enlightened Government had seen into the Want of the Age (*Zeitbedürfniss*); how at length, instead of Denial and Destruction, we were to have a science of Affirmation and Reconstruction; and Germany and Weissnichtwo were where they should be, in the vanguard of the world. Considerable also was the wonder at the new Professor, dropt opportunely enough into the nascent University; so able to lecture, should occasion call; so ready to hold his peace for indefinite periods, should an enlightened Government consider that occasion did not call. But such admiration and such wonder, being followed by no act to keep them living, could last only nine days; and, long before our visit to that scene, had quite died away. The more cunning heads thought it was all an expiring clutch at popularity, on the part of a Minister, whom domestic embarrassments, court intrigues, old age, and dropsy soon afterwards finally drove from the helm.

As for Teufelsdröckh, except by his nightly appearances at the *Grüne Gans*, Weissnichtwo saw little of him, felt little of him. Here, over his tumbler of Gukguk, he sat reading Journals; sometimes contemplatively looking into the clouds of his tobacco-pipe, without other visible employment: always, from his mild ways, an agreeable phenomenon there; more especially when he opened his lips for speech; on which occasions the whole Coffee-house would hush itself into silence, as if

sure to hear something noteworthy. Nay, perhaps to hear a whole series and river of the most memorable utterances; such as, when once thawed, he would for hours indulge in, with fit audience: and the more memorable, as issuing from a head apparently not more interested in them, not more conscious of them, than is the sculptured stone head of some public fountain, which through its brass mouth-tube emits water to the worthy and the unworthy; careless whether it be for cooking victuals or quenching conflagrations; indeed, maintains the same earnest assiduous look, whether any water be flowing or not.

To the Editor of these sheets, as to a young enthusiastic Englishman, however unworthy, Teufelsdröckh opened himself perhaps more than to the most. Pity only that we could not then half guess his importance, and scrutinise him with due power of vision! We enjoyed, what not three men in Weissnichtwo could boast of, a certain degree of access to the Professor's private domicile. It was the attic floor of the highest house in the Wahngasse; and might truly be called the pinnacle of Weissnichtwo, for it rose sheer up above the contiguous roofs, themselves rising from elevated ground. Moreover, with its windows it looked towards all the four *Orte*, or as the Scotch say, and we ought to say, *Airts:* the sitting-room itself commanded three; another came to view in the *Schlafgemach* (bed-room) at the opposite end; to say nothing of the kitchen, which offered two, as it were, *duplicates*, and showing nothing new. So that it was in fact the speculum or watch-tower of Teufelsdröckh; wherefrom, sitting at ease, he might see the whole life-circulation of that considerable City; the streets and lanes of which, with all their

doing and driving (*Thun und Treiben*), were for the most part visible there.

'I look down into all that wasp-nest or bee-hive,' have we heard him say, 'and witness their wax-'laying and honey-making, and poison-brewing, and 'choking by sulphur. From the Palace esplanade, 'where music plays while Serene Highness is pleased 'to eat his victuals, down to the low lane, where in 'her door-sill the aged widow, knitting for a thin 'livelihood, sits to feel the afternoon sun, I see it 'all; for, except the Schlosskirche weathercock, no 'biped stands so high. Couriers arrive bestrapped 'and bebooted, bearing Joy and Sorrow bagged up 'in pouches of leather: there, topladen, and with 'four swift horses, rolls in the country Baron and 'his household; here, on timber-leg, the lamed 'Soldier hops painfully along, begging alms: a 'thousand carriages, and wains, and cars, come 'tumbling-in with Food, with young Rusticity, and 'other Raw Produce, inanimate or animate, and 'go tumbling out again with Produce manufactured. 'That living flood, pouring through these streets, of 'all qualities and ages, knowest thou whence it is 'coming, whither it is going? *Aus der Ewigkeit*, '*zu der Ewigkeit hin:* From Eternity, onwards to 'Eternity! These are Apparitions: what else? 'Are they not Souls rendered visible: in Bodies, 'that took shape and will lose it, melting into air? 'Their solid Pavement is a Picture of the Sense; 'they walk on the bosom of Nothing, blank Time is 'behind them and before them. Or fanciest thou, 'the red and yellow Clothes-screen yonder, with 'spurs on its heels and feather in its crown, is but 'of Today, without a Yesterday or a Tomorrow; 'and had not rather its Ancestor alive when Hengst 'and Horsa overran thy Island? Friend, thou seest

'here a living link in that Tissue of History, which 'inweaves all Being: watch well, or it will be past 'thee, and seen no more.'

'*Ach, mein Lieber!*' said he once, at midnight, when we had returned from the Coffee-house in rather earnest talk, 'it is a true sublimity to dwell 'here. These fringes of lamplight, struggling up 'through smoke and thousandfold exhalation, some 'fathoms into the ancient reign of Night, what 'thinks Boötes of them, as he leads his Hunting-'Dogs over the Zenith in their leash of sidereal 'fire? That stifled hum of Midnight, when Traffic 'has lain down to rest; and the chariot-wheels of 'Vanity, still rolling here and there through distant 'streets, are bearing her to Halls roofed in, and 'lighted to the due pitch for her; and only Vice 'and Misery, to prowl or to moan like nightbirds, 'are abroad: that hum, I say, like the stertorous, 'unquiet slumber of sick Life, is heard in Heaven! 'Oh, under that hideous coverlet of vapours, and 'putrefactions, and unimaginable gases, what a 'Fermenting-vat lies simmering and hid! The 'joyful and the sorrowful are there; men are dying 'there, men are being born; men are praying,—on 'the other side of a brick partition, men are cursing; 'and around them all is the vast, void Night. The 'proud Grandee still lingers in his perfumed saloons, 'or reposes within damask curtains; Wretchedness 'cowers into truckle-beds, or shivers hunger-stricken 'into its lair of straw: in obscure cellars, *Rouge-et-'Noir* languidly emits its voice-of-destiny to haggard 'hungry Villains; while Councillors of State sit 'plotting, and playing their high chess-game, 'whereof the pawns are Men. The Lover whispers 'his mistress that the coach is ready; and she, full 'of hope and fear, glides down, to fly with him

'over the borders: the Thief, still more silently, 'sets-to his picklocks and crowbars, or lurks in wait 'till the watchmen first snore in their boxes. Gay 'mansions, with supper-rooms and dancing-rooms, 'are full of light and music and high-swelling hearts; 'but, in the Condemned Cells, the pulse of life beats 'tremulous and faint, and bloodshot eyes look-out 'through the darkness, which is around and within, 'for the light of a stern last morning. Six men are 'to be hanged on the morrow: comes no hammer-'ing from the *Rabenstein?*—their gallows must even 'now be o' building. Upwards of five-hundred-'thousand two-legged animals without feathers lie 'round us, in horizontal positions; their heads all 'in nightcaps, and full of the foolishest dreams. 'Riot cries aloud, and staggers and swaggers in his 'rank dens of shame; and the Mother, with stream-'ing hair, kneels over her pallid dying infant, whose 'cracked lips only her tears now moisten.—All 'these heaped and huddled together, with nothing 'but a little carpentry and masonry between them;— 'crammed in, like salted fish in their barrel;— 'or weltering, shall I say, like an Egyptian pitcher 'of tamed vipers, each struggling to get its *head* 'above the others: *such* work goes on under that 'smoke-counterpane!—But I, *mein Werther*, sit 'above it all; I am alone with the Stars.'

We looked in his face to see whether, in the utterance of such extraordinary Night-thoughts, no feeling might be traced there; but with the light we had, which indeed was only a single tallow-light, and far enough from the window, nothing save that old calmness and fixedness was visible.

These were the Professor's talking seasons: most commonly he spoke in mere monosyllables, or sat altogether silent and smoked; while the visitor had

liberty either to say what he listed, receiving for answer an occasional grunt; or to look round for a space, and then take himself away. It was a strange apartment; full of books and tattered papers, and miscellaneous shreds of all conceivable substances, 'united in a common element of dust.' Books lay on tables, and below tables; here fluttered a sheet of manuscript, there a torn handkerchief, or night-cap hastily thrown aside; ink-bottles alternated with bread-crusts, coffee-pots, tobacco-boxes, Periodical Literature, and Blücher Boots. Old Lieschen (Lisekin, 'Liza), who was his bed-maker and stove-lighter, his washer and wringer, cook, errand-maid, and general lion's-provider, and for the rest a very orderly creature, had no sovereign authority in this last citadel of Teufelsdröckh; only some once in the month she half-forcibly made her way thither, with broom and duster, and (Teufelsdröckh hastily saving his manuscripts) effected a partial clearance, a jail-delivery of such lumber as was not Literary. These were her *Erdbeben* (earthquakes), which Teufelsdröckh dreaded worse than the pestilence; nevertheless, to such length he had been forced to comply. Glad would he have been to sit here philosophising forever, or till the litter, by accumulation, drove him out of doors: but Lieschen was his right-arm, and spoon, and necessary of life, and would not be flatly gainsayed. We can still remember the ancient woman; so silent that some thought her dumb; deaf also you would often have supposed her; for Teufelsdröckh, and Teufelsdröckh only, would she serve or give heed to; and with him she seemed to communicate chiefly by signs; if it were not rather by some secret divination that she guessed all his wants, and supplied them. Assiduous old dame! she scoured, and sorted, and swept, in her

kitchen, with the least possible violence to the ear; yet all was tight and right there: hot and black came the coffee ever at the due moment; and the speechless Lieschen herself looked out on you, from under her clean white coif with its lappets, through her clean withered face and wrinkles, with a look of helpful intelligence, almost of benevolence.

Few strangers, as above hinted, had admittance hither: the only one we ever saw there, ourselves excepted, was the Hofrath Heuschrecke, already known, by name and expectation, to the readers of these pages. To us, at that period, Herr Heuschrecke seemed one of those purse-mouthed, cr[illegible]-necked, clean-brushed, pacific individuals, perhaps sufficiently distinguished in society by this fact, that, in dry weather or in wet, 'they never appear without their umbrella.' Had we not known with what 'little wisdom' the world is governed; and how, in Germany as elsewhere, the ninety-and-nine Public Men can for most part be but mute train-bearers to the hundredth, perhaps but stalking-horses and willing or unwilling dupes,—it might have seemed wonderful how Herr Heuschrecke should be named a *Rath*, or Councillor, and Counsellor, even in Weissnichtwo. What counsel to any man, or to any woman, could this particular Hofrath give; in whose loose, zigzag figure; in whose thin visage, as it went jerking to and fro, in minute incessant fluctuation,—you traced rather confusion worse confounded; at most, Timidity and physical Cold? Some indeed said withal, he was 'the very Spirit of Love embodied': blue earnest eyes, full of sadness and kindness; purse ever open, and so forth; the whole of which, we shall now hope, for many reasons, was not quite groundless. Nevertheless friend Teufelsdröckh's outline, who

indeed handled the burin like few in these cases, was probably the best: *Er hat Gemüth und Geist, hat wenigstens gehabt, doch ohne Organ, ohne Schicksals-Gunst; ist gegenwärtig aber halb-zerrüttet, halberstarrt*, 'He has heart and talent, at least has had such, yet without fit mode of utterance, or favour of Fortune; and so is now half-cracked, half-congealed.'—What the Hofrath shall think of this when he sees it, readers may wonder: we, safe in the stronghold of Historical Fidelity, are careless.

The main point, doubtless, for us all, is his love of Teufelsdröckh, which indeed was also by far the most decisive feature of Heuschrecke himself. We are enabled to assert that he hung on the Professor with the fondness of a Boswell for his Johnson. And perhaps with the like return; for Teufelsdröckh treated his gaunt admirer with little outward regard, as some half-rational or altogether irrational friend, and at best loved him out of gratitude and by habit. On the other hand, it was curious to observe with what reverent kindness, and a sort of fatherly protection, our Hofrath, being the elder, richer, and as he fondly imagined far more practically influential of the two, looked and tended on his little Sage, whom he seemed to consider as a living oracle. Let but Teufelsdröckh open his mouth, Heuschrecke's also unpuckered itself into a free doorway, besides his being all eye and all ear, so that nothing might be lost: and then, at every pause in the harangue, he gurgled-out his pursy chuckle of a cough-laugh (for the machinery of laughter took some time to get in motion, and seemed crank and slack), or else his twanging nasal, *Bravo! Das glaub' ich;* in either case, by way of heartiest approval. In short, if Teufelsdröckh was Dalai-Lama, of which, except perhaps in his self-seclusion, and god-like indiffer-

ence, there was no symptom, then might Heuschrecke pass for his chief Talapoin, to whom no dough-pill he could knead and publish was other than medicinal and sacred.

In such environment, social, domestic, physical, did Teufelsdröckh, at the time of our acquaintance, and most likely does he still, live and meditate. Here, perched-up in his high Wahngasse watch-tower, and often, in solitude, outwatching the Bear, it was that the indomitable Inquirer fought all his battles with Dulness and Darkness; here, in all probability, that he wrote this surprising Volume on *Clothes*. Additional particulars: of his age, which was of that standing middle sort you could only guess at; of his wide surtout; the colour of his trousers, fashion of his broad-brimmed steeple-hat, and so forth, we might report, but do not. The Wisest truly is, in these times, the Greatest; so that an enlightened curiosity, leaving Kings and suchlike to rest very much on their own basis, turns more and more to the Philosophic Class: nevertheless, what reader expects that, with all our writing and reporting, Teufelsdröckh could be brought home to him, till once the Documents arrive? His Life, Fortunes, and Bodily Presence, are as yet hidden from us, or matter only of faint conjecture. But, on the other hand, does not his Soul lie enclosed in this remarkable Volume, much more truly than Pedro Garcia's did in the buried Bag of Doubloons? To the soul of Diogenes Teufelsdröckh, to his opinions, namely, on the 'Origin and Influence of Clothes,' we for the present gladly return.

CHAPTER IV.

CHARACTERISTICS.

It were a piece of vain flattery to pretend that this Work on Clothes entirely contents us; that it is not, like all works of genius, like the very Sun, which, though the highest published creation, or work of genius, has nevertheless black spots and troubled nebulosities amid its effulgence,—a mixture of insight, inspiration, with dulness, double-vision, and even utter blindness.

Without committing ourselves to those enthusiastic praises and prophesyings of the *Weissnichtwo'sche Anzeiger*, we admitted that the Book had in a high degree excited us to self-activity, which is the best effect of any book; that it had even operated changes in our way of thought; nay, that it promised to prove, as it were, the opening of a new mine-shaft, wherein the whole world of Speculation might henceforth dig to unknown depths. More especially it may now be declared that Professor Teufelsdröckh's acquirements, patience of research, philosophic and even poetic vigour, are here made indisputably manifest; and unhappily no less his prolixity and tortuosity and manifold ineptitude; that, on the whole, as in opening new mine-shafts is not unreasonable, there is much rubbish in his Book, though likewise specimens of almost invaluable ore. A paramount popularity in England we cannot promise him. Apart from the choice of such a topic as Clothes, too often the manner of treating it betokens in the Author a rusticity and academic seclusion, unblamable, indeed inevitable in a German, but fatal to his success with our public.

Of good society Teufelsdröckh appears to have seen little, or has mostly forgotten what he saw. He speaks-out with a strange plainness; calls many things by their mere dictionary names. To him the Upholsterer is no Pontiff, neither is any Drawing-room a Temple, were it never so begilt and overhung: 'a whole immensity of Brussels carpets, and pier-glasses, and or-molu,' as he himself expresses it, 'cannot hide from me that such Drawing-room is 'simply a section of Infinite Space, where so many 'God-created Souls do for the time meet together.' To Teufelsdröckh the highest Duchess is respectable, is venerable; but nowise for her pearl bracelets and Malines laces: in his eyes, the star of a Lord is little less and little more than the broad button of Birmingham spelter in a Clown's smock; 'each is 'an implement,' he says, 'in its kind; a tag for '*hooking-together*;' and, for the rest, was dug from 'the earth, and hammered on a stithy before smith's 'fingers.' Thus does the Professor look in men's faces with a strange impartiality, a strange scientific freedom; like a man unversed in the higher circles, like a man dropped thither from the Moon. Rightly considered, it is in this peculiarity, running through his whole system of thought, that all these shortcomings, over-shootings, and multiform perversities, take rise: if indeed they have not a second source, also natural enough, in his Transcendental Philosophies, and humour of looking at all Matter and Material things as Spirit; whereby truly his case were but the more hopeless, the more lamentable.

To the Thinkers of this nation, however, of which class it is firmly believed there are individuals yet extant, we can safely recommend the Work: nay, who knows but among the fashionable ranks too, if it be true, as Teufelsdröckh maintains, that 'within

'the most starched cravat there passes a windpipe 'and weasand, and under the thickliest embroidered 'waistcoat beats a heart,'—the force of that rapt earnestness may be felt, and here and there an arrow of the soul pierce through? In our wild Seer, shaggy, unkempt, like a Baptist living on locusts and wild honey, there is an untutored energy, a silent, as it were unconscious, strength, which, except in the higher walks of Literature, must be rare. Many a deep glance, and often with unspeakable precision, has he cast into mysterious Nature, and the still more mysterious Life of Man. Wonderful it is with what cutting words, now and then, he severs asunder the confusion; shears down, were it furlongs deep, into the true centre of the matter; and there not only hits the nail on the head, but with crushing force smites it home, and buries it.—On the other hand, let us be free to admit, he is the most unequal writer breathing. Often after some such feat, he will play truant for long pages, and go dawdling and dreaming, and mumbling and maundering the merest commonplaces, as if he were asleep with eyes open, which indeed he is.

Of his boundless Learning, and how all reading and literature in most known tongues, from *Sanchoniathon* to *Dr. Lingard*, from your Oriental *Shasters*, and *Tulmuds*, and *Korans*, with Cassini's *Siamese Tables*, and Laplace's *Mécanique Céleste*, down to *Robinson Crusoe* and the *Belfast Town and Country Almanack*, are familiar to him,—we shall say nothing: for unexampled as it is with us, to the Germans such universality of study passes without wonder, as a thing commendable, indeed, but natural, indispensable, and there of course. A man that devotes his life to learning, shall he not be learned?

In respect of style our Author manifests the same genial capability, marred too often by the same rudeness, inequality, and apparent want of intercourse with the higher classes. Occasionally, as above hinted, we find consummate vigour, a true inspiration; his burning thoughts step forth in fit burning words, like so many full-formed Minervas, issuing amid flame and splendour from Jove's head; a rich, idiomatic diction, picturesque allusions, fiery poetic emphasis, or quaint tricksy turns; all the graces and terrors of a wild Imagination, wedded to the clearest Intellect, alternate in beautiful vicissitude. Were it not that sheer sleeping and soporific passages; circumlocutions, repetitions, touches even of pure doting jargon, so often intervene! On the whole, Professor Teufelsdröckh is not a cultivated writer. Of his sentences perhaps not more than nine-tenths stand straight on their legs; the remainder are in quite angular attitudes, buttressed-up by props (of parentheses and dashes), and ever with this or the other tagrag hanging from them; a few even sprawl-out helplessly on all sides, quite broken-backed and dismembered. Nevertheless, in almost his very worst moods, there lies in him a singular attraction. A wild tone pervades the whole utterance of the man, like its keynote and regulator; now screwing itself aloft as into the Song of Spirits, or else the shrill mockery of Fiends; now sinking in cadences, not without melodious heartiness, though sometimes abrupt enough, into the common pitch, when we hear it only as a monotonous hum; of which hum the true character is extremely difficult to fix. Up to this hour we have never fully satisfied ourselves whether it is a tone and hum of real Humour, which we reckon among the very highest qualities of genius, or some

echo of more Insanity and Inanity, which doubtless ranks below the very lowest.

Under a like difficulty, in spite even of our personal intercourse, do we still lie with regard to the Professor's moral feeling. Gleams of an ethereal love burst forth from him, soft wailings of infinite pity; he could clasp the whole Universe into his bosom, and keep it warm; it seems as if under that rude exterior there dwelt a very seraph. Then again he is so sly and still, so imperturbably saturnine; shows such indifference, malign coolness towards all that men strive after; and ever with some half-visible wrinkle of a bitter sardonic humour, if indeed it be not mere stolid callousness,—that you look on him almost with a shudder, as on some incarnate Mephistopheles, to whom this great terrestrial and celestial Round, after all, were but some huge foolish Whirligig, where kings and beggars, and angels and demons, and stars and street-sweepings, were chaotically whirled, in which only children could take interest. His look, as we mentioned, is probably the gravest ever seen: yet it is not of that cast-iron gravity frequent enough among our own Chancery suitors; but rather the gravity as of some silent, high-encircled mountain-pool, perhaps the crater of an extinct volcano; into whose black deeps you fear to gaze: those eyes, those lights that sparkle in it, may indeed be reflexes of the heavenly Stars, but perhaps also glances from the region of Nether Fire!

Certainly a most involved, self-secluded, altogether enigmatic nature, this of Teufelsdröckh! Here, however, we gladly recall to mind that once we saw him *laugh;* once only, perhaps it was the first and last time in his life; but then such a peal of laughter, enough to have awakened the Seven

Sleepers! It was of Jean Paul's doing: some single billow in that vast World-Mahlstrom of Humour, with its heaven-kissing coruscations, which is now, alas, all congealed in the frost of death! The large-bodied Poet and the small, both large enough in soul, sat talking miscellaneously together, the present Editor being privileged to listen; and now Paul, in his serious way, was giving one of those inimitable 'Extra-harangues'; and, as it chanced, On the Proposal for a *Cast-metal King:* gradually a light kindled in our Professor's eyes and face, a beaming, mantling, loveliest light; through those murky features, a radiant, ever-young Apollo looked; and he burst forth like the neighing of all Tattersall's,—tears streaming down his cheeks, pipe held aloft, foot clutched into the air,—loud, long-continuing, uncontrollable; a laugh not of the face and diaphragm only, but of the whole man from head to heel. The present Editor, who laughed indeed, yet with measure, began to fear all was not right: however, Teufelsdröckh composed himself, and sank into his old stillness; on his inscrutable countenance there was, if anything, a slight look of shame; and Richter himself could not rouse him again. Readers who have any tincture of Psychology know how much is to be inferred from this; and that no man who has once heartily and wholly laughed can be altogether irreclaimably bad. How much lies in Laughter: the cipher-key, wherewith we decipher the whole man? Some men wear an everlasting barren simper; in the smile of others lies a cold glitter as of ice: the fewest are able to laugh, what can be called laughing, but only sniff and titter and snigger from the throat outwards; or at best, produce some whiffling husky cachinnation, as if they were laughing through wool: of none such comes

good. The man who cannot laugh is not only fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils; but his whole life is already a treason and a stratagem.

Considered as an Author, Herr Teufelsdröckh has one scarcely pardonable fault, doubtless his worst: an almost total want of arrangement. In this remarkable Volume, it is true, his adherence to the mere course of Time produces, through the Narrative portions, a certain show of outward method; but of true logical method and sequence there is too little. Apart from its multifarious sections and subdivisions, the Work naturally falls into two Parts; a Historical-Descriptive, and a Philosphical-Speculative: but falls, unhappily, by no firm line of demarcation; in that labyrinthic combination, each Part overlaps, and indents, and indeed runs quite through the other. Many sections are of a debatable rubric, or even quite nondescript and unnameable; whereby the Book not only loses in accessibility, but too often distresses us like some mad banquet, wherein all courses had been confounded, and fish and flesh, soup and solid, oyster-sauce, lettuces, Rhine-wine and French mustard, were hurled into one huge tureen or trough, and the hungry Public invited to help itself. To bring what order we can out of this Chaos shall be part of our endeavour.

CHAPTER V.

THE WORLD IN CLOTHES.

'As Montesquieu wrote a *Spirit of Laws*,' observes our Professor, 'so could I write a *Spirit of Clothes*; 'thus, with an *Esprit des Lois*, properly an *Esprit*

'*de Coutumes* we should have an *Esprit de Costumes*. 'For neither in tailoring nor in legislating does man 'proceed by mere Accident, but the hand is ever 'guided on by mysterious operations of the mind. 'In all his Modes, and habilatory endeavours, an 'Architectural Idea will be found lurking; his Body 'and the Cloth are the site and materials whereon 'and whereby his beautified edifice, of a Person, is 'to be built. Whether he flow gracefully out in 'folded mantles, based on light sandals; tower-up in 'high headgear, from amid peaks, spangles and bell-'girdles; swell-out in starched ruffs, buckram stuff-'ings, and monstrous tuberosities; or girth himself 'into separate sections, and front the world an 'Agglomeration of four limbs,—will depend on the 'nature of such Architectural Idea: whether Grecian, 'Gothic, Later-Gothic, or altogether Modern, and 'Parisian or Anglo-Dandiacal. Again, what mean-'ing lies in Colour? From the soberest drab to the 'high-flaming scarlet, spiritual idiosyncrasies unfold 'themselves in choice of Colour: if the Cut betoken 'Intellect and Talent, so does the Colour betoken 'Temper and Heart. In all which, among nations 'as among individuals, there is an incessant, in-'dubitable, though infinitely complex working of 'Cause and Effect: every snip of the Scissors has 'been regulated and prescribed by ever-active In-'fluences, which doubtless to Intelligences of a 'superior order are neither invisible nor illegible.

'For such superior Intelligences a Cause-and-'Effect Philosophy of Clothes, as of Laws, were 'probably a comfortable winter-evening entertain-'ment: nevertheless, for inferior Intelligences, like 'men, such Philosophies have always seemed to me 'uninstructive enough. Nay, what is your Mon-'tesquieu himself but a clever infant spelling Letters

'from a hieroglyphical prophetic Book, the lexicon 'of which lies in Eternity, in Heaven?—Let any 'Cause-and-Effect Philosopher explain, not why I 'wear such and such a Garment, obey such and 'such a Law; but even why *I* am *here*, to wear 'and obey anything?—Much, therefore, if not the 'whole, of that same *Spirit of Clothes* I shall 'suppress, as hypothetical, ineffectual, and even 'impertinent: naked Facts, and Deductions drawn 'therefrom in quite another than that omniscient 'style, are my humbler and proper province.'

Acting on which prudent restriction, Teufelsdröckh has nevertheless contrived to take-in a well-nigh boundless extent of field; at least, the boundaries too often lie quite beyond our horizon. Selection being indispensable, we shall here glance-over his First Part only in the most cursory manner. This First Part is, no doubt, distinguished by omnivorous learning, and utmost patience and fairness: at the same time, in its results and delineations, it is much more likely to interest the Compilers of some *Library* of General, Entertaining, Useful, or even Useless Knowledge than the miscellaneous readers of these pages. Was it this Part of the Book which Heuschrecke had in view, when he recommended us to that joint-stock vehicle of publication, 'at present the glory of British Literature'? If so, the Library Editors are welcome to dig in it for their own behoof.

To the First Chapter, which turns on Paradise and Figleaves, and leads us into interminable disquisitions of a mythological, metaphorical, cabalistico-sartorial and quite antediluvian cast, we shall content ourselves with giving an unconcerned approval. Still less have we to do with 'Lilis, 'Adam's first wife, whom, according to the Talmu-

'dists, he had before Eve, and who bore him, in that 'wedlock, the whole progeny of aerial, aquatic, and 'terrestrial Devils,'—very needlessly, we think. On this portion of the Work, with its profound glances into the *Adam-Kadmon*, or Primeval Element, here strangely brought into relation with the *Nifl* and *Muspel* (Darkness and Light) of the antique North, it may be enough to say, that its correctness of deduction, and depth of Talmudic and Rabbinical lore have filled perhaps not the worst Hebraist in Britain with something like astonishment.

But, quitting this twilight region, Teufelsdröckh hastens from the Tower of Babel, to follow the dispersion of Mankind over the whole habitable and habilable globe. Walking by the light of Oriental, Pelasgic, Scandinavian, Egyptian, Otaheitean, Ancient and Modern researches of every conceivable kind, he strives to give us in compressed shape (as the Nürnbergers give an *Orbis Pictus*) an *Orbis Vestitus*; or view of the costumes of all mankind, in all countries, in all times. It is here that to the Antiquarian, to the Historian, we can triumphantly say: Fall to! Here is learning: an irregular Treasury, if you will; but inexhaustible as the Hoard of King Nibelung, which twelve wagons in twelve days, at the rate of three journeys a day, could not carry off. Sheepskin cloaks and wampum belts; phylacteries, stoles, albs; chlamydes, togas, Chinese silks, Afghaun shawls, trunk-hose, leather breeches, Celtic philibegs (though breeches, as the name *Gallia Braccata* indicates, are the more ancient), Hussar cloaks, Vandyke tippets, ruffs, fardingales, are brought vividly before us,—even the Kilmarnock nightcap is not forgotten. For most part, too, we must admit that the Learn-

ing, heterogeneous as it is, and tumbled-down quite pell-mell, is true concentrated and purified Learning, the drossy parts smelted out and thrown aside.

Philosophical reflections intervene, and sometimes touching pictures of human life. Of this sort the following has surprised us. The first purpose of Clothes, as our Professor imagines, was not warmth or decency, but ornament. 'Miserable indeed,' says he, 'was the condition of the Aboriginal Savage, 'glaring fiercely from under his fleece of hair, which 'with the beard reached down to his loins, and 'hung round him like a matted cloak; the rest of 'his body sheeted in its thick natural fell. He 'loitered in the sunny glades of the forest, living 'on wild fruits; or, as the ancient Caledonian, 'squatted himself in morasses, lurking for his 'bestial or human prey; without implements, with-'out arms, save the ball of heavy Flint, to which, 'that his sole possession and defence might not be 'lost, he had attached a long cord of plaited thongs; 'thereby recovering as well as hurling it with deadly 'unerring skill. Nevertheless, the pains of Hunger 'and Revenge once satisfied, his next care was not 'Comfort but Decoration (*Putz*). Warmth he found 'in the toils of the chase; or amid dried leaves, in 'his hollow tree, in his bark shed, or natural grotto: 'but for Decoration he must have Clothes. Nay, 'among wild people, we find tattooing and painting 'even prior to Clothes. The first spiritual want 'of a barbarous man is Decoration, as indeed we 'still see among the barbarous classes in civilised 'countries.

'Reader, the heaven-inspired melodious Singer; 'loftiest Serene Highness; nay thy own amber-'locked, snow-and-rose-bloom Maiden, worthy to 'glide sylphlike almost on air, whom thou lovest,

'worshippest as a divine Presence, which, indeed, 'symbolically taken, she is,—has descended, like 'thyself, from that same hair-mantled, flint-hurling 'Aboriginal Anthropophagus! Out of the eater 'cometh forth meat; out of the strong cometh forth 'sweetness. What changes are wrought, not by 'Time, yet in Time! For not Mankind only, but 'all that Mankind does or beholds, is in continual 'growth, regenesis and self-perfecting vitality. Cast 'forth thy Act, thy Word, into the ever-living, 'ever-working Universe: it is a seed-grain that 'cannot die; unnoticed today (says one), it will 'be found flourishing as a Banyan-grove (perhaps, 'alas, as a Hemlock-forest!) after a thousand 'years.

'He who first shortened the labour of Copyists 'by device of *Movable Types* was disbanding hired 'Armies, and cashiering most Kings and Senates, 'and creating a whole new Democratic world: he 'had invented the Art of Printing. The first 'ground handful of Nitre, Sulphur, and Charcoal 'drove Monk Schwartz's pestle through the ceiling: 'what will the last do? Achieve the final undisputed 'prostration of Force under Thought, of Animal 'courage under Spiritual. A simple invention it 'was in the old-world Grazier,—sick of lugging his 'slow Ox about the country till he got it bartered 'for corn or oil,—to take a piece of Leather, and 'thereon scratch or stamp the mere Figure of an 'Ox (or *Pecus*); put it in his pocket, and call it '*Pecunia*, Money. Yet hereby did Barter grow 'Sale, the Leather Money is now Golden and 'Paper, and all miracles have been out-miracled: 'for there are Rothschilds and English National 'Debts; and whoso has sixpence is sovereign (to 'the length of sixpence) over all men; commands

'cooks to feed him, philosophers to teach him, 'kings to mount guard over him,—to the length of 'sixpence.—Clothes too, which began in foolishest 'love of Ornament, what have they not become! 'Increased Security and pleasurable Heat soon 'followed: but what of these? Shame, divine 'Shame (*Schaam*, Modesty), as yet a stranger to 'the Anthropophagous bosom, arose there mysteri-'ously under Clothes; a mystic grove-encircled 'shrine for the Holy in man. Clothes give us 'individuality, distinctions, social polity; Clothes 'have made Men of us; they are threatening to 'make Clothes-screens of us.

'But, on the whole,' continues our eloquent Professor, 'Man is a Tool-using Animal (*Handthierendes 'Thier*). Weak in himself, and of small stature, he 'stands on a basis, at most for the flattest-soled, of 'some half-square foot, insecurely enough; has to 'straddle out his legs, lest the very wind supplant 'him. Feeblest of bipeds! Three quintals are a 'crushing load for him; the steer of the meadow 'tosses him aloft, like a waste rag. Nevertheless 'he can use Tools, can devise Tools: with these the 'granite mountain melts into light dust before him; 'he kneads glowing iron, as if it were soft paste; 'seas are his smooth highway, winds and fire his 'unwearying steeds. Nowhere do you find him 'without Tools; without Tools he is nothing, with 'Tools he is all.'

Here may we not, for a moment, interrupt the stream of Oratory with a remark, that this Definition of the Tool-using Animal appears to us, of all that Animal-sort, considerably the precisest and best? Man is called a Laughing Animal: but do not the apes also laugh, or attempt to do it; and is the manliest man the greatest and oftenest laugher?

Teufelsdröckh himself, as we said, laughed only once. Still less do we make of that other French Definition of the Cooking Animal; which, indeed, for rigorous scientific purposes, is as good as useless. Can a Tartar be said to cook, when he only readies his steak by riding on it? Again, what Cookery does the Greenlander use, beyond stowing-up his whale-blubber, as a marmot, in the like case, might do? Or how would Monsieur Ude prosper among those Orinocco Indians who, according to Humboldt, lodge in crow-nests, on the branches of trees; and, for half the year, have no victuals but pipe-clay, the whole country being under water? But, on the other hand, show us the human being, of any period or climate, without his Tools: those very Caledonians, as we saw, had their Flint-ball, and Thong to it, such as no brute has or can have.

'Man is a Tool-using Animal,' concludes Teufelsdröckh in his abrupt way; 'of which truth Clothes 'are but one example: and surely if we consider 'the interval between the first wooden Dibble 'fashioned by man, and those 'Liverpool Steam-'carriages,' or the British House of Commons, we 'shall note what progress he has made. He digs 'up certain black stones from the bosom of the 'earth, and says to them, *Transport me and this* '*luggage at the rate of five-and-thirty miles an* '*hour*; and they do it: he collects, apparently by 'lot, six-hundred and fifty-eight miscellaneous indi-'viduals, and says to them, *Make this nation toil* '*for us, bleed for us, hunger and sorrow and sin for* '*us*; and they do it.'

CHAPTER VI.

APRONS.

ONE of the most unsatisfactory Sections in the whole Volume is that on *Aprons*. What though stout old Gao, the Persian Blacksmith, 'whose 'Apron, now indeed hidden under jewels, because 'raised in revolt which proved successful, is still 'the royal standard of that country'; what though John Knox's Daughter, 'who threatened Sovereign 'Majesty that she would catch her husband's head 'in her Apron, rather than he should lie and be a 'bishop'; what though the Landgravine Elizabeth, with many other Apron worthies,—figure here? An idle wire-drawing spirit, sometimes even a tone of levity, approaching to conventional satire, is too clearly discernible. What, for example, are we to make of such sentences as the following?

'Aprons are Defences; against injury to cleanli-'ness, to safety, to modesty, sometimes to roguery. 'From the thin slip of notched silk (as it were, the 'emblem and beatified ghost of an Apron), which 'some highest-bred housewife, sitting at Nürnberg 'Workboxes and Toyboxes, has gracefully fastened 'on; to the thick-tanned hide, girt round him with 'thongs, wherein the Builder builds, and at evening 'sticks his trowel; or to those jingling sheet-iron 'Aprons, wherein your otherwise half-naked Vulcans 'hammer and smelt in their smelt-furnace,—is there 'not range enough in the fashion and uses of this 'Vestment? How much has been concealed, how 'much has been defended in Aprons! Nay, rightly 'considered, what is your whole Military and Police 'Establishment, charged at uncalculated millions,

'but a huge scarlet-coloured, iron-fastened Apron, 'wherein Society works (uneasily enough); guard-'ing itself from some soil and stithy-sparks, in this 'Devil's-smithy (*Teufelsschmiede*) of a world? But 'of all Aprons the most puzzling to me hitherto has 'been the Episcopal or Cassock. Wherein consists 'the usefulness of this Apron? The Overseer '(*Episcopus*) of Souls, I notice, has tucked-in the 'corner of it, as if his day's work were done: what 'does he shadow forth thereby?' etc., etc.

Or again, has it often been the lot of our readers to read such stuff as we shall now quote?

'I consider those printed Paper Aprons, worn by 'the Parisian Cooks, as a new vent, though a slight 'one, for Typography; therefore as an encourage-'ment to modern Literature, and deserving of 'approval: nor is it without satisfaction that I 'hear of a celebrated London Firm having in view 'to introduce the same fashion, with important 'extensions, in England.'—We who are on the spot hear of no such thing; and indeed have reason to be thankful that hitherto there are other vents for our Literature, exuberant as it is.—Teufels-dröckh continues: 'If such supply of printed Paper 'should rise so far as to choke-up the highways and 'public thoroughfares, new means must of necessity 'be had recourse to. In a world existing by 'Industry, we grudge to employ fire as a destroy-'ing element, and not as a creating one. However, 'Heaven is omnipotent, and will find us an outlet. 'In the mean while, is it not beautiful to see five-'million quintals of Rags picked annually from the 'Laystall; and annually, after being macerated, hot-'pressed, printed-on, and sold,—returned thither; 'filling so many hungry mouths by the way? Thus 'is the Laystall, especially with its Rags or Clothes-

'rubbish, the grand Electric Battery, and Fountain-
'of-motion, from which and to which the Social
'Activities (like vitreous and resinous Electricities)
'circulate, in larger or smaller circles, through the
'mighty, billowy, stormtost Chaos of Life, which
'they keep alive!'—Such passages fill us, who love the man, and partly esteem him, with a very mixed feeling.

Farther down we meet with this: 'The Journalists
'are now the true Kings and Clergy: henceforth
'Historians, unless they are fools, must write not
'of Bourbon Dynasties, and Tudors and Hapsburgs;
'but of Stamped Broad-sheet Dynasties, and quite
'new successive Names, according as this or the
'other Able Editor, or Combination of Able Editors,
'gains the world's ear. Of the British Newspaper
'Press, perhaps the most important of all, and
'wonderful enough in its secret constitution and
'procedure, a valuable descriptive History already
'exists, in that language, under the title of *Satan's*
'*Invisible World Displayed*; which, however, by
'search in all the Weissnichtwo Libraries, I have
'not yet succeeded in procuring (*vermöchte nicht*
'*aufzutreiben*).'

Thus does the good Homer not only nod, but snore. Thus does Teufelsdröckh, wandering in regions where he had little business, confound the old authentic Presbyterian Witchfinder with a new, spurious, imaginary Historian of the *Brittische Journalistik*; and so stumble on perhaps the most egregious blunder in Modern Literature!

CHAPTER VII.

MISCELLANEOUS-HISTORICAL.

HAPPIER is our Professor, and more purely scientific and historic, when he reaches the Middle Ages in Europe, and down to the end of the Seventeenth Century; the true era of extravagance in Costume. It is here that the Antiquary and Student of Modes comes upon his richest harvest. Fantastic garbs, beggaring all fancy of a Teniers or a Callot, succeed each other, like monster devouring monster in a Dream. The whole too in brief authentic strokes, and touched not seldom with that breath of genius which makes even old raiment live. Indeed, so learned, precise, graphical, and everyway interesting have we found these Chapters, that it may be thrown-out as a pertinent question for parties concerned, Whether or not a good English Translation thereof might henceforth be profitably incorporated with Mr Merrick's valuable Work *On Ancient Armour*? Take, by way of example, the following sketch; as authority for which Paulinus's *Zeitkürzende Lust* (ii. 678) is, with seeming confidence, referred to:

'Did we behold the German fashionable dress of 'the Fifteenth Century, we might smile; as perhaps 'those bygone Germans, were they to rise again, 'and see our haberdashery, would cross themselves, 'and invoke the Virgin. But happily no bygone 'German, or man, rises again; thus the Present is 'not needlessly trammelled with the Past; and 'only grows out of it, like a Tree, whose roots are 'not intertangled with its branches, but lie peaceably underground. Nay it is very mournful, yet

'not useless, to see and know, how the Greatest 'and Dearest, in a short while, would find his place 'quite filled-up here, and no room for him; the 'very Napoleon, the very Byron, in some seven 'years, has become obsolete, and were now a 'foreigner to his Europe. Thus is the Law of 'Progress secured; and in Clothes, as in all other 'external things whatsoever, no fashion will con-'tinue.

'Of the military classes in those old times, whose 'buff-belts, complicated chains and gorgets, huge 'churn-boots, and other riding and fighting gear 'have been bepainted in modern Romance, till the 'whole has acquired somewhat of a sign-post 'character,—I shall here say nothing: the civil 'and pacific classes, less touched upon, are wonder-'ful enough for us.

'Rich men, I find, have *Teusinke*' (a perhaps untranslateable article); 'also a silver girdle, 'whereat hang little bells; so that when a man 'walks, it is with continual jingling. Some few, 'of musical turn, have a whole chime of bells '(*Glockenspiel*) fastened there; which, especially in 'sudden whirls, and the other accidents of walking, 'has a grateful effect. Observe too how fond they 'are of peaks, and Gothic-arch intersections. The 'male world wears peaked caps, an ell long, which 'hang bobbing over the side (*schief*): their shoes 'are peaked in front, also, to the length of an ell, 'and laced on the side with tags; even the wooden 'shoes have their ell-long noses: some also clap 'bells on the peak. Further, according to my 'authority, the men have breeches without seat '(*ohne Gesäss*): these they fasten peakwise to their 'shirts; and the long round doublet must overlap 'them.

'Rich maidens, again, flit abroad in gowns 'scolloped out behind and before, so that back 'and breast are almost bare. Wives of quality, on 'the other hand, have train-gowns four or five ells 'in length; which trains there are boys to carry. 'Brave Cleopatras, sailing in their silk-cloth Galley, 'with a Cupid for steersman! Consider their welts, 'a handbreadth thick, which waver round them 'by way of hem; the long flood of silver buttons, 'or rather silver shells, from throat to shoe, where- 'with these same welt-gowns are buttoned. The 'maidens have bound silver snoods about their hair, 'with gold spangles, and pendent flames (*Flammen*), 'that is, sparkling hair-drops: but of their mother's 'headgear who shall speak? Neither in love of 'grace is comfort forgotten. In winter weather 'you behold the whole fair creation (that can afford 'it) in long mantles, with skirts wide below, and, 'for hem, not one but two sufficient handbroad 'welts; all ending atop in a thick well-starched 'Ruff, some twenty inches broad: these are their 'Ruff-mantles (*Kragenmäntel*).

'As yet among the womankind hoop-petticoats 'are not; but the men have doublets of fustian, 'under which lie multiple ruffs of cloth, pasted 'together with batter (*mit Teig zusammengeklei- 'stert*), which create protuberance enough. Thus 'do the two sexes vie with each other in the art of 'Decoration; and as usual the stronger carries it.'

Our Professor, whether he have humour himself or not, manifests a certain feeling of the Ludicrous, a sly observance of it, which, could emotion of any kind be confidently predicated of so still a man, we might call a real love. None of those bell-girdles, bushel-breeches, cornuted shoes, or other the like phenomena, of which the History of Dress offers so

many, escape him: more especially the mischances, or striking adventures, incident to the wearers of such, are noticed with due fidelity. Sir Walter Raleigh's fine mantle, which he spread in the mud under Queen Elizabeth's feet, appears to provoke little enthusiasm in him; he merely asks, Whether at that period the Maiden Queen 'was red-painted 'on the nose, and white-painted on the cheeks, as 'her tirewomen, when from spleen and wrinkles 'she would no longer look in any glass, were wont 'to serve her?' We can answer that Sir Walter knew well what he was doing, and had the Maiden Queen been stuffed parchment dyed in verdigris, would have done the same.

Thus too, treating of those enormous habiliments, that were not only slashed and galooned, but artificially swollen-out on the broader parts of the body, by introduction of Bran,—our Professor fails not to comment on that luckless Courtier, who having seated himself on a chair with some projecting nail on it, and therefrom rising, to pay his *devoir* on the entrance of Majesty, instantaneously emitted several pecks of dry wheat-dust: and stood there diminished to a spindle, his galoons and slashes dangling sorrowful and flabby round him. Whereupon the Professor publishes this reflection:

'By what strange chances do we live in History? 'Erostratus by a torch; Milo by a bullock; Henry 'Darnley, an unfledged booby and bustard, by his 'limbs; most Kings and Queens by being born 'under such and such a bed-tester; Boileau Des-'préaux (according to Helvetius) by the peck of a 'turkey; and this ill-starred individual by a rent 'in his breeches,—for no Memoirist of Kaiser Otto's 'Court omits him. Vain was the prayer of Themis-'tocles for a talent of Forgetting: my Friends,

'yield cheerfully to Destiny, and read since it is 'written.'—Has Teufelsdröckh to be put in mind that, nearly related to the impossible talent of Forgetting, stands that talent of Silence, which even travelling Englishmen manifest?

'The simplest costume,' observes our Professor, 'which I anywhere find alluded to in History, is 'that used as regimental, by Bolivar's Cavalry, in 'the late Columbian wars. A square Blanket, 'twelve feet in diagonal, is provided (some were 'wont to cut off the corners, and make it circular): 'in the centre a slit is effected eighteen inches long; 'through this the mother-naked Trooper introduces 'his head and neck; and so rides shielded from all 'weather, and in battle from many strokes (for he 'rolls it about his left arm); and not only dressed, 'but harnessed and draperied.'

With which picture of a State of Nature, affecting by its singularity, and Old-Roman contempt of the superfluous, we shall quit this part of our subject.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE WORLD OUT OF CLOTHES.

If in the Descriptive-Historical portion of this Volume, Teufelsdröckh, discussing merely the *Werden* (Origin and successive Improvement) of Clothes, has astonished many a reader, much more will he in the Speculative-Philosophical portion, which treats of their *Wirken*, or Influences. It is here that the present Editor first feels the pressure of his task; for here properly the higher and new Philosophy of Clothes commences: an untried,

almost inconceivable region, or chaos; in venturing upon which, how difficult, yet how unspeakably important is it to know what course, of survey and conquest, is the true one; where the footing is firm substance and will bear us, where it is hollow, or mere cloud, and may engulf us! Teufelsdröckh undertakes no less than to expound the moral, political, even religious Influences of Clothes; he undertakes to make manifest, in its thousandfold bearings, this grand Proposition, that Man's earthly interests 'are all hooked and buttoned together, 'and held up, by Clothes.' He says in so many words, 'Society is founded upon Cloth'; and again, 'Society sails through the Infinitude on Cloth, as 'on a Faust's Mantle, or rather like the Sheet of 'clean and unclean beasts in the Apostle's Dream; 'and without such Sheet or Mantle, would sink to 'endless depths, or mount to inane limboes, and 'in either case be no more.'

By what chains, or indeed infinitely complected tissues, of meditation this grand Theorem is here unfolded, and innumerable practical Corollaries are drawn therefrom, it were perhaps a mad ambition to attempt exhibiting. Our Professor's method is not, in any case, that of common school Logic, where the truths all stand in a row, each holding by the skirts of the other; but at best that of practical Reason, proceeding by large Intuition over whole systematic groups and kingdoms; whereby, we might say, a noble complexity, almost like that of Nature, reigns in his Philosophy, or spiritual Picture of Nature: a mighty maze, yet, as faith whispers, not without a plan. Nay we complained above, that a certain ignoble complexity, what we must call mere confusion, was also discernible. Often, also, we have to exclaim: Would to Heaven

those same Biographical Documents were come! For it seems as if the demonstration lay much in the Author's individuality; as if it were not Argument that had taught him, but Experience. At present it is only in local glimpses, and by significant fragments, picked often at wide-enough intervals from the original Volume, and carefully collated, that we can hope to impart some outline or foreshadow of this Doctrine. Readers of any intelligence are once more invited to favour us with their most concentrated attention: let these, after intense consideration, and not till then, pronounce, Whether on the utmost verge of our actual horizon there is not a looming as of Land; a promise of new Fortunate Islands, perhaps whole undiscovered Americas, for such as have canvas to sail thither? —As exordium to the whole, stand here the following long citation:

'With men of a speculative turn,' writes Teufelsdröckh, 'there come seasons, meditative, sweet, yet 'awful hours, when in wonder and fear you ask 'yourself that unanswerable question: Who am *I*; 'the thing that can say "I" (*das Wesen das sich* 'ICH *nennt*)? The world, with its loud trafficking, 'retires into the distance; and, through the paper-'hangings, and stone-walls, and thick-plied tissues 'of Commerce and Polity, and all the living and 'lifeless integuments (of Society and a Body), 'wherewith your Existence sits surrounded,—the 'sight reaches forth into the void Deep, and you 'are alone with the Universe, and silently com-'mune with it, as one mysterious Presence with 'another.

'Who am I; what is this ME? A Voice, a 'Motion, an Appearance;—some embodied, visual-'ised Idea in the Eternal Mind? *Cogito, ergo sum.*

'Alas, poor Cogitator, this takes us but a little 'way. Sure enough, I am; and lately was not: 'but Whence? How? Whereto? The answer 'lies around, written in all colours and motions, 'uttered in all tones of jubilee and wail, in 'thousand-figured, thousand-voiced, harmonious 'Nature: but where is the cunning eye and ear 'to whom that God-written Apocalypse will yield 'articulate meaning? We sit as in a boundless 'Phantasmagoria and Dream-grotto; boundless, for 'the faintest star, the remotest century, lies not 'even nearer the verge thereof: sounds and many-'coloured visions flit round our sense; but Him, 'the Unslumbering, whose work both Dream and 'Dreamer are, we see not; except in rare half-'waking moments, suspect not. Creation, says 'one, lies before us, like a glorious Rainbow; but 'the Sun that made it lies behind us, hidden from 'us. Then, in that strange Dream, how we clutch 'at shadows as if they were substances; and sleep 'deepest while fancying ourselves most awake! 'Which of your Philosophical Systems is other 'than a dream-theorem; a net quotient, con-'fidently given out, where divisor and dividend 'are both unknown? What are all your national 'Wars, with their Moscow Retreats, and sanguinary 'hate-filled Revolutions, but the Somnambulism of 'uneasy Sleepers? This Dreaming, this Somnam-'bulism is what we on Earth call Life; wherein 'the most indeed undoubtingly wander, as if they 'knew right hand from left; yet they only are wise 'who know that they know nothing.

'Pity that all Metaphysics had hitherto proved 'so inexpressibly unproductive! The secret of 'Man's Being is still like the Sphinx's secret: a 'riddle that he cannot rede; and for ignorance of

'which he suffers death, the worst death, a spiritual. 'What are your Axioms, and Categories, and 'Systems, and Aphorisms? Words, words. High 'Air-castles are cunningly built of Words, the Words 'well bedded also in good Logic-mortar; wherein, 'however, no Knowledge will come to lodge. *The 'whole is greater than the part:* how exceedingly 'true! *Nature abhors a vacuum:* how exceedingly 'false and calumnious! Again, *Nothing can act but 'where it is:* with all my heart; only, WHERE 'is it? Be not the slave of Words: is not the 'Distant, the Dead, while I love it, and long for 'it, and mourn for it, Here, in the genuine sense, 'as truly as the floor I stand on? But that same 'WHERE, with its brother WHEN, are from the first 'the master-colours of our Dream-grotto; say rather, 'the Canvas (the warp and woof thereof) whereon 'all our Dreams and Life-visions are painted. 'Nevertheless, has not a deeper meditation taught 'certain of every climate and age, that the WHERE 'and WHEN, so mysteriously inseparable from all our 'thoughts, are but superficial terrestrial adhesions 'to thought; that the Seer may discern them where 'they mount up out of the celestial EVERYWHERE 'and FOREVER: have not all nations conceived their 'God as Omnipresent and Eternal; as existing in 'a universal HERE, an everlasting Now? Think 'well, thou too wilt find that Space is but a mode 'of our human Sense, so likewise Time; there *is* 'no Space and no Time: WE are—we know not 'what;—light-sparkles floating in the æther of 'Deity!

'So that this so solid-seeming World, after all, 'were but an air-image, our ME the only reality: 'and Nature, with its thousandfold production and 'destruction, but the reflex of our own inward

'Force, the "phantasy of our Dream"; or what 'the Earth-Spirit in *Faust* names it, *the living* 'visible Garment of God:

'"In Being's floods, in Action's storm,
I walk and work, above, beneath,
Work and weave in endless motion!
Birth and Death,
An infinite ocean;
A seizing and giving
The fire of Living:
'Tis thus at the roaring Loom of Time I ply,
And weave for God the Garment thou seest him by."

'Of twenty millions that have read and spouted 'this thunder-speech of the *Erdgeist*, are there yet 'twenty units of us that have learned the meaning 'thereof?

'It was in some such mood, when wearied and 'fordone with these high speculations, that I first 'came upon the question of Clothes. Strange 'enough, it strikes me, in this same fact of there 'being Tailors and Tailored. The Horse I ride 'has his own whole fell: strip him of the girths 'and flaps and extraneous tags I have fastened 'round him, and the noble creature is his own 'sempster and weaver and spinner; nay his own 'bootmaker, jeweller, and man-milliner; he bounds 'free through the valleys, with a perennial rain-'proof court-suit on his body; wherein warmth 'and easiness of fit have reached perfection; nay, 'the graces also have been considered, and frills 'and fringes, with gay variety of colour, featly 'appended, and ever in the right place, are not want-'ing. While I—good Heaven!—have thatched 'myself over with the dead fleeces of sheep, the 'bark of vegetables, the entrails of worms, the 'hides of oxen or seals, the felt of furred beasts;

'and walk abroad a moving Rag-screen, overheaped 'with shreds and tatters raked from the Charnel-'house of Nature, where they would have rotted, 'to rot on me more slowly! Day after day, I 'must thatch myself anew; day after day, this 'despicable thatch must lose some film of its thick-'ness; some film of it, frayed away by tear and 'wear, must be brushed-off into the Ashpit, into 'the Laystall; till by degrees the whole has been 'brushed thither, and I, the dust-making, patent 'Rag-grinder, get new material to grind down. O 'subter-brutish! vile! most vile! For have not I 'too a compact all-enclosing Skin, whiter or dingier? 'Am I a botched mass of tailors' and cobblers' 'shreds, then; or a tightly-articulated, homogeneous 'little Figure, automatic, nay alive?

'Strange enough how creatures of the human-'kind shut their eyes to plainest facts; and by the 'mere inertia of Oblivion and Stupidity, live at 'ease in the midst of Wonders and Terrors. But 'indeed man is, and was always, a blockhead and 'dullard; much readier to feel and digest, than to 'think and consider. Prejudice, which he pretends 'to hate, is his absolute lawgiver; mere use-and-'wont everywhere leads him by the nose; thus let 'but a Rising of the Sun, let but a Creation of the 'World happen *twice*, and it ceases to be marvel-'lous, to be noteworthy, or noticeable. Perhaps 'not once in a lifetime does it occur to your ordinary 'biped, of any country or generation, be he gold-'mantled Prince or russet-jerkined Peasant, that 'his Vestments and his Self are not one and indi-'visible; that *he* is naked, without vestments, till 'he buy or steal such, and by forethought sew and 'button them.

'For my own part, these considerations, of our

'Clothes-thatch, and how, reaching inwards even 'to our heart of hearts, it tailorises and demoralises 'us, fill me with a certain horror at myself and 'mankind; almost as one feels at those Dutch 'Cows, which, during the wet season, you see 'grazing deliberately with jackets and petticoats '(of striped sacking), in the meadows of Gouda. 'Nevertheless there is something great in the 'moment when a man first strips himself of 'adventitious wrappages; and sees indeed that he 'is naked, and, as Swift has it, "a forked strad-'dling animal with bandy legs"; yet also a Spirit, 'and unutterable Mystery of Mysteries.'

CHAPTER IX.

ADAMITISM.

LET no courteous reader take offence at the opinions broached in the conclusion of the last Chapter. The Editor himself, on first glancing over that singular passage, was inclined to exclaim: What, have we got not only a Sansculottist, but an enemy to Clothes in the abstract? A new Adamite, in this century, which flatters itself that it is the Nineteenth, and destructive both to Superstition and Enthusiasm?

Consider, thou foolish Teufelsdröckh, what benefits unspeakable all ages and sexes derive from Clothes. For example, when thou thyself, a watery, pulpy, slobbery freshman and new-comer in this Planet, sattest muling and puking in thy nurse's arms; sucking thy coral, and looking forth into the world in the blankest manner, what hadst thou been with-

out thy blankets, and bibs, and other nameless hulls? A terror to thyself and mankind! Or hast thou forgotten the day when thou first receivedst breeches, and thy long clothes became short? The village where thou livedst was all apprised of the fact; and neighbour after neighbour kissed thy pudding-cheek, and gave thee, as handsel, silver or copper coins, on that the first gala-day of thy existence. Again, wert not thou, at one period of life, a Buck, or Blood, or Macaroni, or Incroyable, or Dandy, or by whatever name, according to year and place, such phenomenon is distinguished? In that one word lie included mysterious volumes. Nay, now when the reign of folly is over, or altered, and thy clothes are not for triumph but for defence, hast thou always worn them perforce, and as a consequence of Man's Fall; never rejoiced in them as in a warm movable House, a Body round thy Body, wherein that strange THEE of thine sat snug, defying all variations of Climate? Girt with thick double-milled kerseys; half-buried under shawls and broadbrims, and overalls and mud-boots, thy very fingers cased in doeskin and mittens, thou hast bestrode that 'Horse I ride'; and, though it were in wild winter, dashed through the world, glorying in it as if thou wert its lord. In vain did the sleet beat round thy temples; it lighted only on thy impenetrable, felted or woven, case of wool. In vain did the winds howl,—forests sounding and creaking, deep calling unto deep,—and the storms heap themselves together into one huge Arctic whirlpool: thou flewest through the middle thereof, striking fire from the highway; wild music hummed in thy ears, thou too wert as a 'sailor of the air'; the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds was thy element and propitiously wafting tide. Without

Clothes, without bit or saddle, what hadst thou been; what had thy fleet quadruped been?—Nature is good, but she is not the best: here truly was the victory of Art over Nature. A thunderbolt indeed might have pierced thee; all short of this thou couldst defy.

Or, cries the courteous reader, has your Teufelsdröckh forgotten what he said lately about 'Aboriginal Savages,' and their 'condition miserable indeed'? Would he have all this unsaid; and us betake ourselves again to the 'matted cloak,' and go sheeted in a 'thick natural fell'?

Nowise, courteous reader! The Professor knows full well what he is saying; and both thou and we, in our haste, do him wrong. If Clothes, in these times, 'so tailorise and demoralise us,' have they no redeeming value; can they not be altered to serve better; must they of necessity be thrown to the dogs? The truth is, Teufelsdröckh, though a Sansculottist, is no Adamite; and much perhaps as he might wish to go forth before this degenerate age 'as a Sign,' would nowise wish to do it, as those old Adamites did, in a state of Nakedness. The utility of Clothes is altogether apparent to him: nay perhaps he has an insight into their more recondite, and almost mystic qualities, what we might call the omnipotent virtue of Clothes, such as was never before vouchsafed to any man. For example:

'You see two individuals,' he writes, 'one dressed 'in fine Red, the other in coarse threadbare Blue: 'Red says to Blue, "Be hanged and anatomised"; 'Blue hears with a shudder, and (O wonder of 'wonders!) marches sorrowfully to the gallows; is 'there noosed-up, vibrates his hour, and the 'surgeons dissect him, and fit his bones into a

'skeleton for medical purposes. How is this; or 'what make ye of your *Nothing can act but where* 'it is? Red has no physical hold of Blue, no '*clutch* of him, is nowise in *contact* with him: 'neither are those ministering Sheriffs and Lord-'Lieutenants and Hangmen and Tipstaves so re-'lated to commanding Red, that he can tug them 'hither and thither; but each stands distinct within 'his own skin. Nevertheless, as it is spoken, so is 'it done: the articulated Word sets all hands in 'Action; and Rope and Improved-drop perform 'their work.

'Thinking reader, the reason seems to me two-'fold: First, that *Man is a spirit*, and bound by 'invisible bonds to *All Men*; secondly, that *he* '*wears Clothes*, which are the visible emblems of 'that fact. Has not your Red hanging-individual 'a horsehair wig, squirrel-skins, and a plush-gown; 'whereby all mortals know that he is a JUDGE?— 'Society, which the more I think of it astonishes 'me the more, is founded upon Cloth.

'Often in my atrabiliar moods, when I read 'of pompous ceremonials, Frankfort Coronations, 'Royal Drawing-rooms, Levees, Couchees; and 'how the ushers and macers and pursuivants are 'all in waiting; how Duke this is presented by 'Archduke that, and Colonel A by General B, and 'innumerable Bishops, Admirals, and miscellaneous 'Functionaries, are advancing gallantly to the 'Anointed Presence; and I strive, in my remote 'privacy, to form a clear picture of that solemnity, '—on a sudden, as by some enchanter's wand, the '—shall I speak it?—the Clothes fly-off the whole 'dramatic corps; and Dukes, Grandees, Bishops, 'Generals, Anointed Presence itself, every mother's 'son of them, stand straddling there, not a shirt on

'them; and I know not whether to laugh or weep. 'This physical or psychical infirmity, in which 'perhaps I am not singular, I have, after hesitation, 'thought right to publish, for the solace of those 'afflicted with the like.'

Would to Heaven, say we, thou hadst thought right to keep it secret! Who is there now that can read the five columns of Presentations in his Morning Newspaper without a shudder? Hypochondriac men, and all men are to a certain extent hypochondriac, should be more gently treated. With what readiness our fancy, in this shattered state of the nerves, follows out the consequences which Teufelsdröckh, with a devilish coolness, goes on to draw:

'What would Majesty do, could such an accident 'befall in reality; should the buttons all simul- 'taneously start, and the solid wool evaporate, in 'very Deed, as here in Dream? *Ach Gott!* How 'each skulks into the nearest hiding-place; their 'high State Tragedy (*Haupt-und Staats-Action*) 'becomes a Pickleherring-Farce to weep at, which 'is the worst kind of Farce; *the tables* (according 'to Horace), and with them, the whole fabric of 'Government, Legislation, Property, Police, and 'Civilised Society, *are dissolved*, in wails and 'howls.'

Lives the man that can figure a naked Duke of Windlestraw addressing a naked House of Lords? Imagination, choked as in mephitic air, recoils on itself, and will not forward with the picture. The Wool-sack, the Ministerial, the Opposition Benches —*infandum! infandum!* And yet why is the thing impossible? Was not every soul, or rather every body, of these Guardians of our Liberties, naked, or nearly so, last night; 'a forked Radish with a head

fantastically carved'? And why might he not, did our stern fate so order it, walk out to St. Stephen's, as well as into bed, in that no-fashion; and there, with other similar Radishes, hold a Bed of Justice? 'Solace of those afflicted with the like!' Unhappy Teufelsdröckh, had man ever such a 'physical or psychical infirmity' before? And now how many, perhaps, may thy unparalleled confession (which we, even to the sounder British world, and goaded-on by Critical and Biographical duty, grudge to reimpart) incurably infect therewith! Art thou the malignest of Sansculottists, or only the maddest?

'It will remain to be examined,' adds the inexorable Teufelsdröckh, 'in how far the SCARECROW, as 'a Clothed Person, is not also entitled to benefit of 'clergy, and English trial by jury: nay perhaps, 'considering his high function (for is not he too a 'Defender of Property, and Sovereign armed with 'the *terrors* of the Law?), to a certain royal Immun-'ity and Inviolability; which, however, misers and 'the meaner class of persons are not always volun-'tarily disposed to grant him.' * * * * 'O 'my Friends, we are (in Yorick Sterne's words), but 'as "turkeys driven, with a stick and red clout, to 'the market": or if some drivers, as they do in 'Norfolk, take a dried bladder and put peas in it, 'the rattle thereof terrifies the boldest!'

CHAPTER X.

PURE REASON.

IT must now be apparent enough that our Professor, as above hinted, is a speculative Radical, and of the very darkest tinge; acknowledging, for

most part, in the solemnities and paraphernalia of civilised Life, which we make so much of, nothing but so many Cloth-rags, turkey-poles, and 'bladders with dried peas.' To linger among such speculations, longer than mere Science requires, a discerning public can have no wish. For our purposes the simple fact that such a *Naked World* is possible, nay actually exists (under the Clothed one), will be sufficient. Much, therefore, we omit about 'Kings 'wrestling naked on the green with Carmen,' and the Kings being thrown: 'dissect them with 'scalpels,' says Teufelsdröckh; 'the same viscera, 'tissues, livers, lights, and other life-tackle, are 'there: examine their spiritual mechanism; the 'same great Need, great Greed, and little Faculty; 'nay ten to one but the Carman, who understands 'draught-cattle, the rimming of wheels, something 'of the laws of unstable and stable equilibrium, 'with other branches of wagon-science, and has 'actually put forth his hand and operated on 'Nature, is the more cunningly gifted of the two. 'Whence then, their so unspeakable difference? 'From Clothes.' Much also we shall omit about confusion of Ranks, and Joan and My Lady, and how it would be everywhere 'Hail fellow well met,' and Chaos were come again: all which to any one that has once fairly pictured-out the grand mother-idea, *Society in a state of Nakedness*, will spontaneously suggest itself. Should some sceptical individual still entertain doubts whether in a world without Clothes, the smallest Politeness, Polity, or even Police, could exist, let him turn to the original Volume, and view there the boundless Serbonian Bog of Sansculottism, stretching sour and pestilential: over which we have lightly flown; where not only whole armies but whole nations might sink! If

indeed the following argument, in its brief riveting emphasis, be not of itself incontrovertible and final:

'Are we Opossums; have we natural Pouches, 'like the Kangaroo? Or how, without Clothes, 'could we possess the master-organ, soul's seat, and 'true pineal gland of the Body Social: I mean, a 'PURSE?'

Nevertheless it is impossible to hate Professor Teufelsdröckh; at worst, one knows not whether to hate or to love him. For though, in looking at the fair tapestry of human Life, with its royal and even sacred figures, he dwells not on the obverse alone, but here chiefly on the reverse; and indeed turns out the rough seams, tatters, and manifold thrums of that unsightly wrong-side, with an almost diabolic patience and indifference, which must have sunk him in the estimation of most readers,—there is that within which unspeakably distinguishes him from all other past and present Sansculottists. The grand unparalleled peculiarity of Teufelsdröckh is, that with all this Descendentalism, he combines a Transcendentalism, no less superlative; whereby if on the one hand he degrade man below most animals, except those jacketed Gouda Cows, he, on the other, exalts him beyond the visible Heavens, almost to an equality with the Gods.

'To the eye of vulgar Logic,' says he, 'what is 'man? An omnivorous Biped that wears Breeches. 'To the eye of Pure Reason what is he? A Soul, 'a Spirit, and divine Apparition. Round his 'mysterious ME, there lies, under all those wool- 'rags, a Garment of Flesh (or of Senses), contex- 'tured in the Loom of Heaven; whereby he is 'revealed to his like, and dwells with them in 'UNION and DIVISION; and sees and fashions for 'himself a Universe, with azure Starry Spaces, and

'long Thousands of Years. Deep-hidden is he 'under that strange Garment; amid Sounds and 'Colours and Forms, as it were, swathed-in, and 'inextricably over-shrouded: yet it is sky-woven, 'and worthy of a God. Stands he not thereby 'in the centre of Immensities, in the conflux of 'Eternities? He feels; power has been given him 'to know, to believe; nay does not the spirit of 'Love, free in its celestial primeval brightness, even 'here, though but for moments, look through? 'Well said Saint Chrysostom, with his lips of gold, '"the true SHEKINAH is Man": where else is the 'GOD'S-PRESENCE manifested not to our eyes only, 'but to our hearts, as in our fellow-man?'

In such passages, unhappily too rare, the high Platonic Mysticism of our Author, which is perhaps the fundamental element of his nature, bursts forth, as it were, in full flood: and, through all the vapour and tarnish of what is often so perverse, so mean in his exterior and environment, we seem to look into a whole inward Sea of Light and Love;—though, alas, the grim coppery clouds soon roll together again, and hide it from view.

Such tendency to Mysticism is everywhere traceable in this man; and indeed, to attentive readers, must have been long ago apparent. Nothing that he sees but has more than a common meaning, but has two meanings: thus, if in the highest Imperial Sceptre and Charlemagne-Mantle, as well as in the poorest Ox-goad and Gipsy-Blanket, he finds Prose, Decay, Contemptibility; there is in each sort Poetry also, and a reverend Worth. For Matter, were it never so despicable, is Spirit, the manifestation of Spirit: were it never so honourable, can it be more? The thing Visible, nay the thing Imagined, the thing in any way conceived as

Visible, what is it but a Garment, a Clothing of the higher, celestial Invisible, 'unimaginable, formless, dark with excess of bright'? Under which point of view the following passage, so strange in purport, so strange in phrase, seems characteristic enough:

'The beginning of all Wisdom is to look fixedly 'on Clothes, or even with armed eyesight, till they 'become *transparent*. "The Philosopher," says the 'wisest of this age, "must station himself in the 'middle": how true! The Philosopher is he to 'whom the Highest has descended, and the Lowest 'has mounted up; who is the equal and kindly 'brother of all.

'Shall we tremble before clothwebs and cobwebs, 'whether woven in Arkwright looms, or by the 'silent Arachnes that weave unrestingly in our 'imagination? Or, on the other hand, what is 'there that we cannot love; since all was created 'by God?

'Happy he who can look through the Clothes of 'a Man (the woollen, and fleshy, and official Bank-'paper and State-paper Clothes) into the Man him-'self; and discern, it may be, in this or the other 'Dread Potentate, a more or less incompetent Di-'gestive-apparatus; yet also an inscrutable vener-'able Mystery, in the meanest Tinker that sees 'with eyes!'

For the rest, as is natural to a man of this kind, he deals much in the feeling of Wonder; insists on the necessity and high worth of universal Wonder; which he holds to be the only reasonable temper for the denizen of so singular a Planet as ours. 'Wonder,' says he, 'is the basis of Worship: the 'reign of wonder is perennial, indestructible in 'Man; only at certain stages (as the present), it 'is, for some short season, a reign *in partibus*

'*infidelium*.' That progress of Science, which is to destroy Wonder, and in its stead substitute Mensuration and Numeration, finds small favour with Teufelsdröckh, much as he otherwise venerates these two latter processes.

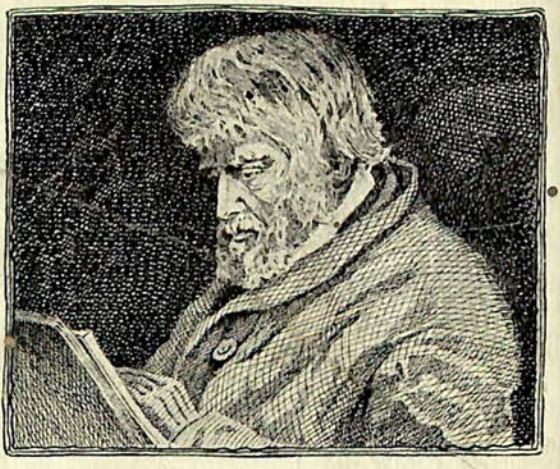
'Shall your Science,' exclaims he, 'proceed in 'the small chink-lighted, or even oil-lighted, under-'ground workshop of Logic alone; and man's mind 'become an Arithmetical Mill, whereof Memory is 'the Hopper, and mere Tables of Sines and Tan-'gents, Codification, and Treatises of what you call 'Political Economy, are the Meal? And what is 'that Science, which the scientific head alone, were 'it screwed off, and (like the Doctor's in the Arabian 'Tale) set in a basin to keep it alive, could prosecute 'without shadow of a heart,—but one other of the 'mechanical and menial handicrafts, for which the 'Scientific Head (having a Soul in it) is too noble 'an organ? I mean that Thought without Rever-'ence is barren, perhaps poisonous; at best, dies 'like cookery with the day that called it forth; 'does not live, like sowing, in successive tilths 'and wider-spreading harvests, bringing food and 'plenteous increase to all Time.'

In such wise does Teufelsdröckh deal hits, harder or softer, according to ability; yet ever, as we would fain persuade ourselves, with charitable intent. Above all, that class of 'Logic-choppers, 'and treble-pipe Scoffers, and professed Enemies 'to Wonder; who, in these days, so numerously 'patrol as night-constables about the Mechanics' 'Institute of Science, and cackle, like true Old-'Roman geese and goslings round their Capitol, 'on any alarm, or on none; nay who often, as 'illuminated Sceptics, walk abroad into peaceable 'society, in full daylight, with rattle and lantern,

'and insist on guiding you and guarding you there-
'with, though the Sun is shining, and the street popu-
'lous with mere justice-loving men': that whole class is inexpressibly wearisome to him. Here with what uncommon animation he perorates:

'The man who cannot wonder, who does not
'habitually wonder (and worship), were he Presi-
'dent of innumerable Royal Societies, and carried
'the whole *Mécanique Céleste* and *Hegel's Philoso-*
'*phy*, and the epitome of all Laboratories and
'Observatories with their results, in his single head,
'—is but a Pair of Spectacles behind which there
'is no Eye. Let those who have Eyes look through
'him, then he may be useful.

'Thou wilt have no Mystery and Mysticism;
'wilt walk through thy world by the sunshine of
'what thou callest Truth, or even by the hand-lamp
'of what I call Attorney-Logic; and "explain"
'all, "account" for all, or believe nothing of it?
'Nay, thou wilt attempt laughter; whoso re-
'cognises the unfathomable, all-pervading domain
'of Mystery, which is everywhere under our feet
'and among our hands; to whom the Universe is
'an Oracle and Temple; as well as a Kitchen and
'Cattle-stall,—he shall be a delirious Mystic; to
'him thou, with sniffing charity, wilt protrusively
'proffer thy hand-lamp, and shriek, as one injured,
'when he kicks his foot through it?—*Armer Teufel!*
'Doth not thy cow calve, doth not thy bull gender?
'Thou thyself, wert thou not born, wilt thou not die?
'"Explain" me all this, or do one of two things:
'Retire into private places with thy foolish cackle;
'or, what were better, give it up, and weep, not
'that the reign of wonder is done, and God's world
'all disembellished and prosaic, but that thou
'hitherto art a Dilettante and sandblind Pedant.'



THOMAS CARLYLE, 1879
(*From water-colour drawing by Mrs. Allingham.*)

CHAPTER XI.

PROSPECTIVE.

THE Philosophy of Clothes is now to all readers, as we predicted it would do, unfolding itself into new boundless expansions, of a cloudcapt, almost chimerical aspect, yet not without azure loomings in the far distance, and streaks as of an Elysian brightness; the highly questionable purport and promise of which it is becoming more and more important for us to ascertain. Is that a real Elysian brightness, cries many a timid wayfarer, or the reflex of Pandemonian lava? Is it of a truth leading us into beatific Asphodel meadows, or the yellow-burning marl of a Hell-on-Earth?

Our Professor, like other Mystics, whether delirious or inspired, gives an Editor enough to do. Ever higher and dizzier are the heights he leads us to; more piercing, all-comprehending, all-confounding are his views and glances. For example, this of Nature being not an Aggregate but a Whole:

'Well sang the Hebrew Psalmist: "If I take 'the wings of the morning and dwell in the utter-'most parts of the universe, God is there." Thou, 'thyself, O cultivated reader, who too probably art 'no Psalmist, but a Prosaist, knowing GOD only 'by tradition, knowest thou any corner of the 'world where at least FORCE is not? The drop 'which thou shakest from thy wet hand, rests not 'where it falls, but tomorrow thou findest it swept 'away; already on the wings of the Northwind, it 'is nearing the Tropic of Cancer. How came it to 'evaporate, and not lie motionless? Thinkest thou

'there is aught motionless; without Force, and 'utterly dead?

'As I rode through the Schwarzwald, I said to 'myself: That little fire which glows star-like 'across the dark-growing (*nachtende*) moor, where 'the sooty smith bends over his anvil, and thou 'hopest to replace thy lost horse-shoe,—is it a 'detached, separated speck, cut-off from the whole 'Universe; or indissolubly joined to the whole? 'Thou fool, that smithy-fire was (primarily) kindled 'at the Sun; is fed by air that circulates from 'before Noah's Deluge, from beyond the Dogstar; 'therein, with Iron Force, and Coal Force, and the 'far stranger Force of Man, are cunning affinities 'and battles and victories of Force brought about; 'it is a little ganglion, or nervous centre, in the 'great vital system of Immensity. Call it, if thou 'wilt, an unconscious Altar, kindled on the bosom 'of the All; whose iron sacrifice, whose iron smoke 'and influence reach quite through the All; whose 'dingy Priest, not by word, yet by brain and sinew, 'preaches forth the mystery of Force; nay preaches 'forth (exoterically enough) one little textlet from 'the Gospel of Freedom, the Gospel of Man's Force, 'commanding, and one day to be all-commanding.

'Detached, separated! I say there is no such 'separation: nothing hitherto was ever stranded, 'cast aside; but all, were it only a withered leaf, 'works together with all; is borne forward on the 'bottomless, shoreless flood of Action, and lives 'through perpetual metamorphoses. The withered 'leaf is not dead and lost, there are Forces in it 'and around it, though working in inverse order; 'else how could it *rot*? Despise not the rag from 'which man makes Paper, or the litter from which 'the earth makes Corn. Rightly viewed no meanest

'object is insignificant; all objects are as windows, 'through which the philosophic eye looks into In-'finitude itself.'

Again, leaving that wondrous Schwarzwald Smithy-Altar, what vacant, high-sailing air-ships are these, and whither will they sail with us?

'All visible things are emblems; what thou seest 'is not there on its own account; strictly taken, is 'not there at all: Matter exists only spiritually, 'and to represent some Idea, and *body* it forth. 'Hence Clothes, as despicable as we think them, 'are so unspeakably significant. Clothes, from the 'King's mantle downwards, are emblematic, not 'of want only, but of a manifold cunning Victory 'over Want. On the other hand, all Emblematic 'things are properly Clothes, thought-woven or 'hand-woven: must not the Imagination weave 'Garments, visible Bodies, wherein the else invis-'ible creations and inspirations of our Reason are, 'like Spirits, revealed, and first become all-power-'ful;—the rather if, as we often see, the Hand 'too aid her, and (by wool Clothes or otherwise) 'reveal such even to the outward eye?

'Men are properly said to be clothed with 'Authority, clothed with Beauty, with Curses, and 'the like. Nay, if you consider it, what is Man 'himself, and his whole terrestrial Life, but an 'Emblem; a Clothing or visible Garment for that 'divine ME of his, cast hither, like a light-particle, 'down from Heaven? Thus is he said also to be 'clothed with a Body.

'Language is called the Garment of Thought: 'however, it should rather be, Language is the 'Flesh-Garment, the Body, of Thought. I said 'that Imagination wove this Flesh-Garment; and 'does not she? Metaphors are her stuff: examine

'Language; what, if you except some few primitive 'elements (of natural sound), what is it all but 'Metaphors, recognised as such, or no longer re-'cognised; still fluid and florid, or now solid-grown 'and colourless? If those same primitive elements 'are the osseous fixtures in the Flesh-Garment, 'Language,—then are Metaphors its muscles and 'tissues and living integuments. An unmeta-'phorical style you shall in vain seek for: is not 'your very *Attention* a *Stretching-to?* The differ-'ence lies here: some styles are lean, adust, wiry, 'the muscle itself seems osseous; some are even 'quite pallid, hunger-bitten and dead-looking; 'while others again glow in the flush of health 'and vigorous self-growth, sometimes, (as in my 'own case) not without an apoplectic tendency. 'Moreover, there are sham Metaphors, which over-'hanging that same Thought's-Body (best naked), 'and deceptively bedizening, or bolstering it out, 'may be called its false stuffings, superfluous show-'cloaks (*Putz-Mäntel*), and tawdry woollen rags: 'whereof he that runs and reads may gather whole 'hampers,—and burn them.'

Than which paragraph on Metaphors did the reader ever chance to see a more surprisingly metaphorical? However, that is not our chief grievance; the Professor continues:

'Why multiply instances? It is written, the 'Heavens and the Earth shall fade away like a 'Vesture; which indeed they are: the Time-vesture 'of the Eternal. Whatsoever sensibly exists, what-'soever represents Spirit to Spirit, is properly a 'Clothing, a suit of Raiment, put on for a season, 'and to be laid off. Thus in this one pregnant 'subject of CLOTHES, rightly understood, is included 'all that men have thought, dreamed, done, and

'been: the whole External Universe and what it 'holds is but Clothing; and the essence of all 'Science lies in the PHILOSOPHY OF CLOTHES.'

Towards these dim infinitely-expanded regions, close-bordering on the impalpable Inane, it is not without apprehension, and perpetual difficulties, that the Editor sees himself journeying and struggling. Till lately a cheerful daystar of hope hung before him, in the expected Aid of Hofrath Heuschrecke; which daystar, however, melts now, not into the red of morning, but into a vague, gray half-light, uncertain whether dawn of day or dusk of utter darkness. For the last week, these so-called Biographical Documents are in his hand. By the kindness of a Scottish Hamburg Merchant, whose name, known to the whole mercantile world, he must not mention; but whose honourable courtesy, now and often before spontaneously manifested to him, a mere literary stranger, he cannot soon forget, —the bulky Weissnichtwo Packet, with all its Customhouse seals, foreign hieroglyphs, and miscellaneous tokens of Travel, arrived here in perfect safety, and free of cost. The reader shall now fancy with what hot haste it was broken up, with what breathless expectation glanced over; and, alas, with what unquiet disappointment it has, since then, been often thrown down, and again taken up.

Hofrath Heuschrecke, in a too long-winded Letter, full of compliments, Weissnichtwo politics, dinners, dining repartees, and other ephemeral trivialities, proceeds to remind us of what we knew well already: that however it may be with Metaphysics, and other abstract Science originating in the Head (*Verstand*) alone, no Life-Philosophy (*Lebensphilosophie*), such as this of Clothes pretends to be, which originates equally in the Character (*Gemüth*), and

equally speaks thereto, can attain its significance till the Character itself is known and seen; 'till 'the Author's View of the World (*Weltansicht*), 'and how he actively and passively came by such 'view, are clear: in short till a Biography of him 'has been philosophico-poetically written, and 'philosophico-poetically read.' 'Nay,' adds he, 'were the speculative scientific Truth even known, 'you still, in this inquiring age, ask yourself, 'Whence came it, and Why, and How?—and rest 'not, till, if no better may be, Fancy have shaped-'out an answer; and either in the authentic linea-'ments of Fact, or the forged ones of Fiction, a 'complete picture and Genetical History of the 'Man and his spiritual Endeavour lies before you. 'But why,' says the Hofrath, and indeed say we, 'do I dilate on the uses of our Teufelsdröckh's 'Biography? The great Herr Minister von Goethe 'has penetratingly remarked that "Man is pro-'perly the *only* object that interests man": thus I 'too have noted, that in Weissnichtwo our whole 'conversation is little or nothing else but Biogra-'phy or Auto-Biography; ever humano-anecdotical '(*menschlich-anekdotisch*). Biography is by nature 'the most universally profitable, universally pleasant 'of all things: especially Biography of distinguished 'individuals.

'By this time, *mein Verehrtester* (my Most 'Esteemed),' continues he, with an eloquence which, unless the words be purloined from Teufelsdröckh, or some trick of his, as we suspect, is well-nigh unaccountable, 'by this time you are fairly plunged '(*vertieft*) in that mighty forest of Clothes-Philos-'ophy; and looking round, as all readers do, with 'astonishment enough. Such portions and passages 'as you have already mastered, and brought to

'paper, could not but awaken a strange curiosity 'touching the mind they issued from; the perhaps 'unparalleled psychical mechanism, which manu- 'factured such matter, and emitted it to the light 'of day. Had Teufelsdröckh also a father and 'mother; did he, at one time, wear drivel-bibs, 'and live on spoon-meat? Did he ever, in rapture 'and tears, clasp a friend's bosom to his; looks he 'also wistfully into the long burial-isle of the Past, 'where only winds, and their low harsh moan, give 'inarticulate answer? Has he fought duels;—good 'Heaven! how did he comport himself when in 'Love? By what singular stair-steps, in short, 'and subterranean passages, and sloughs of Despair, 'and steep Pisgah hills, has he reached this wonder- 'ful prophetic Hebron (a true Old-Clothes Jewry) 'where he now dwells?

'To all these natural questions the voice of public 'History is as yet silent. Certain only that he has 'been, and is, a Pilgrim, and Traveller from a far 'Country; more or less footsore and travel-soiled; 'has parted with road-companions; fallen among 'thieves, been poisoned by bad cookery, blistered 'with bugbites; nevertheless, at every stage (for 'they have let him pass), has had the Bill to dis- 'charge. But the whole particulars of his Route, 'his Weather-observations, the picturesque Sketches 'he took, though all regularly jotted down (in 'indelible sympathetic-ink by an invisible interior 'Penman), are these nowhere forthcoming? Per- 'haps quite lost: one other leaf of that mighty 'Volume (of human Memory) left to fly abroad, 'unprinted, unpublished, unbound up, as waste 'paper; and to rot, the sport of rainy winds?

'No, *verehrtester Herr Herausgeber*, in no wise! 'I here, by the unexampled favour you stand in

'with our Sage, send not a Biography only, but an 'Autobiography: at least the materials for such; 'wherefrom, if I misreckon not, your perspicacity 'will draw fullest insight: and so the whole Philos- 'ophy and Philosopher of Clothes will stand clear 'to the wondering eyes of England, nay thence, 'through America, through Hindostan, and the 'antipodal New Holland, finally conquer (*ein- 'nehmen*) great part of this terrestrial Planet!'

And now let the sympathising reader judge of our feeling when, in place of this same Autobiography with 'fullest insight,' we find — Six considerable PAPER-BAGS, carefully sealed, and marked successively, in gilt China-ink, with the symbols of the Six southern Zodiacal Signs, beginning at Libra; in the inside of which sealed Bags lie miscellaneous masses of Sheets, and oftener Shreds and Snips, written in Professor Teufelsdröckh's scarce-legible *cursiv-schrift;* and treating of all imaginable things under the Zodiac and above it, but of his own personal history only at rare intervals, and then in the most enigmatic manner.

Whole fascicles there are, wherein the Professor, or, as he here, speaking in the third person, calls himself, 'the Wandérer,' is not once named. Then again, amidst what seems to be a Metaphysico-theological Disquisition, 'Detached Thoughts on the Steam-engine,' or, 'The continued Possibility of Prophecy,' we shall meet with some quite private, not unimportant Biographical fact. On certain sheets stand Dreams, authentic or not, while the circumjacent waking Actions are omitted. Anecdotes, oftenest without date of place or time, fly loosely on separate slips, like Sibylline leaves. Interspersed also are long purely Autobiographical delineations; yet without connexion, without recognisable coherence; so unimportant, so super-

fluously minute, they almost remind us of 'P.P. Clerk of this Parish.' Thus does famine of intelligence alternate with waste. Selection, order, appears to be unknown to the Professor. In all Bags the same imbroglio; only perhaps in the Bag *Capricorn*, and those near it, the confusion a little worse confounded. Close by a rather eloquent Oration, 'On receiving the Doctor's-Hat,' lie washbills, marked (*bezahlt*) settled. His Travels are indicated by the Street-Advertisements of the various cities he has visited; of which Street-Advertisements, in most living tongues, here is perhaps the completest collection extant.

So that if the Clothes-Volume itself was too like a Chaos, we have now instead of the solar Luminary that should still it, the airy Limbo which by intermixture will farther volatilise and discompose it! As we shall perhaps see it our duty ultimately to deposit these Six Paper-Bags in the British Museum, farther description, and all vituperation of them, may be spared. Biography or Autobiography of Teufelsdröckh there is, clearly enough, none to be gleaned here: at most some sketchy, shadowy fugitive likeness of him may, by unheard-of efforts, partly of intellect, partly of imagination, on the side of Editor and of Reader, rise up between them. Only as a gaseous-chaotic Appendix to that aqueous-chaotic Volume can the contents of the Six Bags hover round us, and portions thereof be incorporated with our delineation of it.

Daily and nightly does the Editor sit (with green spectacles) deciphering these unimaginable Documents from their perplexed *cursiv-schrift;* collating them with the almost equally unimaginable Volume, which stands in legible print. Over such a universal medley of high and low, of hot, cold, moist and dry, is he here struggling (by union of like with

like, which is Method) to build a firm Bridge for British travellers. Never perhaps since our first Bridge-builders, Sin and Death, built that stupendous Arch from Hell-gate to the Earth, did any Pontifex, or Pontiff, undertake such a task as the present Editor. For in this Arch too, leading, as we humbly presume, far otherwards than that grand primeval one, the materials are to be fished-up from the weltering deep, and down from the simmering air, here one mass, there another, and cunningly cemented, while the elements boil beneath: nor is there any supernatural force to do it with; but simply the Diligence and feeble-thinking Faculty of an English Editor, endeavouring to evolve printed Creation out of a German printed and written Chaos, wherein, as he shoots to and fro in it, gathering, clutching, piecing the Why to the far-distant Wherefore, his whole Faculty and Self are like to be swallowed up.

Patiently, under these incessant toils and agitations, does the Editor, dismissing all anger, see his otherwise robust health declining; some fraction of his allotted natural sleep nightly leaving him, and little but an inflamed nervous-system to be looked for. What is the use of health, or of life, if not to do some work therewith? And what work nobler than transplanting foreign Thought into the barren domestic soil; except indeed planting Thought of your own, which the fewest are privileged to do? Wild as it looks, this Philosophy of Clothes, can we ever reach its real meaning, promises to reveal new-coming Eras, the first dim rudiments and already-budding germs of a nobler Era, in Universal History. Is not such a prize worth some striving? Forward with us, courageous reader; be it towards failure, or towards success! The latter thou sharest with us; the former also is not all our own.

BOOK SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

GENESIS.

In a psychological point of view, it is perhaps questionable whether from birth and genealogy, how closely scrutinised soever, much insight is to be gained. Nevertheless, as in every phenomenon the Beginning remains always the most notable moment; so, with regard to any great man, we rest not till, for our scientific profit or not, the whole circumstances of his first appearance in this Planet, and what manner of Public Entry he made, are with utmost completeness rendered manifest. To the Genesis of our Clothes-Philosopher, then, be this First Chapter consecrated. Unhappily, indeed, he seems to be of quite obscure extraction; uncertain, we might almost say, whether of any: so that this Genesis of his can properly be nothing but an Exodus (or transit out of Invisibility into Visibility); whereof the preliminary portion is nowhere forthcoming.

'In the village of Entepfuhl,' thus writes he, in the Bag *Libra*, on various Papers, which we arrange with difficulty, 'dwelt Andreas Futteral and his 'wife; childless, in still seclusion, and cheerful 'though now verging towards old age. Andreas

'had been grenadier Sergeant, and even regimental 'Schoolmaster under Frederick the Great; but 'now, quitting the halbert and ferule for the spade 'and pruning-hook, cultivated a little Orchard, on 'the produce of which he, Cincinnatus-like, lived 'not without dignity. Fruits, the peach, the apple, 'the grape, with other varieties came in their season; 'all which Andreas knew how to sell: on evenings 'he smoked largely, or read (as beseemed a regi-'mental Schoolmaster), and talked to neighbours 'that would listen about the Victory of Rossbach; 'and how Fritz the Only (*der Einzige*) had once 'with his own royal lips spoken to him, had been 'pleased to say, when Andreas as camp-sentinel 'demanded the pass-word, "*Schweig Hund* (Peace, 'hound)!" before any of his staff-adjutants could 'answer. "*Das nenn' ich mir einen König*, There 'is what I call a King," would Andreas exclaim: '"but the smoke of Kunersdorf was still smarting 'his eyes."

'Gretchen, the housewife, won like Desdemona 'by the deeds rather than the looks of her now 'veteran Othello, lived not in altogether military 'subordination; for, as Andreas said, "the woman-'kind will not drill (*wer kann die Weiberchen 'dressiren*)": nevertheless she at heart loved him 'both for valour and wisdom; to her a Prussian 'grenadier Sergeant and Regiment's Schoolmaster 'was little other than a Cicero and Cid: what you 'see, yet cannot see over, is as good as infinite. 'Nay, was not Andreas in very deed a man of 'order, courage, downrightness (*Geradheit*); that 'understood Büsching's *Geography*, had been in the 'victory of Rossbach, and left for dead in the 'camisade of Hochkirch? The good Gretchen, for 'all her fretting, watched over him and hovered

'round him as only a true housemother can: 'assiduously she cooked and sewed and scoured 'for him; so that not only his old regimental 'sword and grenadier-cap, but the whole habitation 'and environment, where on pegs of honour they 'hung, looked ever trim and gay: a roomy painted 'Cottage, embowered in fruit-trees and forest-trees, 'evergreens and honeysuckles; rising many-coloured 'from amid shaven grass-plots, flowers struggling-in 'through the very windows; under its long project-'ing eaves nothing but garden-tools in methodic 'piles (to screen them from rain), and seats where, 'especially on summer nights, a King might have 'wished to sit and smoke, and call it his. Such 'a *Bauergut* (Copyhold) had Gretchen given her 'veteran; whose sinewy arms, and long-disused 'gardening talent, had made it what you saw.

'Into this umbrageous Man's-nest, one meek 'yellow evening or dusk, when the Sun, hidden 'indeed from terrestrial Entepfuhl, did neverthe-'less journey visible and radiant along the celestial 'Balance (*Libra*), it was that a Stranger of reverend 'aspect entered; and, with grave salutation, stood 'before the two rather astonished housemates. He 'was close-muffled in a wide mantle; which without 'farther parley unfolding, he deposited therefrom 'what seemed some Basket, overhung with green 'Persian silk; saying only: *Ihr lieben Leute, hier 'bringe ein unschätzbares Verleihen; nehmt es in 'aller Acht, sorgfältigst benützt es: mit hohem 'Lohn, oder wohl mit schweren Zinsen, wird's einst 'zurückgefordert.* "Good Christian people, here 'lies for you an invaluable Loan; take all heed 'thereof, in all carefulness employ it: with high 'recompense, or else with heavy penalty, will it one 'day be required back." Uttering which singular

'words, in a clear, bell-like, forever memorable 'tone, the Stranger gracefully withdrew; and 'before Andreas or his wife, gazing in expectant 'wonder, had time to fashion either question or 'answer, was clean gone. Neither out of doors 'could aught of him be seen or heard; he had 'vanished in the thickets, in the dusk; the Orchard-'gate stood quietly closed: the Stranger was gone 'once and always. So sudden had the whole trans-'action been, in the autumn stillness and twilight, 'so gentle, noiseless, that the Futterals could have 'fancied it all a trick of Imagination, or some visit 'from an authentic Spirit. Only that the green-'silk Basket, such as neither Imagination nor 'authentic Spirits are wont to carry, still stood 'visible and tangible on their little parlour-table. 'Towards this the astonished couple, now with lit 'candle, hastily turned their attention. 'Lifting the 'green veil, to see what invaluable it hid, they de-'scried there, amid down and rich white wrappages, 'no Pitt Diamond or Hapsburg Regalia, but, in 'the softest sleep, a little red-coloured Infant! 'Beside it, lay a roll of gold Friedrichs, the exact 'amount of which was never publicly known; 'also a *Taufschein* (baptismal certificate), wherein 'unfortunately nothing but the name was decipher-'able; other document or indication none what-'ever.

'To wonder and conjecture was unavailing, then 'and always thenceforth. Nowhere in Entepfuhl, 'on the morrow or next day, did tidings transpire 'of any such figure as the Stranger; nor could the 'Traveller, who had passed through the neighbour-'ing Town in coach-and-four, be connected with 'this Apparition, except in the way of gratuitous 'surmise. Meanwhile, for Andreas and his wife,

'the grand practical problem was: What to do 'with this little sleeping red-coloured Infant? 'Amid amazements and curiosities, which had to 'die away without external satisfying, they resolved, 'as in such circumstances charitable prudent people 'needs must, on nursing it, though with spoon-'meat, into whiteness, and if possible into man-'hood. The Heavens smiled on their endeavour: 'thus has that same mysterious Individual ever 'since had a status for himself in this visible 'Universe, some modicum of victual and lodging 'and parade-ground; and now expanded in bulk, 'faculty and knowledge of good and evil, he, as 'HERR DIOGENES TEUFELSDRÖCKH, professes or is 'ready to profess, perhaps not altogether without 'effect, in the new University of Weissnichtwo, 'the new Science of Things in General.'

Our Philosopher declares here, as indeed we should think he well might, that these facts, first communicated, by the good Gretchen Futteral, in his twelfth year, 'produced on the boyish heart 'and fancy a quite indelible impression. Who this 'reverend Personage,' he says, 'that glided into 'the Orchard Cottage when the Sun was in Libra, 'and then, as on spirit's wings, glided out again, 'might be? An inexpressible desire, full of love 'and of sadness, has often since struggled within 'me to shape an answer. Ever, in my distresses 'and my loneliness, has Fantasy turned, full of 'longing (*sehnsuchtsvoll*), to that unknown Father, 'who perhaps far from me, perhaps near, either 'way invisible, might have taken me to his paternal 'bosom, there to lie screened from many a woe. 'Thou beloved Father, dost thou still, shut out 'from me only by thin penetrable curtains of 'earthly Space, wend to and fro among the crowd

'of the living? Or art thou hidden by those far 'thicker curtains of the Everlasting Night, or 'rather of the Everlasting Day, through which 'my mortal eye and outstretched arms need not 'strive to reach? Alas, I know not, and in vain 'vex myself to know. More than once, heart-'deluded, have I taken for thee this and the other 'noble-looking Stranger; and approached him wist-'fully, with infinite regard; but he too had to 'repel me, he too was not thou.

'And yet, O Man born of Woman,' cries the Autobiographer, with one of his sudden whirls, 'wherein is my case peculiar? Hadst thou, any 'more than I, a Father whom thou knowest? The 'Andreas and Gretchen, or the Adam and Eve, 'who led thee into Life, and for a time suckled 'and pap-fed thee there, whom thou namest Father 'and Mother; these were, like mine, but thy nursing-'father and nursing-mother: thy true Beginning and 'Father is in Heaven, whom with the bodily eye thou 'shalt never behold, but only with the spiritual.'

'The little green veil,' adds he, among much similar moralising, and embroiled discoursing, 'I 'yet keep; still more inseparably the Name, Dio-'genes Teufelsdröckh. From the veil can nothing 'be inferred: a piece of now quite faded Persian 'silk, like thousands of others. On the Name I 'have many times meditated and conjectured; but 'neither in this lay there any clue. That it was my 'unknown Father's name I must hesitate to believe. 'To no purpose have I searched through all the 'Herald's Books, in and without the German 'Empire, and through all manner of Subscriber-'Lists (*Pränumeranten*), Militia-Rolls, and other 'Name-catalogues; extraordinary names as we have 'in Germany, the name Teufelsdröckh, except as

'appended to my own person, nowhere occurs. 'Again, what may the unchristian rather than 'Christian "Diogenes" mean? Did that reverend 'Basket-bearer intend, by such designation, to 'shadow-forth my future destiny, or his own 'present malign humour? Perhaps the latter, 'perhaps both. Thou ill-starred Parent, who like 'an Ostrich hadst to leave thy ill-starred offspring 'to be hatched into self-support by the mere sky-'influences of Chance, can thy pilgrimage have 'been a smooth one? Beset by Misfortune thou 'doubtless hast been; or indeed by the worst 'figure of Misfortune, by Misconduct. Often have 'I fancied how, in thy hard life-battle, thou wert 'shot at, and slung at, wounded, hand-fettered, 'hamstrung, browbeaten and bedevilled by the 'Time-Spirit (*Zeitgeist*) in thyself and others, till 'the good soul first given thee was seared into 'grim rage; and thou hadst nothing for it but to 'leave in me an indignant appeal to the Future, 'and living speaking Protest against the Devil, as 'that same Spirit not of the Time only, but of 'Time itself, is well named! Which Appeal and 'Protest, may I now modestly add, was not 'perhaps quite lost in air.

'For indeed, as Walter Shandy often insisted, 'there is much, nay almost all, in Names. The 'Name is the earliest Garment you wrap round 'the earth-visiting ME; to which it thencefoth 'cleaves, more tenaciously (for there are Names 'that have lasted nigh thirty centuries) than the 'very skin. And now from without, what mystic 'influences does it not send inwards, even to the 'centre; especially in those plastic first-times, 'when the whole soul is yet infantine, soft, and 'the invisible seedgrain will grow to be an all

'overshadowing tree! Names? Could I unfold 'the influence of Names, which are the most 'important of all Clothings, I were a second 'greater Trismegistus. Not only all common 'Speech, but Science, Poetry itself is no other, if 'thou consider it, than a right *Naming*. Adam's 'first task was giving names to natural Appear-'ances: what is ours still but a continuation of 'the same; be the Appearances exotic-vegetable, 'organic, mechanic, stars, or starry movements (as 'in Science); or (as in Poetry) passions, virtues, 'calamities, God-attributes, Gods?—In a very plain 'sense the Proverb says, *Call one a thief, and he 'will steal;* in an almost similar sense may we not 'perhaps say, *Call one Diogenes Teufelsdröckh, and 'he will open the Philosophy of Clothes?*'

'Meanwhile the incipient Diogenes, like others, 'all ignorant of his Why, his How or Whereabout, 'was opening his eyes to the kind Light; sprawl-'ing-out his ten fingers and toes; listening, tasting, 'feeling; in a word, by all his Five Senses, still more 'by his Sixth Sense of Hunger, and a whole infinitude 'of inward, spiritual, half-awakened Senses, en-'deavouring daily to acquire for himself some know-'ledge of this strange Universe where he had arrived, 'be his task therein what it might. Infinite was his 'progress; thus in some fifteen months, he could 'perform the miracle of—Speech! To breed a 'fresh Soul, is it not like brooding a fresh (celestial) 'Egg; wherein as yet all is formless, powerless; 'yet by degrees organic elements and fibres shoot 'through the watery albumen; and out of vague 'Sensation grows Thought, grows Fantasy and 'Force, and we have Philosophies, Dynasties, nay 'Poetries and Religions!

'Young Diogenes, or rather young Gneschen, for 'by such diminutive had they in their fondness 'named him, travelled forward to those high con- 'summations, by quick yet easy stages. The 'Futterals, to avoid vain talk, and moreover keep 'the roll of gold Friedrichs safe, gave-out that he 'was a grand-nephew; the orphan of some sister's 'daughter, suddenly deceased, in Andreas's distant 'Prussian birthland; of whom, as of her indigent 'sorrowing widower, little enough was known at 'Entepfuhl. Heedless of all which, the Nurseling 'took to his spoon-meat, and throve. I have heard 'him noted as a still infant, that kept his mind 'much to himself; above all, that seldom or never 'cried. He already felt that time was precious; 'that he had other work cut-out for him than 'whimpering.'

Such, after utmost painful search and collation among these miscellaneous Paper-masses, is all the notice we can gather of Herr Teufelsdröckh's genealogy. More imperfect, more enigmatic it can seem to few readers than to us. The Professor, in whom truly we more and more discern a certain satirical turn, and deep under-currents of roguish whim, for the present stands pledged in honour, so we will not doubt him: but seems it not conceivable that, by the 'good Gretchen Futteral,' or some other perhaps interested party, he has himself been deceived? Should these sheets, translated or not, ever reach the Entepfuhl Circulating Library, some cultivated native of that district might feel called to afford explanation. Nay, since Books, like invisible scouts, permeate the whole habitable globe, and Timbuctoo itself is not safe from British Literature, may not some Copy find out even the

mysterious basket-bearing Stranger who in a state of extreme senility perhaps still exists; and gently force even him to disclose himself; to claim openly a son, in whom any father may feel pride?

CHAPTER II.

IDYLLIC.

'HAPPY season of Childhood!' exclaims Teufelsdröckh: 'Kind Nature, that art to all a bountiful 'mother; that visitest the poor man's hut with 'auroral radiance; and for thy Nurseling hast 'provided a soft swathing of Love and infinite 'Hope, wherein he waxes and slumbers, danced-'round (*umgaukelt*) by sweetest Dreams! If the 'paternal Cottage still shuts us in, its roof still 'screens us; with a Father we have as yet a 'prophet, priest and king, and an Obedience that 'makes us free. The young spirit has awakened 'out of Eternity, and knows not what we mean by 'Time; as yet Time is no fast-hurrying stream, but 'a sportful sunlit ocean; years to the child are as 'ages: ah! the secret of Vicissitude, of that slower 'or quicker decay and ceaseless down-rushing of 'the universal World-fabric, from the granite 'mountain to the man or day-moth, is yet un-'known; and in a motionless Universe, we taste, 'what afterwards in this quick-whirling Universe 'is forever denied us, the balm of Rest. Sleep on, 'thou fair Child, for thy long rough journey is at 'hand! A little while, and thou too shalt sleep no 'more, but thy very dreams shall be mimic battles; 'thou too, with old Arnauld, wilt have to say in

'stern patience: "Rest? Rest? Shall I not have 'all Eternity to rest in?" Celestial Nepenthe! 'though a Pyrrhus conquer empires, and an Alex-'ander sack the world, he finds thee not; and thou 'hast once fallen gently, of thy own accord, on the 'eyelids, on the heart of every mother's child. For 'as yet, sleep and waking are one: the fair Life-'garden rustles infinite around, and everywhere is 'dewy fragrance, and the budding of Hope; which 'budding, if in youth, too frostnipt, it 'grow to 'flowers, will in manhood yield no fruit, but a 'prickly, bitter-rinded stone-fruit, of which the 'fewest can find the kernel.'

In such rose-coloured light does our Professor, as Poets are wont, look back on his childhood; the historical details of which (to say nothing of much other vague oratorical matter) he accordingly dwells on with an almost wearisome minuteness. We hear of Entepfuhl standing 'in trustful derangement' among the woody slopes; the paternal Orchard flanking it as extreme outpost from below; the little Kuhbach gushing kindly by, among beech-rows, through river after river, into the Donau, into the Black Sea, into the Atmosphere and Universe; and how 'the brave old Linden,' stretching like a parasol of twenty ells in radius, overtopping all other rows and clumps, towered-up from the central *Agora* and *Campus Martius* of the Village, like its Sacred Tree; and how the old men sat talking under its shadow (Gneschen often greedily listening), and the wearied labourers reclined, and the unwearied children sported, and the young men and maidens often danced to flute-music. 'Glorious 'summer twilights,' cries Teufelsdröckh, 'when the 'Sun, like a proud Conqueror and Imperial Task-'master, turned his back, with his gold-purple

'emblazonry,' and all his fireclad body-guard (of 'Prismatic Colours); and the tired brickmakers of 'this clay Earth might steal a little frolic, and those 'few meek Stars would not tell of them!'

Then we have long details of the *Weinlesen* (Vintage), the Harvest-Home, Christmas, and so forth; with a whole cycle of the Entepfuhl Children's-games, differing apparently by mere superficial shades from those of other countries. Concerning all which, we shall here, for obvious reasons, say nothing. What cares the world for our as yet miniature Philosopher's achievements under that 'brave old Linden'? Or even where is the use of such practical reflections as the following? 'In all the sports of Children, were it only 'in their wanton breakages and defacements, you 'shall discern a creative instinct (*schaffenden Trieb*): 'the Mankin feels that he is a born Man, that his 'vocation is to work. The choicest present you 'can make him is a Tool; be it knife or pen-gun, 'for construction or for destruction; either way it is 'for Work, for Change. In gregarious sports of 'skill or strength, the Boy trains himself to Co-'operation, for war or peace, as governor or 'governed: the little Maid again, provident of 'her domestic destiny, takes with preference to 'Dolls.'

Perhaps, however, we may give this anecdote, considering who it is that relates it: 'My first short-clothes were of yellow serge; or rather, I should say, my first short-cloth, for the vesture was one 'and indivisible, reaching from neck to ankle, a 'mere body with four limbs: of which fashion how 'little could I then divine the architectural, how 'much less the moral significance!'

More graceful is the following little picture: 'On

'fine evenings I was wont to carry-forth my supper '(bread-crumb boiled in milk), and eat it out-of-'doors. On the coping of the Orchard-wall, which 'I could reach by climbing, or still more easily if 'Father Andreas would set-up the pruning-ladder, 'my porringer was placed: there, many a sunset, 'have I, looking at the distant western Mountains, 'consumed, not without relish, my evening meal. 'Those hues of gold and azure, that hush of World's 'expectation as Day died, were still a Hebrew 'Speech for me; nevertheless I was looking at 'the fair illuminated Letters, and had an eye for 'their gilding.'

With 'the little one's friendship for cattle and 'poultry' we shall not much intermeddle. It may be that hereby he acquired a 'certain deeper 'sympathy with animated Nature': but when, we would ask, saw any man, in a collection of Biographical Documents, such a piece as this: 'Im-'pressive enough (*bedeutungsvoll*) was it to hear, in 'early morning, the Swineherd's horn; and know 'that so many hungry happy quadrupeds were, on 'all sides, starting in hot haste to join him, for 'breakfast on the Heath. Or to see them at even-'tide, all marching-in again, with short squeak, 'almost in military order; and each, topographi-'cally correct, trotting-off in succession to the right 'or left, through its own lane, to its own dwelling; 'till old Kunz, at the Village-head, now left alone, 'blew his last blast, and retired for the night. We 'are wont to love the Hog chiefly in the form of 'Ham; yet did not these bristly thick-skinned 'beings here manifest intelligence, perhaps humour 'of character; at any rate, a touching, trustful 'submissiveness to Man,—who, were he but a 'Swineherd, in darned gabardine, and leather

'breeches more resembling slate or discoloured-tin 'breeches, is still the Hierarch of this lower world?'

It is maintained, by Helvetius and his set, that an infant of genius is quite the same as any other infant, only that certain surprisingly favourable influences accompany him through life, especially through childhood, and expand him, while others lie closefolded and continue dunces. Herein, say they, consists the whole difference between an inspired Prophet and a double-barrelled Game-preserver: the inner man of the one has been fostered into generous development; that of the other, crushed-down perhaps by vigour of animal digestion, and the like, has exuded and evaporated, or at best sleeps now irresuscitably stagnant at the bottom of his stomach. 'With which opinion,' cries Teufelsdröckh, 'I should as soon agree as with 'this other, that an acorn might, by favourable or 'unfavourable influences of soil and climate, be 'nursed into a cabbage, or the cabbage-seed into an 'oak.

'Nevertheless,' continues he, 'I too acknowledge 'the all-but omnipotence of early culture and 'nurture: hereby we have either a doddered dwarf 'bush, or a high-towering, wide-shadowing tree; 'either a sick yellow cabbage, or an edible luxuriant 'green one.* Of a truth, it is the duty of all men, 'especially of all philosophers, to note-down with 'accuracy the characteristic circumstances of their 'Education, what furthered, what hindered, what 'in any way modified it: to which duty, nowadays 'so pressing for many a German Autobiographer, I 'also zealously address myself.'—Thou rogue! Is it by short-clothes of yellow serge, and swineherd horns, that an infant of genius is educated? And yet, as usual, it ever remains doubtful whether he

is laughing in his sleeve at these Autobiographical times of ours, or writing from the abundance of his own fond ineptitude. For he continues: 'If among 'the ever-streaming currents of Sights, Hearings, 'Feelings for Pain or Pleasure, whereby, as in a 'Magic Hall, young Gneschen went about environed, 'I might venture to select and specify, perhaps 'these following were also of the number:

'Doubtless, as childish sports call forth Intellect, 'Activity, so the young creature's Imagination was 'stirred up, and a Historical tendency given him 'by the narrative habits of Father Andreas; who, 'with his battle-reminiscences, and gray austere yet 'hearty patriarchal aspect, could not but appear 'another Ulysses and "much-enduring Man." 'Eagerly I hung upon his tales, when listening 'neighbours enlivened the hearth; from these 'perils and these travels, wild and far almost as 'Hades itself, a dim world of Adventure expanded 'itself within me. Incalculable also was the know-'ledge I acquired in standing by the Old Men 'under the Linden-tree: the whole of Immensity 'was yet new to me; and had not these reverend 'seniors, talkative enough, been employed in partial 'surveys thereof for nigh fourscore years? With 'amazement I began to discover that Entepfuhl 'stood in the middle of a Country, of a World; 'that there was such a thing as History, as Biog-'raphy; to which I also, one day, by hand and 'tongue, might contribute.

'In a like sense worked the *Postwagen* (Stage-'coach), which, slow-rolling under its mountains of 'men and luggage, wended through our Village: 'northwards, truly, in the dead of night; yet south-'wards visibly at eventide. Not till my eighth 'year did I reflect that this Postwagen could be

'other than some terrestrial Moon, rising and set-
'ting by mere Law of Nature, like the heavenly
'one; that it came on made highways, from far
'cities towards far cities; weaving them like a
'monstrous shuttle into closer and closer union.
'It was then that, independently of Schiller's
'*Wilhelm Tell*, I made this not quite insignificant
'reflection (so true also in spiritual things): *Any*
'*road, this simple Entepfuhl road, will lead you to*
'*the end of the World!*

'Why mention our Swallows, which, out of far
'Africa, as I learned, threading their way over seas
'and mountains, corporate cities and belligerent
'nations, yearly found themselves, with the month
'of May, snug-lodged in our Cottage Lobby? The
'hospitable Father (for cleanliness' sake) had fixed
'a little bracket plumb under their nest: there they
'built, and caught flies, and twittered, and bred;
'and all, I chiefly, from the heart loved them.
'Bright, nimble creatures, who taught *you* the
'mason-craft; nay, stranger still, gave you a
'masonic incorporation, almost social police? For
'if, by ill chance, and when time pressed, your
'House fell, have I not seen five neighbourly
'Helpers appear next day; and swashing to and
'fro, with animated, loud, long-drawn chirpings,
'and activity almost superhirundine, complete it
'again before nightfall?

'But undoubtedly the grand summary of Ente-
'pfuhl child's-culture, where as in a funnel its
'manifold influences were concentrated and simul-
'taneously poured-down on us, was the annual
'Cattle-fair. Here, assembling from all the four
'winds, came the elements of an unspeakable hurly-
'burly. Nutbrown maids and nutbrown men, all
'clear-washed, loud-laughing, bedizened and beri-

'banded; who came for dancing, for treating, and 'if possible, for happiness. Topbooted Graziers 'from the North; Swiss Brokers, Italian Drovers, 'also topbooted, from the South; these with their 'subalterns in leather jerkins, leather skull-caps, 'and long oxgoads; shouting in half-articulate 'speech, amid the inarticulate barking and bellow-'ing. Apart stood Potters from far Saxony, with 'their crockery in fair rows; Nürnberg Pedlars, 'in booths that to me seemed richer than Ormuz 'bazaars; Showmen from the Lago Maggiore; 'detachments of the *Wiener Schub* (Offscourings 'of Vienna) vociferously superintending games of 'chance, Ballad-singers brayed, Auctioneers grew 'hoarse; cheap New Wine (*heuriger*) flowed like 'water, still worse confounding the confusion; and 'high over all, vaulted, in ground-and-lofty tum-'bling, a particoloured Merry-Andrew, like the 'genius of the place and of Life itself.

'Thus encircled by the mystery of Existence; 'under the deep heavenly Firmament; waited-on 'by the four golden Seasons, with their vicissitudes 'of contribution, for even grim Winter brought its 'skating-matches and shooting-matches, its snow-'storms and Christmas-carols,—did the Child sit 'and learn. These things were the Alphabet, 'whereby in after-time he was to syllable and 'partly read the grand Volume of the World: 'what matters it whether such Alphabet be in 'large gilt letters or in small ungilt ones, so you 'have an eye to read it? For Gneschen, eager 'to learn, the very act of looking thereon was a 'blessedness that gilded all: his existence was a 'bright, soft element of Joy; out of which, as in 'Prospero's Island, wonder after wonder bodied 'itself forth, to teach by charming.

'Nevertheless, I were but a vain dreamer to say, 'that even then my felicity was perfect. I had, 'once for all, come down from Heaven into the 'Earth. Among the rainbow colours that glowed 'on my horizon, lay even in childhood a dark ring 'of Care, as yet no thicker than a thread, and 'often quite overshone; yet aways it reappeared, 'nay ever waxing broader and broader; till in 'after-years it almost over-shadowed my whole 'canopy, and threatened to engulf me in final 'night. It was the ring of Necessity whereby 'we are all begirt; happy he for whom a kind 'heavenly Sun brightens it into a ring of Duty, 'and plays round it with beautiful prismatic diffrac-'tions; yet ever, as basis and as bourne for our 'whole being, it is there.

'For the first few years of our terrestrial 'Apprenticeship, we have not much work to do; 'but, boarded and lodged gratis, are set down 'mostly to look about us over the workshop, and 'see others work, till we have understood the tools 'a little, and can handle this and that. If good 'Passivity alone, and not good Passivity and good 'Activity together, were the thing wanted, then 'was my early position favourable beyond the 'most. In all that respects openness of Sense, 'affectionate Temper, ingenuous Curiosity, and the 'fostering of these, what more could I have wished? 'On the other side, however, things went not so 'well. My Active Power (*Thatkraft*) was un-'favourably hemmed-in; of which misfortune how 'many traces yet abide with me! In an orderly 'house, where the litter of children's sports is 'hateful enough, your training is too stoical; rather 'to bear and forbear than to make and do. I was

'forbid much: wishes in any measure bold I had 'to renounce; everywhere a strait bond of Obedi- 'ence inflexibly held me down. Thus already 'Freewill often came in painful collision with 'Necessity; so that my tears flowed, and at 'seasons the Child itself might taste that root of 'bitterness, wherewith the whole fruitage of our 'life is mingled and tempered.

'In which habituation to Obedience, truly, it was 'beyond measure safer to err by excess than by 'defect. Obedience is our universal duty and 'destiny; wherein whoso will not bend must 'break: too early and too thoroughly we cannot 'be trained to know that Would, in this world of 'ours, is as mere zero to Should, and for most part 'as the smallest of fractions even to Shall. Hereby 'was laid for me the basis of worldly Discretion, 'nay of Morality itself. Let me not quarrel with 'my upbringing. It was rigorous, too frugal, com- 'pressively secluded, everyway unscientific: yet in 'that very strictness and domestic solitude might 'there not lie the root of deeper earnestness, of 'the stem from which all noble fruit must grow? 'Above all, how unskilful soever, it was loving, it 'was well-meant, honest; whereby every deficiency 'was helped. My kind Mother, for as such I must 'ever love the good Gretchen, did me one alto- 'gether invaluable service: she taught me, less 'indeed by word than by act and daily reverent 'look and habitude, her own simple version of the 'Christian Faith. Andreas too attended Church; 'yet more like a parade-duty, for which he in the 'other world expected pay with arrears,—as, I 'trust, he has received; but my Mother, with a 'true woman's heart, and fine though uncultivated 'sense, was in the strictest acceptation Religious.

'How indestructibly the Good grows, and pro-'pagates itself, even among the weedy entangle-'ments of Evil! The highest whom I knew on 'Earth I here saw bowed down, with awe unspeak-'able, before a Higher in Heaven: such things, 'especially in infancy, reach inwards to the very 'core of your being; mysteriously does a Holy of 'Holies build itself into visibility in the mysterious 'deeps; and Reverence, the divinest in man, 'springs forth undying from its mean envelopment 'of Fear. Wouldst thou rather be a peasant's son 'that knew, were it never so rudely, there was a 'God in Heaven and in Man; or a duke's son that 'only knew there were two-and-thirty quarters on 'the family coach?'

To which last question we must answer: Beware, O Teufelsdröckh, of spiritual pride!

CHAPTER III.

PEDAGOGY.

HITHERTO we see young Gneschen, in his indivisible case of yellow serge, borne forward mostly on the arms of kind Nature alone; seated, indeed, and much to his mind, in the terrestrial workshop, but (except his soft hazel eyes, which we doubt not already gleamed with a still intelligence) called upon for little voluntary movement there. Hitherto, accordingly, his aspect is rather generic, that of an incipient Philosopher and Poet in the abstract; perhaps it would puzzle Herr Heuschrecke himself to say wherein the special Doctrine of Clothes is as yet foreshadowed or betokened. For with Gneschen,

as with others, the Man may indeed stand pictured in the Boy (at least all the pigments are there); yet only some half of the Man stands in the Child, or young Boy, namely, his Passive endowment, not his Active. The more impatient are we to discover what figure he cuts in this latter capacity; how, when, to use his own words, 'he understands the 'tools a little, and can handle this or that,' he will proceed to handle it.

Here, however, may be the place to state that, in much of our Philosopher's history, there is something of an almost Hindoo character: nay perhaps in that so well-fostered and everyway excellent 'Passivity' of his, which, with no free development of the antagonist Activity, distinguished his childhood, we may detect the rudiments of much that, in after days, and still in these present days, astonishes the world. For the shallow-sighted, Teufelsdröckh is oftenest a man without Activity of any kind, a Noman; for the deep-sighted, again, a man with Activity almost superabundant, yet so spiritual, close-hidden, enigmatic, that no mortal can foresee its explosions, or even when it has exploded, so much as ascertain its significance. A dangerous, difficult temper for the modern European; above all, disadvantageous in the hero of a Biography! Now as heretofore it will behove the Editor of these pages, were it never so unsuccessfully, to do his endeavour.

Among the earliest tools of any complicacy which a man, especially a man of letters, gets to handle, are his Class-books. On this portion of his History, Teufelsdröckh looks down professedly as indifferent. Reading he 'cannot remember ever to have learned'; so perhaps had it by nature. He says generally: 'Of the insignificant portion of my Education,

'which depended on Schools, there need almost 'no notice be taken. I learned what others learn; 'and kept it stored-by in a corner of my head, 'seeing as yet no manner of use in it. My 'Schoolmaster, a downbent, brokenhearted, under-'foot martyr, as others of that guild are, did little 'for me, except discover that he could do little: 'he, good soul, pronounced me a genius, fit for the 'learned professions; and that I must be sent to 'the Gymnasium, and one day to the University. 'Meanwhile, what printed thing soever I could 'meet with I read. My very copper pocket-money 'I laid-out on stall-literature; which, as it accumu-'lated, I with my own hands sewed into volumes. 'By this means was the young head furnished with 'a considerable miscellany of things and shadows 'of things: History in authentic fragments lay 'mingled with Fabulous chimeras, wherein also 'was reality; and the whole not as dead stuff, but 'as living pabulum, tolerably nutritive for a mind 'as yet so peptic.'

That the Entepfuhl Schoolmaster judged well, we now know. Indeed, already in the youthful Gneschen, with all his outward stillness, there may have been manifest an inward vivacity that promised much; symptoms of a spirit singularly open, thoughtful, almost poetical. Thus, to say nothing of his Suppers on the Orchard-wall, and other phenomena of that earlier period, have many readers of these pages stumbled, in their twelfth year, on such reflections as the following? 'It struck me much, as I 'sat by the Kuhbach, one silent noontide, and 'watched it flowing, gurgling, to think how this 'same streamlet had flowed and gurgled, through 'all changes of weather and of fortune, from beyond 'the earliest date of History. Yes, probably on

'the morning when Joshua forded Jordan; even 'as at the mid-day when Cæsar, doubtless with 'difficulty, swam the Nile, yet kept his *Commen-* 'taries dry,—this little Kuhbach, assiduous as 'Tiber, Eurotas or Siloa, was murmuring on across 'the wilderness, as yet unnamed, unseen: here, 'too, as in the Euphrates and the Ganges, is a 'vein or veinlet of the grand World-circulation of 'Waters, which, with its atmospheric arteries, has 'lasted and lasts simply with the World. Thou 'fool! Nature alone is antique, and the oldest art 'a mushroom; that idle crag thou sittest on is six- 'thousand years of age.' In which little thought, as in a little fountain, may there not lie the beginning of those well-nigh unutterable meditations on the grandeur and mystery of TIME, and its relation to ETERNITY, which play such a part in this Philosophy of Clothes?

Over his Gymnasic and Academic years the Professor by no means lingers so lyrical and joyful as over his childhood. Green sunny tracts there are still; but intersected by bitter rivulets of tears, here and there stagnating into sour marshes of discontent. 'With my first view of the Hinterschlag 'Gymnasium,' writes he, 'my evil days began. 'Well do I still remember the red sunny Whitsun- 'tide morning, when, trotting full of hope by the 'side of Father Andreas, I entered the main street 'of the place, and saw its steeple-clock (then 'striking Eight) and *Schuldthurm* (Jail), and the 'aproned or disaproned Burghers moving-in to 'breakfast: a little dog, in mad terror, was rushing 'past; for some human imps had tied a tin-kettle 'to its tail; thus did the agonised creature, loud- 'jingling, career through the whole length of the 'Borough, and become notable enough. Fit emblem

'of many a Conquering Hero, to whom Fate (wed-
'ding Fantasy to Sense, as it often elsewhere does)
'has malignantly appended a tin-kettle of Ambi-
'tion, to chase him on; which the faster he runs,
'urges him the faster, the more loudly and more
'foolishly! Fit emblem also of much that awaited
'myself, in that mischievous Den; as in the World,
'whereof it was a portion and epitome!

'Alas, the kind beech-rows of Entepfuhl were
'hidden in the distance: I was among strangers,
'harshly, at best indifferently, disposed towards
'me; the young heart felt, for the first time, quite
'orphaned and alone.' His schoolfellows, as is usual, persecuted him: 'They were Boys,' he says, 'mostly rude Boys, and obeyed the impulse of rude 'Nature, which bids the deer-herd fall upon any 'stricken hart, the duck-flock put to death any 'broken-winged brother or sister, and on all hands 'the strong tyrannise over the weak.' He admits, that though 'perhaps in an unusual degree morally 'courageous,' he succeeded ill in battle, and would fain have avoided it; a result, as would appear, owing less to his small personal stature (for in passionate seasons he was 'incredibly nimble'), than to his 'virtuous principles': 'if it was dis-
'graceful to be beaten,' says he, 'it was only a 'shade less disgraceful to have so much as fought; 'thus was I drawn two ways at once, and in this 'important element of school-history, the war-
'element, had little but sorrow.' On the whole, that same excellent 'Passivity,' so notable in Teufelsdröckh's childhood, is here visibly enough again getting nourishment. 'He wept often; indeed to 'such a degree that he was nicknamed *Der* '*Weinende*. (the Tearful), which epithet, till to-
'wards his thirteenth year, was indeed not quite

'unmerited. Only at rare intervals did the young 'soul burst-forth into fire-eyed rage, and, with a 'stormfulness (*Ungestüm*) under which the boldest 'quailed, assert that he too had Rights of Man, or 'at least of Mankin.' In all which, who does not discern a fine flower-tree and cinnamon-tree (of genius) nigh choked among pumpkins, reed-grass and ignoble shrubs; and forced if it would live, to struggle upwards only, and not outwards; into a *height* quite sickly, and disproportioned to its *breadth?*

We find, moreover, that his Greek and Latin were 'mechanically' taught; Hebrew scarce even mechanically; much else which they called History, Cosmography, Philosophy, and so forth, no better than not at all. So that, except inasmuch as Nature was still busy; and he himself 'went about, 'as was of old his wont, among the Craftsmen's 'workshops, there learning many things'; and farther lighted on some small store of curious reading, in Hans Wachtel the Cooper's house, where he lodged,—his time, it would appear, was utterly wasted. Which facts the Professor has not yet learned to look upon with any contentment. Indeed, throughout the whole of this Bag *Scorpio*, where we now are, and often in the following Bag, he shows himself unusually animated on the matter of Education, and not without some touch of what we might presume to be anger.

'My Teachers,' says he, 'were hide-bound 'Pedants, without knowledge of man's nature, 'or of boy's; or of aught save their lexicons 'and quarterly account-books. Innumerable dead 'Vocables (no dead Language, for they themselves 'knew no Language) they crammed into us, and 'called it fostering the growth of mind. How can

'an inanimate, mechanical Gerund grinder, the like 'of whom will, in a subsequent century, be manu-'factured at Nürnberg out of wood and leather, 'foster the growth of anything; much more of 'Mind, which grows, not like a vegetable (by 'having its roots littered with etymological com-'post), but like a spirit, by mysterious contact of 'Spirit; Thought kindling itself at the fire of living 'Thought? How shall *he* give kindling, in whose 'own inward man there is no live coal, but all is 'burnt-out to a dead grammatical cinder? The 'Hinterschlag Professors knew syntax enough; 'and of the human soul thus much: that it had a 'faculty called Memory, and could be acted-on 'through the muscular integument by appliance 'of birch-rods.

'Alas, so is it everywhere, so will it ever be; till 'the Hodman is discharged, or reduced to hod-'bearing; and an Architect is hired, and on all 'hands fitly encouraged: till communities and 'individuals discover, not without surprise, that 'fashioning the souls of a generation by Know-'ledge can rank on a level with blowing their 'bodies to pieces by Gunpowder; that with 'Generals and Fieldmarshals for killing, there 'should be world-honoured Dignitaries, and were it 'possible, true God-ordained Priests, for teaching. 'But as yet, though the Soldier wears openly, and 'even parades, his butchering-tool, nowhere, far as 'I have travelled, did the Schoolmaster make show 'of his instructing-tool: nay, were he to walk 'abroad with birch girt on thigh, as if he there-'from expected honour, would there not, among 'the idler class, perhaps a certain levity be 'excited?'

In the third year of this Gymnasic period,

Father Andreas seems to have died: the young Scholar, otherwise so maltreated, saw himself for the first time clad outwardly in sables, and inwardly in quite inexpressible melancholy. 'The dark 'bottomless Abyss, that lies under our feet, had 'yawned open; the pale kingdoms of Death, with 'all their innumerable silent nations and genera-'tions, stood before him; the inexorable word, 'NEVER! now first showed its meaning. My 'Mother wept, and her sorrow got vent; but in 'my heart there lay a whole lake of tears, pent-up 'in silent desolation. Nevertheless the unworn 'Spirit is strong; Life is so healthful that it even 'finds nourishment in Death: these stern experi-'ences, planted down by Memory in my Imagina-'tion, rose there to a whole cypress-forest, sad but 'beautiful; waving, with not unmelodious sighs, in 'dark luxuriance, in the hottest sunshine, through 'long years of youth:—as in manhood also it does, 'and will do; for I have now pitched my tent 'under a Cypress-tree; the Tomb is now my 'inexpugnable Fortress, ever close by the gate of 'which I look upon the hostile armaments, and 'pains and penalties of tyrannous Life placidly 'enough, and listen to its loudest threatenings 'with a still smile. O ye loved ones, that already 'sleep in the noiseless Bed of Rest, whom in life 'I could only weep for and never help; and ye, 'who wide-scattered still toil lonely in the monster-'bearing Desert, dyeing the flinty ground with 'your blood,—yet a little while, and we shall all 'meet THERE, and our Mother's bosom will screen 'us all; and Oppression's harness, and Sorrow's 'fire-whip, and all the Gehenna Bailiffs that patrol 'and inhabit ever-vexed Time, cannot thenceforth 'harm us any more!'

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Close by which rather beautiful apostrophe, lies a laboured Character of the deceased Andreas Futteral; of his natural ability, his deserts in life (as Prussian Sergeant); with long historical inquiries into the genealogy of the Futteral Family, here traced back as far as Henry the Fowler: the whole of which we pass over, not without astonishment. It only concerns us to add, that now was the time when Mother Gretchen revealed to her foster son that he was not at all of this kindred; or indeed of any kindred, having come into historical existence in the way already known to us. 'Thus 'was I doubly orphaned,' says he; 'bereft not 'only of Possession, but even of Remembrance. 'Sorrow and Wonder, here suddenly united, could 'not but produce abundant fruit. Such a dis- 'closure, in such a season, struck its roots through 'my whole nature: ever till the years of mature 'manhood, it mingled with my whole thoughts, 'was as the stem whereon all my day-dreams and 'night-dreams grew. A certain poetic elevation, 'yet also a corresponding civic depression, it 'naturally imparted: *I was like no other;* in 'which fixed-idea, leading sometimes to highest, 'and oftener to frightfullest results, may there not 'lie the first spring of tendencies, which in my Life 'have become remarkable enough? As in birth, 'so in action, speculation, and social position, my 'fellows are perhaps not numerous.'

In the Bag *Sagittarius*, as we at length discover, Teufelsdröckh has become a University man; though how, when, or of what quality, will nowhere disclose itself with the smallest certainty. Few things, in the way of confusion and capricious indistinctness, can now surprise our readers; not even the

total want of dates, almost without parallel in a Biographical work. So enigmatic, so chaotic we have always found, and must always look to find, these scattered Leaves. In *Sagittarius*, however, Teufelsdröckh begins to show himself even more than usually Sibylline: fragments of all sorts; scraps of regular Memoir, College-Exercises, Programs, Professional Testimoniums, Milkscores, torn Billets, sometimes to appearance of an amatory cast; all blown together as if by merest chance, henceforth bewilder the sane Historian. To combine any picture of these University, and the subsequent, years; much more, to decipher therein any illustrative primordial elements of the Clothes-Philosophy, becomes such a problem as the reader may imagine.

So much we can see; darkly, as through the foliage of some wavering thicket: a youth of no common endowment, who has passed happily through Childhood, less happily yet still vigorously through Boyhood, now at length perfect in 'dead vocables,' and set down, as he hopes, by the living Fountain, there to superadd Ideas and Capabilities. From such Fountain he draws, diligently, thirstily, yet never or seldom with his whole heart, for the water nowise suits his palate; discouragements, entanglements, aberrations are discoverable or supposable. Nor perhaps are even pecuniary distresses wanting; for 'the good Gretchen, who in spite 'of advices from not disinterested relatives has sent 'him hither, must after a time withdraw her will-'ing but too feeble hand.' Nevertheless in an atmosphere of Poverty and manifold Chagrin, the Humour of that young Soul, what character is in him, first decisively reveals itself; and, like strong sunshine in weeping skies, gives out variety of

colours, some of which are prismatic. Thus, with the aid of Time and of what Time brings, has the stripling Diogenes Teufelsdröckh waxed into manly stature; and into so questionable an aspect, that we ask with new eagerness, How he specially came by it, and regret anew that there is no more explicit answer. Certain of the intelligible and partially significant fragments, which are few in number, shall be extracted from that Limbo of a Paper-bag, and presented with the usual preparation.

As if, in the Bag *Scorpio*, Teufelsdröckh had not already expectorated his antipedagogic spleen; as if, from the name *Sagittarius*, he had thought himself called upon to shoot arrows, we here again fall-in with such matter as this: 'The University 'where I was educated still stands vivid enough in 'my remembrance, and I know its name well; 'which name, however, I, from tenderness to exist-'ing interests and persons, shall in nowise divulge. 'It is my painful duty to say that, out of England 'and Spain, ours was the worst of all hitherto dis-'covered Universities. This is indeed a time when 'right Education is, as nearly as may be, impossible: 'however, in degrees of wrongness there is no limit: 'nay, I can conceive a worse system than that of 'the Nameless itself; as poisoned victual may be 'worse than absolute hunger.

'It is written, When the blind lead the blind, 'both shall fall into the ditch: wherefore, in such 'circumstances, may it not sometimes be safer, if 'both leader and led simply—sit still? Had you, 'anywhere in Crim Tartary, walled-in a square 'enclosure; furnished it with a small, ill-chosen 'Library; and then turned loose into it eleven-'hundred Christian striplings, to tumble about as

'they listed, from three to seven years: certain 'persons, under the title of Professors, being 'stationed at the gates, to declare aloud that it 'was a University, and exact considerable admis-'sion-fees,—you had, not indeed in mechanical 'structure, yet in spirit and result, some imperfect 'resemblance of our High Seminary. I say, im-'perfect; for if our mechanical structure was quite 'other, so neither was our result altogether the 'same: unhappily, we were not in Crim Tartary, 'but in a corrupt European city, full of smoke and 'sin; moreover, in the middle of a Public, which, 'without far costlier apparatus than that of the 'Square Enclosure, and Declaration aloud, you 'could not be sure of gulling.

'Gullible, however, by fit apparatus, all Publics 'are; and gulled, with the most surprising profit. 'Towards anything like a *Statistics of Imposture*, 'indeed, little as yet has been done: with a strange 'indifference, our Economists, nigh buried under 'Tables for minor Branches of Industry, have alto-'gether overlooked the grand all-overtopping Hypo-'crisy Branch; as if our whole arts of Puffery, 'of Quackery, Priestcraft, Kingcraft, and the 'innumerable other crafts and mysteries of that 'genus, had not ranked in Productive Industry at 'all! Can any one, for example, so much as say, 'What moneys, in Literature and Shoeblacking, 'are realised by actual Instruction and actual jet 'Polish; what by fictitious-persuasive Proclamation 'of such; specifying, in distinct items, the distribu-'tions, circulations, disbursements, incomings of 'said moneys, with the smallest approach to 'accuracy? But to ask, How far, in all the 'several infinitely-complected departments of social 'business, in government, education, in manual,

'commercial, intellectual fabrication of every sort, 'man's Want is supplied by true Ware; how far 'by the mere Appearance of true Ware:—in other 'words, To what extent, by what methods, with 'what effects, in various times and countries, 'Deception takes the place of wages of Perform-'ance: here truly is an Inquiry big with results 'for the future time, but to which hitherto only 'the vaguest answer can be given. If for the 'present, in our Europe, we estimate the ratio of 'Ware to Appearance of Ware so high even as at 'One to a Hundred (which, considering the Wages 'of a Pope, Russian Autocrat, or English Game-'Preserver, is probably not far from the mark),— 'what almost prodigious saving may there not be 'anticipated, as the *Statistics of Imposture* advances, 'and so the manufacturing of Shams (that of 'Realities rising into clearer and clearer distinction 'therefrom) gradually declines, and at length be-'comes all but wholly unnecessary!

'This for the coming golden ages. What I 'had to remark, for the present brazen one, is, 'that in several provinces, as in Education, Polity, 'Religion, where so much is wanted and indispen-'sable, and so little can as yet be furnished, prob-'ably Imposture is of sanative, anodyne nature, 'and man's Gullibility not his worst blessing. 'Suppose your sinews of war quite broken;' I 'mean your military chest insolvent, forage all 'but exhausted; and that the whole army is about 'to mutiny, disband, and cut your and each other's 'throat,—then were it not well could you, as if 'by miracle, pay them in any sort of fairy-money, 'feed them on coagulated water, or mere imagina-'tion of meat; whereby, till the real supply came 'up, they might be kept together and quiet? Such

'perhaps was the aim of Nature, who does nothing 'without aim, in furnishing her favourite, Man, 'with this his so omnipotent or rather omnipatient 'Talent of being Gulled.

'How beautifully it works, with a little mechan- 'ism; nay, almost makes mechanism for itself! 'These Professors in the Nameless lived with ease, 'with safety, by a mere Reputation, constructed in 'past times, and then too with no great effort, by 'quite another class of persons. Which Reputa- 'tion, like a strong, brisk-going undershot wheel, 'sunk into the general current, bade fair, with only 'a little annual repainting on their part, to hold 'long together, and of its own accord assiduously 'grind for them. Happy that it was so, for the 'Millers! They themselves needed not to work; 'their attempts at working, at what they called 'Educating, now when I look back on it, fill me 'with a certain mute admiration.

'Besides all this, we boasted ourselves a Rational 'University; in the highest degree hostile to 'Mysticism; thus was the young vacant mind 'furnished with much talk about Progress of the 'Species, Dark Ages, Prejudice, and the like; so 'that all were quickly enough blown out into a 'state of windy argumentativeness; whereby the 'better sort had soon to end in sick, impotent 'Scepticism; the worser sort explode (*crepiren*) in 'finished Self-conceit, and to all spiritual intents 'become dead.—But this too is portion of mankind's 'lot. If our era is the Era of Unbelief, why 'murmur under it; is there not a better coming, 'nay come? As in long-drawn systole and long- 'drawn diastole, must the period of Faith alternate 'with the period of Denial; must the vernal 'growth, the summer luxuriance of all Opinions,

'Spiritual Representations and Creations, be fol-
'lowed by, and again follow, the autumnal decay,
'the winter dissolution. For man lives in Time,
'has his whole earthly being, endeavour and
'destiny shaped for him by Time: only in the
'transitory Time-Symbol is the ever-motionless
'Eternity we stand on made manifest. And yet,
'in such winter-seasons of Denial, it is for the
'nobler-minded perhaps a comparative misery to
'have been born, and to be awake and work;
'and for the duller a felicity, if, like hibernating
'animals, safe-lodged in some Salamanca Uni-
'versity, or Sybaris City, or other superstitious or
'voluptuous Castle of Indolence, they can slumber-
'through, in stupid dreams, and only awaken when
'the loud-roaring hailstorms have all done their
'work, and to our prayers and martyrdoms the
'new Spring has been vouchsafed.'

That in the environment, here mysteriously enough shadowed forth Teufelsdröckh must have felt ill at ease, cannot be doubtful. 'The hungry 'young,' he says, 'looked up to their spiritual 'Nurses; and, for food, were bidden eat the east-'wind. What vain jargon of controversial Meta-'physic, Etymology, and mechanical Manipulation 'falsely named Science, was current there, I indeed 'learned, better perhaps than the most. Among 'eleven-hundred Christian youths, there will not 'be wanting some eleven eager to learn. By 'collision with such, a certain warmth, a certain 'polish was communicated; by instinct and happy 'accident, I took less to rioting (*renommiren*), than 'to thinking and reading, which latter also I was 'free to do. Nay from the chaos of that Library, 'I succeeded in fishing-up more books perhaps than 'had been known to the very keepers thereof.

'The foundation of a Literary Life was hereby 'laid: I learned, on my own strength, to read 'fluently in almost all cultivated languages, on 'almost all subjects and sciences; farther, as man 'is ever the prime object to man, already it was 'my favourite employment to read character in 'speculation, and from the Writing to construe the 'Writer. A certain groundplan of Human Nature 'and Life began to fashion itself in me; wondrous 'enough, now when I look back on it; for my 'whole Universe, physical and spiritual, was as 'yet a Machine! However, such a conscious, 'recognised groundplan, the truest I had, *was* 'beginning to be there, and by additional experi- 'ments might be corrected and indefinitely ex- 'tended.'

Thus from poverty does the strong educe nobler wealth; thus in the destitution of the wild desert does our young Ishmael acquire for himself the highest of all possessions, that of Self-help. Nevertheless a desert this was, waste, and howling with savage monsters. Teufelsdröckh gives us long details of his 'fever-paroxysms of Doubt'; his Inquiries concerning Miracles, and the Evidences of religious Faith; and how 'in the silent night- 'watches, still darker in his heart than over sky 'and earth, he has cast himself before the All- 'seeing, and with audible prayers cried vehemently 'for Light, for deliverance from Death and the 'Grave. Not till after long years, and unspeak- 'able agonies, did the believing heart surrender; 'sink into spell-bound sleep, under the nightmare, 'Unbelief; and, in this hag-ridden dream, mistake 'God's fair living world for a pallid, vacant Hades 'and extinct Pandemonium. But through such 'Purgatory pain,' continues he, 'it is appointed us

'to pass; first must the dead Letter of Religion 'own itself dead, and drop piecemeal into dust, 'if the living Spirit of Religion, freed from this 'its charnel-house, is to arise on us, newborn of 'Heaven, and with new healing under its wings.'

To which Purgatory pains, seemingly severe enough, if we add a liberal measure of Earthly distresses, want of practical guidance, want of sympathy, want of money, want of hope; and all this in the fervid season of youth, so exaggerated in imagining, so boundless in desires, yet here so poor in means,—do we not see a strong incipient spirit oppressed and overloaded from without and from within; the fire of genius struggling-up among fuel-wood of the greenest, and as yet with more of bitter vapour than of clear flame?

From various fragments of Letters and other documentary scraps, it is to be inferred that Teufelsdröckh, isolated, shy, retiring as he was, had not altogether escaped notice: certain established men are aware of his existence; and, if stretching-out no helpful hand, have at least their eyes on him. He appears, though in dreary enough humour, to be addressing himself to the Profession of Law; —whereof, indeed, the world has since seen him a public graduate. But omitting these broken, unsatisfactory thrums of Economical relation, let us present rather the following small thread of Moral relation; and therewith, the reader for himself weaving it in at the right place, conclude our dim arras-picture of these University years.

'Here also it was that I formed acquaintance 'with Herr Towgood, or, as it is perhaps better 'written, Herr Toughgut; a young person of 'quality (*von Adel*), from the interior parts of 'England. He stood connected, by blood and

'hospitality, with the Counts von Zähdarm, in 'this quarter of Germany; to which noble Family 'I likewise was, by his means, with all friendliness, 'brought near. Towgood had a fair talent, un-'speakably ill-cultivated; with considerable humour 'of character: and, bating his total ignorance, for 'he knew nothing except Boxing and a little 'Grammar, showed less of that aristocratic impas-'sivity, and silent fury, than for most part belongs 'to Travellers of his nation. To him I owe my 'first practical knowledge of the English and their 'ways; perhaps also something of the partiality 'with which I have ever since regarded that 'singular people. Towgood was not without an 'eye, could he have come at any light. Invited 'doubtless by the presence of the Zähdarm Family, 'he had travelled hither, in the almost frantic hope 'of perfecting his studies; he, whose studies had 'as yet been those of infancy, hither to a University 'where so much as the notion of perfection, not to 'say the effort after it, no longer existed! Often 'we would condole over the hard destiny of the 'Young in this era: how, after all our toil, we 'were to be turned-out into the world, with beards 'on our chins indeed, but with few other attributes 'of manhood; no existing thing that we were 'trained to Act on, nothing that we could so much 'as Believe. "How has our head on the outside a 'polished Hat," would Towgood exclaim, "and in 'the inside Vacancy, or a froth of Vocables and 'Attorney-Logic! At a small cost men are educated 'to make leather into shoes; but at a great cost, 'what am I educated to make? By Heaven, 'Brother! what I have already eaten and worn, 'as I came thus far, would endow a considerable 'Hospital of Incurables."—"Man, indeed," I would

'answer, "has a Digestive Faculty, which must be 'kept working, were it even partly by stealth. But 'as for our Miseducation, make not bad worse; 'waste not the time yet ours, in trampling on 'thistles because they have yielded us no figs. '*Frisch zu, Bruder!* Here are Books, and we 'have brains to read them; here is a whole Earth 'and a whole Heaven, and we have eyes to look 'on them: *Frisch zu!*"

'Often also our talk was gay; not without 'brilliancy, and even fire. We looked-out on Life, 'with its strange scaffolding, where all at once 'harlequins dance, and men are beheaded and 'quartered: motley, not unterrific was the aspect; 'but we looked on it like brave youths. For 'myself, these were perhaps my most genial hours. 'Towards this young warmhearted, strongheaded 'and wrongheaded Herr Towgood I was even 'near experiencing the now obsolete sentiment of 'Friendship. Yes, foolish Heathen that I was, 'I felt that, under certain conditions, I could have 'loved this man, and taken him to my bosom, and 'been his brother once and always. By degrees, 'however, I understood the new time, and its 'wants. If man's *Soul* is indeed, as in the Finnish 'Language, and Utilitarian Philosophy, a kind of '*Stomach*, what else is the true meaning of 'Spiritual Union but an Eating together? Thus 'we, instead of Friends, are Dinner-guests; and 'here as elsewhere have cast away chimeras.'

So ends, abruptly as is usual, and enigmatically, this little incipient romance. What henceforth becomes of the brave Herr Towgood, or Toughgut? He has dived-under, in the Autobiographical Chaos, and swims we see not where. Does any reader 'in 'the interior parts of England' know of such a man?

CHAPTER IV.

GETTING UNDER WAY.

'THUS nevertheless,' writes our Autobiographer, apparently as quitting College, 'was there realised 'Somewhat; namely, I, Diogenes Teufelsdröckh: 'a visible Temporary Figure (*Zeitbild*), occupying 'some cubic feet of Space, and containing within 'it Forces both physical and spiritual; hopes, 'passions, thoughts; the whole wondrous furniture, 'in more or less perfection, belonging to that 'mystery, a Man. Capabilities there were in me 'to give battle, in some small degree, against the 'great Empire of Darkness: does not the very 'Ditcher and Delver, with his spade, extinguish 'many a thistle and puddle; and so leave a little 'Order, where he found the opposite? Nay your 'very Daymoth has capabilities in this kind; and 'ever organises something (into its own Body, if 'no otherwise), which was before Inorganic; and 'of mute dead air makes living music, though only 'of the faintest, by humming.

'How much more, one whose capabilities are 'spiritual; who has learned, or begun learning, the 'grand thaumaturgic art of Thought! Thauma-'turgic I name it; for hitherto all Miracles have 'been wrought thereby, and henceforth innumer-'able will be wrought; whereof we, even in these 'days, witness some. Of the Poet's and Prophet's 'inspired Message, and how it makes and unmakes 'whole worlds, I shall forbear mention: but cannot 'the dullest hear Steam-engines clanking around 'him? Has he not seen the Scottish Brassmith's 'IDEA (and this but a mechanical one) travelling

'on fire-wings round the Cape, and across two 'Oceans; and stronger than any other Enchanter's 'Familiar, on all hands unweariedly fetching and 'carrying: at home, not only weaving Cloth; but 'rapidly enough overturning the whole old system 'of Society; and, for Feudalism and Preservation 'of the Game, preparing us, by indirect but sure 'methods, Industrialism and the Government of 'the Wisest? Truly a Thinking Man is the worst 'enemy the Prince of Darkness can have; every 'time such a one announces himself, I doubt not, 'there runs a shudder through the Nether Empire; 'and new Emissaries are trained, with new tactics, 'to, if possible, entrap him, and hookwink and hand-'cuff him.

'With such high vocation had I too, as denizen 'of the Universe, been called. Unhappy it is, 'however, that though born to the amplest Sove-'reignty, in this way, with no less than sovereign 'right of Peace and War against the Time-Prince '(*Zeitfürst*), or Devil, and all his Dominions, your 'coronation-ceremony costs such trouble, your 'sceptre is so difficult to get at, or even to get 'eye on!'

By which last wiredrawn similitude does Teufelsdröckh mean no more than that young men find obstacles in what we call 'getting under way'? 'Not what I Have,' continues he, 'but what I Do 'is my Kingdom. To each is given a certain 'inward Talent, a certain outward Environment 'of Fortune; to each, by wisest combination of 'these two, a certain maximum of Capability. 'But the hardest problem were ever this first: To 'find by study of yourself, and of the ground you 'stand on, what your combined inward and outward 'Capability specially is. For, alas, our young soul

'is all budding with Capabilities, and we see not 'yet which is the main and true one. Always too 'the new man is in a new time, under new condi- 'tions; his course can be the *fac-simile* of no prior 'one, but is by its nature original. And then how 'seldom will the outward Capability fit the inward: 'though talented wonderfully enough, we are poor, 'unfriended, dyspeptical, bashful; nay what is 'worse than all, we are foolish. Thus, in a whole 'imbroglio of Capabilities, we go stupidly groping 'about, to grope which is ours, and often clutch 'the wrong one: in this mad work must several 'years of our small term be spent, till the purblind 'Youth, by practice, acquire notions of distance, 'and become a seeing Man. Nay, many so spend 'their whole term, and in ever-new expectation, 'ever-new disappointment, shift from enterprise to 'enterprise, and from side to side: till at length, as 'exasperated striplings of threescore-and-ten, they 'shift into their last enterprise, that of getting 'buried.

'Such, since the most of us are too ophthalmic, 'would be the general fate; were it not that one 'thing saves us: our Hunger. For on this ground, 'as the prompt nature of Hunger is well known, 'must a prompt choice be made: hence have we, 'with wise foresight, Indentures and Apprentice- 'ships for our irrational young; whereby, in due 'season, the vague universality of a Man shall find 'himself ready-moulded into a specific Craftsman; 'and so thenceforth work, with much or with little 'waste of Capability as it may be; yet not with 'the worst waste, that of time. Nay even in 'matters spiritual, since the spiritual artist too is 'born blind, and does not, like certain other 'creatures, receive sight in nine days, but far

'later, sometimes never,—is it not well that there 'should be what we call Professions, or Bread-'studies (*Brodzwecke*), preappointed us? Here, 'circling like the gin-horse, for whom partial or 'total blindness is no evil, the Bread-artist can 'travel contentedly round and round, still fancy-'ing that it is forward and forward; and realise 'much: for himself victual; for the world an 'additional horse's power in the grand corn-mill 'or hemp-mill of Economic Society. For me too 'had such a leading-string been provided; only 'that it proved a neck-halter, and had nigh throttled 'me, till I broke it off. Then, in the words of 'Ancient Pistol, did the world generally become 'mine oyster, which I, by strength or cunning, 'was to open, as I would and could. Almost 'had I deceased (*fast wär ich umgekommen*), so 'obstinately did it continue shut.'

We see here, significantly foreshadowed, the spirit of much that was to befall our Autobiographer; the historical embodiment of which, as it painfully takes shape in his Life, lies scattered, in dim disastrous details, through this Bag *Pisces*, and those that follow. A young man of high talent, and high though still temper, like a young mettled colt, 'breaks-off his neck-halter,' and bounds forth, from his peculiar manger, into the wide world; which, alas, he finds all rigorously fenced-in. Richest clover-fields tempt his eye; but to him they are forbidden pasture: either pining in progressive starvation, he must stand; or, in mad exasperation, must rush to and fro, leaping against sheer stone-walls, which he cannot leap over, which only lacerate and lame him; till at last, after thousand attempts and endurances, he, as if by miracle, clears his way; not indeed into luxuriant

and luxurious clover, yet into a certain bosky wilderness where existence is still possible, and Freedom, though waited on by Scarcity, is not without sweetness. In a word, Teufelsdröckh having thrown-up his legal Profession, finds himself without landmark of outward guidance; whereby his previous want of decided Belief, or inward guidance, is frightfully aggravated. Necessity urges him on; Time will not stop, neither can he, a Son of Time; wild passions without solacement, wild faculties without employment, ever vex and agitate him. He too must enact that stern Monodrama, *No Object and no Rest;* must front its successive destinies, work through to its catastrophe, and deduce therefrom what moral he can.

Yet let us be just to him, let us admit that his 'neck-halter' sat nowise easy on him; that he was in some degree forced to break it off. If we look at the young man's civic position, in this Nameless capital, as he emerges from its Nameless University, we can discern well that it was far from enviable. His first Law-Examination he has come through triumphantly; and can even boast that the *Examen Rigorosum* need not have frightened him: but though he is hereby 'an *Auscultator* of respectability,' what avails it? There is next to no employment to be had. Neither, for a youth without connexions, is the process of Expectation very hopeful in itself; nor for one of his disposition much cheered from without. 'My fellow Auscultators,' he says, 'were Auscultators: they dressed, and digested, 'and talked articulate words; other vitality showed 'they almost none. Small speculation in those 'eyes, that they did glare withal! Sense neither 'for the high nor for the deep, nor for aught 'human or divine, save only for the faintest scent

'of coming Preferment.' In which words, indicating a total estrangement on the part of Teufelsdröckh, may there not also lurk traces of a bitterness as from wounded vanity? Doubtless these prosaic Auscultators may have sniffed at him, with his strange ways; and tried to hate, and what was much more impossible, to despise him. Friendly communion, in any case, there could not be: already has the young Teufelsdröckh left the other young geese; and swims apart, though as yet uncertain whether he himself is cygnet or gosling.

Perhaps, too, what little employment he had was performed ill, at best unpleasantly. 'Great practical method and expertness' he may brag of; but is there not also great practical pride, though deep-hidden, only the deeper-seated? So shy a man can never have been popular. We figure to ourselves, how in those days he may have played strange freaks with his independence, and so forth: do not his own words betoken as much? 'Like a very 'young person, I imagined it was with Work alone, 'and not also with Folly and Sin, in myself and 'others, that I had been appointed to struggle.' Be this as it may, his progress from the passive Auscultatorship, towards any active Assessorship, is evidently of the slowest. By degrees, those same established men, once partially inclined to patronise him, seem to withdraw their countenance, and give him up as 'a man of genius': against which procedure he, in these Papers, loudly protests. 'As if,' says he, 'the higher did not pre-'suppose the lower; as if he who can fly into 'heaven, could not also walk post if he resolved 'on it! But the world is an old woman, and 'mistakes any gilt farthing for a gold coin; whereby

'being often cheated, she will thenceforth trust 'nothing but the common copper.'

How our winged sky-messenger, unaccepted as a terrestrial runner, contrived, in the mean while, to keep himself from flying skyward without return, is not too clear from these Documents. Good old Gretchen seems to have vanished from the scene, perhaps from the Earth; other Horn of Plenty, or even of Parsimony, nowhere flows for him; so that 'the prompt nature of Hunger being well 'known,' we are not without our anxiety. From private Tuition, in never so many languages and sciences, the aid derivable is small; neither, to use his own words, 'does the young Adventurer hitherto 'suspect in himself any literary gift; but at best 'earns bread-and-water wages, by his wide faculty 'of Translation. Nevertheless,' continues he, 'that 'I subsisted is clear, for you find me even now 'alive.' Which fact, however, except upon the principle of our true-hearted, kind old Proverb, that 'there is always life for a living one,' we must profess ourselves unable to explain.

Certain Landlords' Bills, and other economic Documents, bearing the mark of Settlement, indicate that he was not without money; but, like an independent Hearth-holder, if not House-holder, paid his way. Here also occur, among many others, two little mutilated Notes, which perhaps throw light on his condition. The first has now no date, or writer's name, but a huge Blot; and runs to this effect: 'The (*Inkblot*), tied-down by 'previous promise, cannot, except by best wishes, 'forward the Herr Teufelsdröckh's views on the 'Assessorship in question; and sees himself under 'the cruel necessity of forbearing, for the present, 'what were otherwise his duty and joy, to assist

'in opening the career for a man of genius, on 'whom far higher triumphs are yet waiting.' The other is on gilt paper; and interests us like a sort of epistolary mummy now dead, yet which once lived and beneficently worked. We give it in the original: '*Herr Teufelsdröckh wird von der Frau 'Gräfinn, auf Donnerstag, zum* ÆSTHETISCHEN THEE 'schönstens eingeladen.'

Thus, in answer to a cry for solid pudding, whereof there is the most urgent need, comes, epigrammatically enough, the invitation to a wash of quite fluid *Æsthetic Tea!* How Teufelsdröckh, now at actual handgrips with Destiny herself, may have comported himself among these Musical and Literary Dilettanti of both sexes, like a hungry lion invited to a feast of chickenweed, we can only conjecture. Perhaps in expressive silence, and abstinence: otherwise if the lion, in such case, is to feast at all, it cannot be on the chickenweed, but only on the chickens. For the rest, as this Frau Gräfinn dates from the *Zähdarm House*, she can be no other than the Countess and mistress of the same; whose intellectual tendencies, and good-will to Teufelsdröckh, whether on the footing of Herr Towgood, or on his own footing, are hereby manifest. That some sort of relation, indeed, continued, for a time, to connect our Autobiographer; though perhaps feebly enough, with this noble House, we have elsewhere express evidence. Doubtless, if he expected patronage, it was in vain; enough for him if he here obtained occasional glimpses of the great world, from which we at one time fancied him to have been always excluded. 'The Zähdarms,' says he, 'lived in the soft, sumptuous garniture of Aristoc- 'racy; whereto Literature and Art, attracted and 'attached from without, were to serve as the

'handsomest fringing. It was to the *Gnädigen* '*Frau* (her Ladyship) that this latter improvement 'was due: assiduously she gathered, dextrously she 'fi''ed-on, what fringing was to be had; lace or 'cobweb, as the place yielded.' Was Teufelsdröckh also a fringe, of lace or cobweb; or promising to be such? 'With his *Excellenz* (the Count),' continues he, 'I have more than once had the honour to con-'verse; chiefly on general affairs, and the aspect of 'the world, which he, though now past middle life, 'viewed in no unfavourable light; finding indeed, 'except the Outrooting of Journalism (*die auszurot-'tende Journalistik*), little to desiderate therein. On 'some points, as his *Excellenz* was not uncholeric, I 'found it more pleasant to keep silence. Besides, 'his occupation being that of Owning Land, there 'might be faculties enough, which, as superfluous for 'such use, were little developed in him.'

That to Teufelsdröckh the aspect of the world was nowise so faultless, and many things besides 'the Outrooting of Journalism' might have seemed improvements, we can readily conjecture. With nothing but a barren Auscultatorship from without, and so many mutinous thoughts and wishes from within, his position was no easy one. 'The Uni-verse,' he says, 'was as a mighty Sphinx-riddle, 'which I knew so little of, yet must rede, or 'be devoured. In red streaks of unspeakable 'grandeur, yet also in the blackness of darkness, 'was Life, to my too-unfurnished Thought, unfold-'ing itself. A strange contradiction lay in me; 'and I as yet knew not the solution of it; knew 'not that spiritual music can spring only from 'discords set in harmony; that but for Evil there 'were no Good, as victory is only possible by 'battle.'

'I have heard affirmed (surely in jest),' observes he elsewhere, 'by not unphilanthropic persons, that 'it were a real increase of human happiness, could 'all young men from the age of nineteen be covered 'under barrels, or rendered otherwise invisible; 'and there left to follow their lawful studies and 'callings, till they emerged, sadder and wiser, at 'the age of twenty-five. With which suggestion, 'at least as considered in the light of a practical 'scheme, I need scarcely say that I nowise coincide. 'Nevertheless it is plausibly urged that, as young 'ladies (*Mädchen*) are, to mankind, precisely the 'most delightful in those years; so young gentle-'men (*Bübchen*) do then attain their maximum of 'detestability. Such gawks (*Gecken*) are they, and 'foolish peacocks, and yet with such a vulturous 'hunger for self-indulgence; so obstinate, obstrep-'erous, vain-glorious; in all senses, so froward and 'so forward. No mortal's endeavour or attain-'ment will, in the smallest, content the as yet unen-'deavouring, unattaining young gentleman; but he 'could make it all infinitely better, were it worthy 'of him. Life everywhere is the most manageable 'matter, simple as a question in the Rule-of-Three: 'multiply your second and third term together, 'divide the product by the first, and your quotient 'will be the answer,—which you are but an ass if you 'cannot come at. The booby has not yet found-'out, by any trial, that, do what one will, there is 'ever a cursed fraction, oftenest a decimal repeater, 'and no net integer quotient so much as to be 'thought of.'

In which passage does not there lie an implied confession that Teufelsdröckh himself, besides his outward obstructions, had an inward, still greater, to contend with; namely, a certain temporary,

youthful, yet still afflictive derangement of head? Alas, on the former side alone, his case was hard enough. 'It continues ever true,' says he, 'that Saturn, or Chronos, or what we call 'TIME, devours all his Children: only by incessant 'Running, by incessant Working, may you (for 'some threescore-and-ten years) escape him; and 'you too he devours at last. Can any Sovereign, 'or Holy Alliance of Sovereigns, bid Time stand 'still; even in thought, shake themselves free of 'Time? Our whole terrestrial being is based on 'Time, and built of Time; it is wholly a Move-'ment, a Time-impulse; Time is the author of it, 'the material of it. Hence also our Whole Duty, 'which is to move, to work,—in the right direction. 'Are not our Bodies and our Souls in continual 'movement, whether we will or not; in a continual 'Waste, requiring a continual Repair? Utmost 'satisfaction of our whole outward and inward 'Wants were but satisfaction for a space of Time; 'thus, whatso we have done, is done, and for us 'annihilated, and ever must we go and do anew. 'O Time-Spirit, how hast thou environed and im-'prisoned us, and sunk us so deep in thy troublous 'dim Time-Element, that only in lucid moments 'can so much as glimpses of our upper Azure Home 'be revealed to us! Me, however, as a Son of 'Time, unhappier than some others, was Time 'threatening to eat quite prematurely; for, strive as 'I might, there was no good Running, so obstructed 'was the path, so gyved were the feet.' That is to say, we presume, speaking in the dialect of this lower world, that Teufelsdröckh's whole duty and necessity was, like other men's, 'to work,—in the 'right direction,' and that no work was to be had; whereby he became wretched enough. As was

natural: with haggard Scarcity threatening him in the distance; and so vehement a soul languishing in restless inaction, and forced thereby, like Sir Hudibras's sword by rust,

> To eat into itself, for lack
> Of something else to hew and hack!

But on the whole, that same 'excellent Passivity,' as it has all along done, is here again vigorously flourishing; in which circumstance may we not trace the beginnings of much that now characterises our Professor; and perhaps, in faint rudiments, the origin of the Clothes-Philosophy itself? Already the attitude he has assumed towards the World is too defensive; not, as would have been desirable, a bold attitude of attack. 'So far hitherto,' he says, 'as I had mingled with mankind, I was notable, 'if for anything, for a certain stillness of manner, 'which, as my friends often rebukingly declared, 'did but ill express the keen ardour of my feelings. 'I, in truth, regarded men with an excess both of 'love and of fear. The mystery of a Person, indeed, 'is ever divine to him that has a sense for the 'Godlike. Often, notwithstanding, was I blamed, 'and by half-strangers hated, for my so-called Hard-'ness (*Härte*), my Indifferentism towards men; 'and the seemingly ironic tone I had adopted, as 'my favourite dialect in conversation. Alas, the 'panoply of Sarcasm was but as a buckram case, 'wherein I had striven to envelop myself; that so 'my own poor Person might live safe there, and in 'all friendliness, being no longer exasperated by 'wounds. Sarcasm I now see to be, in general, 'the language of the Devil; for which reason I 'have long since as good as renounced it. But 'how many individuals did I, in those days,

'provoke into some degree of hostility thereby! 'An ironic man, with his sly stillness, and ambuscad-'ing ways, more especially an ironic young man, 'from whom it is least expected; may be viewed as 'a pest to society. Have we not seen persons of 'weight and name coming forward, with gentlest 'indifference, to tread such a one out of sight, 'as an insignificancy and worm, start ceiling-'high (*balkenhoch*), and thence fall shattered and 'supine, to be borne home on shutters, not with-'out indignation, when he proved electric and a 'torpedo!'

Alas, how can a man with this devilishness of temper make way for himself in Life; where the first problem, as Teufelsdröckh too admits, is 'to 'unite yourself with some one and with somewhat '(*sich anzuschliessen*)'? Division, not union, is written on most part of his procedure. Let us add too that, in no great length of time, the only important connexion he had ever succeeded in forming, his connexion with the Zähdarm Family, seems to have been paralysed, for all practical uses, by the death of the 'not uncholeric' old Count. This fact stands recorded, quite incidentally, in a certain *Discourse on Epitaphs*, huddled into the present Bag, among so much else; of which Essay the learning and curious penetration are more to be approved of than the spirit. His grand principle is, that lapidary inscriptions, of what sort soever, should be Historical rather than Lyrical. 'By 'request of that worthy Nobleman's survivors,' says he, 'I undertook to compose his Epitaph; 'and not unmindful of my own rules, produced the 'following; which however, for an alleged defect of 'Latinity, a defect never yet fully visible to myself, 'still remains unengraven';—wherein, we may pre-

dict, there is more than the Latinity that will surprise an English reader:

HIC JACET
PHILIPPUS ZAEHDARM, COGNOMINE MAGNUS,
ZAEHDARMI COMES,
EX IMPERII CONCILIO,
VELLERIS AUREI, PERISCELIDIS, NECNON VULTURIS NIGRI EQUES.

QUI DUM SUB LUNA AGEBAT,
QUINQUIES MILLE PERDICES
PLUMBO CONFECIT:

VARII CIBI
CENTUMPONDIA MILLIES CENTENA MILLIA,
PER SE, PERQUE SERVOS QUADRUPEDES BIPEDESVE,
HAUD SINE TUMULTU DEVOLVENS,

IN STERCUS
PALAM CONVERTIT.

NUNC A LABORE REQUIESCENTEM
OPERA SEQUUNTUR.

SI MONUMENTUM QUÆRIS,
FIMETUM ADSPICE.

PRIMUM IN ORBE DEJECIT [*sub dato*]; POSTREMUM [*sub dato*].

CHAPTER V.

ROMANCE.

'For long years,' writes Teufelsdröckh, 'had the 'poor Hebrew, in this Egypt of an Auscultatorship, 'painfully toiled, baking bricks without stubble, 'before ever the question once struck him with 'entire force: For what?—*Beyn Himmel!* For 'Food and Warmth! And are Food and Warmth 'nowhere else, in the whole wide Universe, dis-'coverable?—Come of it what might, I resolved to 'try.'

Thus then are we to see him in a new independent capacity, though perhaps far from an improved one. Teufelsdröckh is now a man without Profession. Quitting the common Fleet of herring-busses and whalers, where indeed his leeward, laggard condition was painful enough, he desperately steers off, on a course of his own, by sextant and compass of his own. Unhappy Teufelsdröckh! Though neither Fleet, nor Traffic, nor Commodores pleased thee, still was it not a *Fleet*, sailing in prescribed track, for fixed objects; above all, in combination, wherein, by mutual guidance, by all manner of loans and borrowings, each could manifoldly aid the other? How wilt thou sail in unknown seas; and for thyself find that shorter North-west Passage to thy fair Spice-country of a Nowhere?—A solitary rover, on such a voyage, with such nautical tactics, will meet with adventures. Nay, as we forthwith discover, a certain Calypso-Island detains him at the very outset; and as it were falsifies and oversets his whole reckoning.

'If in youth,' writes he once, 'the Universe is

'majestically unveiling, and everywhere Heaven 'revealing itself on Earth, nowhere to the Young 'Man does this Heaven on Earth so immediately 'reveal itself as in the Young Maiden. Strangely 'enough, in this strange life of ours, it has been so 'appointed. On the whole, as I have often said, a 'Person (*Persönlichkeit*) is ever holy to us; a certain 'orthodox Anthropomorphism connects my *Me* 'with all *Thees* in bonds of Love: but it is in this 'approximation of the Like and Unlike, that such 'heavenly attraction, as between Negative and 'Positive, first burns-out into a flame. Is the 'pitifullest mortal Person, think you, indifferent 'to us? Is it not rather our heartfelt wish to 'be made one with him; to unite him to us, by 'gratitude, by admiration, even by fear; or failing 'all these, unite ourselves to him? But how much 'more, in this case of the Like-Unlike! Here is 'conceded us the higher mystic possibility of such 'a union, the highest in our Earth; thus, in the 'conducting medium of Fantasy, flames-forth that '*fire*-development of the universal Spiritual Elec-'tricity, which, as unfolded between man and 'woman, we first emphatically denominate Love.

'In every well-conditioned stripling, as I con-'jecture, there already blooms a certain prospective 'Paradise, cheered by some fairest Eve; nor, in 'the stately vistas, and flowerage and foliage of 'that Garden, is a Tree of Knowledge, beautiful 'and awful in the midst thereof, wanting. Perhaps 'too the whole is but the lovelier, if Cherubim and 'a Flaming Sword divide it from all footsteps of 'men; and grant him, the imaginative stripling, 'only the view, not the entrance. Happy season 'of virtuous youth, when shame is still an impas-'sable celestial barrier; and the sacred air-cities of

'Hope have not shrunk into the mean clay-hamlets 'of Reality; and man, by his nature, is yet infinite 'and free!

'As for our young Forlorn,' continues Teufelsdröckh, evidently meaning himself, 'in his secluded 'way of life, and with his glowing Fantasy, the 'more fiery that it burnt under cover, as in a 'reverberating furnace, his feeling towards the 'Queens of this Earth was, and indeed is, altogether unspeakable. A visible Divinity dwelt in 'them; to our young Friend all women were holy, 'were heavenly. As yet he but saw them flitting 'past, in their many-coloured angel-plumage; or 'hovering mute and inaccessible on the outskirts of '*Æsthetic Tea*: all of air they were, all Soul and 'Form; so lovely, like mysterious priestesses, in 'whose hand was the invisible Jacob's-ladder, 'whereby man might mount into very Heaven. 'That he, our poor Friend, should ever win for 'himself one of these Gracefuls (*Holden*)—*Ach 'Gott!* how could he hope it; should he not have 'died under it? There was a certain delirious 'vertigo in the thought.

'Thus was the young man, if all-sceptical of 'Demons and Angels such as the vulgar had once 'believed in, nevertheless not unvisited by hosts of 'true Sky-born, who visibly and audibly hovered 'round him wheresoever he went; and they had 'that religious worship in his thought, though as 'yet it was by their mere earthly and trivial name 'that he named them. But now, if on a soul so 'circumstanced, some actual Air-maiden, incorporated into tangibility and reality, should cast any 'electric glance of kind eyes, saying thereby, "Thou 'too mayest love and be loved"; and so kindle 'him,—good Heaven, what a volcanic, earth-

'quake-bringing, all-consuming fire were probably 'kindled!'

Such a fire, it afterwards appears, did actually burst-forth, with explosions more or less Vesuvian, in the inner man of Herr Diogenes; as indeed how could it fail? A nature, which, in his own figurative style, we might say, had now not a little carbonised tinder, of Irritability; with so much nitre of latent Passion, and sulphurous Humour enough; the whole lying in such hot neighbourhood, close by 'a reverberating furnace of Fantasy': have we not here the components of driest Gunpowder, ready, on occasion of the smallest spark, to blaze-up? Neither, in this our Life-element, are sparks anywhere wanting. Without doubt, some Angel, whereof so many hovered round, would one day, leaving 'the outskirts of *Æsthetic Tea*,' flit nigher; and, by electric Promethean glance, kindle no despicable firework. Happy, if it indeed proved a Firework, and flamed-off rocket-wise, in successive beautiful bursts of splendour, each growing naturally from the other, through the several stages of a happy Youthful Love; till the whole were safely burnt-out; and the young soul relieved with little damage! Happy, if it did not rather prove a Conflagration and mad Explosion; painfully lacerating the heart itself; nay perhaps bursting the heart in pieces (which were Death); or at best, bursting the thin walls of your 'reverberating furnace,' so that it rage thenceforth all unchecked among the contiguous combustibles (which were Madness): till of the so fair and manifold internal world of our Diogenes, there remained Nothing, or only the 'crater of an extinct volcano'!

From multifarious Documents in this Bag *Capricornus*, and in the adjacent ones on both sides

thereof, it becomes manifest that our philosopher, as stoical and cynical as he now looks, was heartily and even frantically in Love: here therefore may our old doubts whether his heart were of stone or of flesh give way. He loved once; not wisely but too well. And once only: for as your Congreve needs a new case or wrappage for every new rocket, so each human heart can properly exhibit but one Love, if even one; the 'First Love which is infinite' can be followed by no second like unto it. In more recent years, accordingly, the Editor of these Sheets was led to regard Teufelsdröckh as a man not only who would never wed, but who would never even flirt; whom the grand-climacteric itself, and *St. Martin's Summer* of incipient Dotage, would crown with no new myrtle-garland. To the Professor, women are henceforth Pieces of Art; of Celestial Art, indeed; which celestial pieces he glories to survey in galleries, but has lost thought of purchasing.

Psychological readers are not without curiosity to see how Teufelsdröckh, in this for him unexampled predicament, demeans himself; with what specialties of successive configuration, splendour and colour, his Firework blazes-off. Small, as usual, is the satisfaction that such can meet with here. From amid these confused masses of Eulogy and Elegy, with their mad Petrarchan and Werterean ware lying madly scattered among all sorts of quite extraneous matter, not so much as the fair one's name can be deciphered. For, without doubt, the title *Blumine*, whereby she is here designated, and which means simply Goddess of Flowers, must be fictitious. Was her real name Flora, then? But what was her surname, or had she none? Of what station in Life was she; of what parentage, fortune, aspect? Specially, by what Preëstablished Harmony of

occurrences did the Lover and the Loved meet one another in so wide a world; how did they behave in such meeting? To all which questions, not unessential in a Biographic work, mere Conjecture must for most part return answer. 'It was 'appointed,' says our Philosopher, 'that the high 'celestial orbit of Blumine should intersect the low 'sublunary one of our Forlorn; that he, looking 'in her empyrean eyes, should fancy the upper 'Sphere of Light was come down into this nether 'sphere of Shadows; and finding himself mistaken, 'make noise enough.'

We seem to gather that she was young, hazel-eyed, beautiful, and some one's Cousin; highborn, and of high spirit; but unhappily dependent and insolvent; living, perhaps, on the not too gracious bounty of moneyed relatives. But how came 'the 'Wanderer' into her circle? Was it by the humid vehicle of *Æsthetic Tea*, or by the arid one of mere Business? Was it on the hand of Herr Towgood; or of the Gnädige Frau, who, as an ornamental Artist, might sometimes like to promote flirtation, especially for young cynical Nondescripts? To all appearance, it was chiefly by Accident, and the grace of Nature.

'Thou fair Waldschloss,' writes our Autobiographer, 'what stranger ever saw thee, were it 'even an absolved Auscultator, officially bearing 'in his pocket the last *Relatio ex Actis* he would 'ever write, but must have paused to wonder! 'Noble Mansion! There stoodest thou, in deep 'Mountain Amphitheatre, on umbrageous lawns, 'in thy serene solitude; stately, massive, all of 'granite; glittering in the western sunbeams, like 'a palace of El Dorado, overlaid with precious 'metal. Beautiful rose up, in wavy curvature, the

'slope of thy guardian Hills; of the greenest was 'their sward, embossed with its dark-brown frets of 'crag, or spotted by some spreading solitary Tree and 'its shadow. To the unconscious Wayfarer thou 'wert also as an Ammon's Temple, in the Libyan 'Waste; where, for joy and woe, the tablet of his 'Destiny lay written. Well might he pause and 'gaze; in that glance of his were prophecy and 'nameless forebodings.'

But now let us conjecture that the so presentient Auscultator has handed-in his *Relatio ex Actis;* been invited to a glass of Rhine-wine; and so, instead of returning dispirited and athirst to his dusty Town-home, is ushered into the Gardenhouse, where sit the choicest party of dames and cavaliers: if not engaged in Æsthetic Tea, yet in trustful evening conversation, and perhaps Musical Coffee, for we hear of 'harps and pure voices making the still-'ness live.' Scarcely, it would seem, is the Garden-house inferior in respectability to the noble Mansion itself. 'Embowered amid rich foliage, rose-clusters, 'and the hues and odours of thousand flowers, here 'sat that brave company; in front, from the wide-'opened doors, fair outlook over blossom and bush, 'over grove and velvet green, stretching, undulat-'ing onwards to the remote Mountain peaks: so 'bright, so mild, and everywhere the melody of 'birds and happy creatures: it was all as if man 'had stolen a shelter from the Sun in the bosom-'vesture of Summer herself. How came it that the 'Wanderer advanced thither with such forecasting 'heart (*ahndungsvoll*), by the side of his gay host? 'Did he feel that to these soft influences his hard 'bosom ought to be shut; that here, once more, 'Fate had it in view to try him; to mock him, and 'see whether there were Humour in him?

'Next moment he finds himself presented to 'the party; and especially by name to—Blumine! 'Peculiar among all dames and damosels glanced 'Blumine, there in her modesty, like a star among 'earthly lights. Noblest maiden! whom be bent 'to, in body and in soul; yet scarcely dared look 'at, for the presence filled him with painful yet 'sweetest embarrassment.

'Blumine's was a name well known to him; far 'and wide was the fair one heard of, for her gifts, 'her graces, her caprices: from all which vague 'colourings of Rumour, from the censures no less 'than from the praises, had our friend painted for 'himself a certain imperious Queen of Hearts, and 'blooming warm Earth-angel much more enchanting 'than your mere white Heaven-angels of women, in 'whose placid veins circulates too little naphtha-fire. 'Herself also he had seen in public places; that light 'yet so stately form; those dark tresses, shading a 'face where smiles and sunlight played over earnest 'deeps: but all this he had seen only as a magic 'vision, for him inaccessible, almost without reality. 'Her sphere was too far from his; how should she 'ever think of him; O Heaven! how should they 'so much as once meet together? And now that 'Rose-goddess sits in the same circle with him; the 'light of *her* eyes has smiled on him; if he speak, 'she will hear it! Nay, who knows, since the 'heavenly Sun looks into lowest valleys, but 'Blumine herself might have aforetime noted the 'so unnotable; perhaps, from his very gainsayers, 'as he had from hers, gathered wonder, gathered 'favour for him? Was the attraction, the agitation 'mutual, then; pole and pole trembling towards 'contact, when once brought into neighbourhood? 'Say rather, heart swelling in presence of the

'Queen of Hearts; like the Sea swelling when 'once near its Moon! With the Wanderer it was 'even so: as in heavenward gravitation, suddenly 'as at the touch of a Seraph's wand, his whole soul 'is roused from its deepest recesses; and all that 'was painful and that was blissful there, dim 'images, vague feelings of a whole Past and a 'whole Future, are heaving in unquiet eddies 'within him.

'Often, in far less agitating scenes, had our still 'Friend shrunk forcibly together; and shrouded-up 'his tremors and flutterings, of what sort soever, in 'a safe cover of Silence, and perhaps of seeming 'Stolidity. How was it, then, that here, when 'trembling to the core of his heart, he did not 'sink into swoons, but rose into strength, into 'fearlessness and clearness? It was his guiding 'Genius (*Dämon*) that inspired him; he must go 'forth and meet his Destiny. Show thyself now, 'whisperèd it, or be forever hid. Thus sometimes 'it is even when your anxiety becomes transcen-'dental, that the soul first feels herself able to 'transcend it; that she rises above it, in fiery 'victory; and borne on new-found wings of victory, 'moves so calmly, even because so rapidly, so irre-'sistibly. Always must the Wanderer remember, 'with a certain satisfaction and surprise, how in 'this case he sat not silent, but struck adroitly into 'the stream of conversation; which thenceforth, to 'speak with an apparent not a real vanity, he may 'say that he continued to lead. Surely, in those 'hours, a certain inspiration was imparted him, 'such inspiration as is still possible in our late 'era. The self-secluded unfolds himself in noble 'thoughts, in free, glowing words; his soul is as 'one sea of light, the peculiar home of Truth and

'Intellect; wherein also Fantasy bodies-forth form 'after form, radiant with all prismatic hues.'

It appears, in this otherwise so happy meeting, there talked one 'Philistine'; who even now, to the general weariness, was dominantly pouring-forth Philistinism (*Philistriosität*); little witting what hero was here entering to demolish him! We omit the series of Socratic, or rather Diogenic utterances, not unhappy in their way, whereby the monster, 'persuaded into silence,' seems soon after to have withdrawn for the night. 'Of which dialectic 'marauder,' writes our hero, 'the discomfiture was 'visibly felt as a benefit by most: but what were 'all applauses to the glad smile, threatening every 'moment to become a laugh, wherewith Blumine 'herself repaid the victor? He ventured to address 'her, she answered with attention: nay what if 'there were a slight tremor in that silver voice; 'what if the red glow of evening were hiding a 'transient blush!

'The conversation took a higher tone, one fine 'thought called forth another: it was one of those 'rare seasons, when the soul expands with full 'freedom, and man feels himself brought near to 'man. Gaily in light, graceful abandonment, the 'friendly talk played round that circle; for the 'burden was rolled from every heart; the barriers 'of Ceremony, which are indeed the laws of polite 'living, had melted as into vapour; and the poor 'claims of *Me* and *Thee*, no longer parted by rigid 'fences, now flowed softly into one another; and 'Life lay all harmonious, many-tinted, like some 'fair royal champaign, the sovereign and owner of 'which were Love only. Such music springs from 'kind hearts, in a kind environment of place and 'time. And yet as the light grew more aërial on

'the mountain-tops, and the shadows fell longer 'over the valley, some faint tone of sadness may 'have breathed through the heart; and, in whispers 'more or less audible, reminded every one that as 'this bright day was drawing towards its close, 'so likewise must the Day of Man's Existence de- 'cline into dust and darkness; and with all its 'sick toilings, and joyful and mournful noises, 'sink in the still Eternity.

'To our Friend the hours seemed moments; holy 'was he and happy: the words from those sweetest 'lips came over him like dew on thirsty grass; all 'better feelings in his soul seemed to whisper, It is 'good for us to be here. At parting, the Blumine's 'hand was in his: in the balmy twilight, with the 'kind stars above them, he spoke something of 'meeting again, which was not contradicted; he 'pressed gently those small soft fingers, and it 'seemed as if they were not hastily, not angrily 'withdrawn.'

Poor Teufelsdröckh! it is clear to demonstration thou art smit: the Queen of Hearts would see a 'man of genius' also sigh for her; and there, by art-magic, in that preternatural hour, has she bound and spell-bound thee. 'Love is not altogether a 'Delirium,' says he elsewhere; 'yet has it many 'points in common therewith. I call it rather a 'discerning of the Infinite in the Finite, of the 'Idea made Real; which discerning again may be 'either true or false, either seraphic or demoniac, 'Inspiration or Insanity. But in the former case 'too, as in common Madness, it is Fantasy that 'superadds itself to sight; on the so petty domain 'of the Actual plants its Archimedes-lever, whereby 'to move at will the infinite Spiritual. Fantasy I 'might call the true Heaven-gate and Hell-gate of

'man: his sensuous life is but the small temporary 'stage (*Zeitbühne*), whereon thick-streaming influ- 'ences from both these far yet near regions meet 'visibly, and act tragedy and melodrama. Sense 'can support herself handsomely, in most countries, 'for some eighteenpence a day; but for Fantasy 'planets and solar-systems will not suffice. Witness 'your Pyrrhus conquering the world, yet drinking 'no better red wine than he had before.' Alas! witness also your Diogenes, flame-clad, scaling the upper Heaven, and verging towards Insanity, for prize of a 'high-souled Brunette,' as if the earth held but one and not several of these!

He says that, in Town, they met again: 'day 'after day, like his heart's sun, the blooming 'Blumine shone on him. Ah! a little while ago, 'and he was yet in all darkness: him what Grace- 'ful (*Holde*) would ever love! Disbelieving all 'things, the poor youth had never learned to believe 'in himself. Withdrawn, in proud timidity, within 'his own fastnesses; solitary from men, yet baited 'by night-spectres enough, he saw himself, with a 'sad indignation, constrained to renounce the fairest 'hopes of existence. And now, O now! "She 'looks on thee," cried he: "she the fairest, noblest; 'do not her dark eyes tell thee, thou art not de- 'spised? The Heaven's-Messenger! All Heaven's 'blessings be hers!" Thus did soft melodies flow 'through his heart; tones of an infinite gratitude; 'sweetest intimations that he also was a man, that 'for him also unutterable joys had been provided.

'In free speech, earnest or gay, amid lambent 'glances, laughter, tears, and often with the in- 'articulate mystic speech of Music: such was the 'element they now lived in; in such a many-tinted, 'radiant Aurora, and by this fairest of Orient Light-

'bringers must our Friend be blandished, and the 'new Apocalypse of Nature unrolled to him. 'Fairest Blumine! And, even as a Star, all Fire 'and humid Softness, a very Light-ray incarnate! 'Was there so much as a fault, a "caprice," he 'could have dispensed with? Was she not to him 'in very deed a Morning-Star; did not her presence 'bring with it airs from Heaven? As from Æolian 'Harps in the breath of dawn, as from the Memnon's 'Statue struck by the rosy finger of Aurora, un-'earthly music was around him, and lapped him 'into untried balmy Rest. Pale Doubt fled away 'to the distance; Life bloomed-up with happiness 'and hope. The past, then, was all a haggard 'dream; he had been in the Garden of Eden, then, 'and could not discern it! But lo now! the black 'walls of his prison melt away; the captive is alive, 'is free. If he loved his Disenchantress? *Ach 'Gott!* His whole heart and soul and life were 'hers, but never had he named it Love: existence 'was all a Feeling, not yet shaped into a Thought.'

Nevertheless, into a Thought, nay into an Action, it must be shaped; for neither Disenchanter nor Disenchantress, mere 'Children of Time,' can abide by Feeling alone. The Professor knows not, to this day, 'how in her soft, fervid bosom the Lovely 'found determination, even on hest of Necessity, to 'cut-asunder these so blissful bonds.' He even appears surprised at the 'Duenna Cousin,' whoever she may have been, 'in whose meagre, hunger-bitten 'philosophy, the religion of young hearts was, from 'the first, faintly approved of.' We, even at such 'distance, can explain it without necromancy. Let 'the Philosopher answer this one question. What figure, at that period, was a Mrs Teufelsdröckh likely to make in polished society? Could she

have driven so much as a brass-bound Gig, or even a simple iron-spring one? Thou foolish 'absolved 'Auscultator,' before whom lies no prospect of capital, will any yet known 'religion of young 'hearts' keep the human kitchen warm? Pshaw! thy divine Blumine, when she 'resigned herself to 'wed some richer,' shows more philosophy, though but 'a woman of genius,' than thou, a pretended man.

Our readers have witnessed the origin of this Love-mania, and with what royal splendour it waxes, and rises. Let no one ask us to unfold the glories of its dominant state; much less the horrors of its almost instantaneous dissolution. How from such inorganic masses, henceforth madder than ever, as lie in these Bags, can even fragments of a living delineation be organised? Besides, of what profit were it? We view, with a lively pleasure, the gay silk Montgolfier start from the ground, and shoot upwards, cleaving the liquid deeps, till it dwindle to a luminous star: but what is there to look longer on, when once, by natural elasticity, or accident of fire, it has exploded? A hapless air-navigator, plunging, amid torn parachutes, sand-bags, and confused wreck, fast enough into the jaws of the Devil! Suffice it to know that Teufelsdröckh rose into the highest regions of the Empyrean, by a natural parabolic track, and returned thence in a quick perpendicular one. For the rest, let any feeling reader, who has been unhappy enough to do the like, paint it out for himself: considering only that if he, for his perhaps comparatively insignificant mistress, underwent such agonies and frenzies, what must Teufelsdröckh's have been, with a fire-heart, and for a nonpareil Blumine! We glance merely at the final scene:

'One morning, he found his Morning-star all 'dimmed and dusky-red; the fair creature was 'silent, absent, she seemed to have been weeping. 'Alas, no longer a Morning-star, but a troublous 'skyey Portent, announcing that the Doomsday 'had dawned! She said, in a tremulous voice, 'They were to meet no more.' The thunderstruck Air-sailor is not wanting to himself in this dread hour: but what avails it? We omit the passionate expostulations, entreaties, indignations, since all was vain, and not even an explanation was conceded him; and hasten to the catastrophe. '"Farewell, 'then, Madam!" said he, not without sternness, 'for his stung pride helped him. She put her 'hand in his, she looked in his face, tears started 'to her eyes; in wild audacity he clasped her to 'his bosom; their lips were joined, their two souls, 'like two dew-drops, rushed into one,—for the first 'time, and for the last!' Thus was Teufelsdröckh made immortal by a kiss. And then? Why, then —'thick curtains of Night rushed over his soul, 'as rose the immeasurable Crash of Doom; and 'through the ruins as of a shivered Universe was 'he falling, falling, towards the Abyss.'

CHAPTER VI.

SORROWS OF TEUFELSDRÖCKH.

We have long felt that, with a man like our Professor, matters must often be expected to take a course of their own; that in so multiplex, intricate a nature, there might be channels, both for admitting and emitting, such as the Psychol-

ogist had seldom noted; in short, that on no grand occasion and convulsion, neither in the joy-storm nor in the woe-storm, could you predict his demeanour.

To our less philosophical readers, for example, it is now clear that the so passionate Teufelsdröckh, precipitated through 'a shivered Universe' in this extraordinary way, has only one of three things which he can next do: Establish himself in Bedlam; begin writing Satanic Poetry; or blow-out his brains. In the progress towards any of which consummations, do not such readers anticipate extravagance enough; breast-beating, brow-beating (against walls), lion-bellowings of blasphemy and the like, stampings, smitings, breakages of furniture, if not arson itself?

Nowise so does Teufelsdröckh deport him. He quietly lifts his *Pilgerstab* (Pilgrim-staff), 'old business being soon wound-up'; and begins a perambulation and circumambulation of the terraqueous Globe! Curious it is, indeed, how with such vivacity of conception, such intensity of feeling, above all, with these unconscionable habits of Exaggeration in speech, he combines that wonderful stillness of his, that stoicism in external procedure. Thus, if his sudden bereavement, in this matter of the Flower-goddess, is talked of as a real Doomsday and Dissolution of Nature, in which light doubtless it partly appeared to himself, his own nature is nowise dissolved thereby; but rather is compressed closer. For once, as we might say, a Blumine by magic appliances has unlocked that shut heart of his, and its hidden things rush-out tumultuous, boundless, like genii enfranchised from their glass phial: but no sooner are your magic appliances withdrawn, than the strange casket of a heart

springs-to again; and perhaps there is now no key extant that will open it; for a Teufelsdröckh, as we remarked, will not love a second time. Singular Diogenes! No sooner has that heart-rending occurrence fairly taken place, than he affects to regard it as a thing natural, of which there is nothing more to be said. 'One highest 'hope, seemingly legible in the eyes of an Angel, 'had recalled him as out of Death-shadows into 'celestial Life: but a gleam of Tophet passed over 'the face of his Angel; he was rapt away in whirl-'winds, and heard the laughter of Demons. It 'was a Calenture,' adds he, 'whereby the Youth 'saw green Paradise-groves in the waste Ocean-'waters: a lying vision, yet not wholly a lie, for *he* 'saw it.' But what things soever passed in him, when he ceased to see it; what ragings and despairings soever Teufelsdröckh's soul was the scene of, he has the goodness to conceal under a quite opaque cover of Silence. We know it well; the first mad paroxysm past, our brave Gneschen collected his dismembered philosophies, and buttoned himself together; he was meek, silent, or spoke of the weather and the Journals: only by a transient knitting of those shaggy brows, by some deep flash of those eyes, glancing one knew not whether with tear-dew or with fierce fire,—might you have guessed what a Gehenna was within; that a whole Satanic School were spouting, though inaudibly, there. To consume your own choler, as some chimneys consume their own smoke; to keep a whole Satanic School spouting, if it must spout, inaudibly, is a negative yet no slight virtue, nor one of the commonest in these times.

Nevertheless, we will not take upon us to say, that in the strange measure he fell upon,

there was not a touch of latent Insanity; whereof indeed the actual condition of these Documents in *Capricornus* and *Aquarius* is no bad emblem. His so unlimited Wanderings, toilsome enough, are without assigned or perhaps assignable aim; internal Unrest seems his sole guidance; he wanders, wanders, as if that curse of the Prophet had fallen on him, and he were 'made like unto a wheel.' Doubtless, too, the chaotic nature of these Paper-bags aggravates our obscurity. Quite without note of preparation, for example, we come upon the following slip: 'A peculiar feeling it is that will rise 'in the Traveller, when turning some hill-range 'in his desert road, he descries lying far below, 'embosomed among its groves and green natural 'bulwarks, and all diminished to a toybox, the fair 'Town, where so many souls, as it were seen and 'yet unseen, are driving their multifarious traffic. 'Its white steeple is then truly a starward-pointing 'finger; the canopy of blue smoke seems like a sort 'of Life-breath: for always, of its own unity, the 'soul gives unity to whatsoever it looks on with 'love; thus does the little Dwellingplace of men, 'in itself a congeries of houses and huts, become 'for us an individual, almost a person. But what 'thousand other thoughts unite thereto, if the place 'has to ourselves been the arena of joyous or 'mournful experiences; if perhaps the cradle we 'were rocked in still stands there, if our Loving 'ones still dwell there, if our Buried ones there 'slumber!' Does Teufelsdröckh, as the wounded eagle is said to make for its own eyrie, and indeed military deserters, and all hunted outcast creatures, turn as if by instinct in the direction of their birth-land,—fly first, in this extremity, towards his native Entepfuhl; but reflecting that there no help awaits

him, take only one wistful look from the distance, and then wend elsewhither?

Little happier seems to be his next flight: into the wilds of Nature; as if in her mother-bosom he would seek healing. So at least we incline to interpret the following Notice, separated from the former by some considerable space, wherein, however, is nothing noteworthy:

'Mountains were not new to him; but rarely are 'Mountains seen in such combined majesty and 'grace as here. The rocks are of that sort called 'Primitive by the mineralogists, which always 'arrange themselves in masses of a rugged, gigantic 'character; which ruggedness, however, is here 'tempered by a singular airiness of form, and 'softness of environment: in a climate favourable 'to vegetation, the gray cliff, itself covered with 'lichens, shoots-up through a garment of foliage or 'verdure; and white, bright cottages, tree-shaded, 'cluster round the everlasting granite. In fine 'vicissitude, Beauty alternates with Grandeur: you 'ride through stony hollows, along strait passes, 'traversed by torrents, overhung by high walls of 'rock; now winding amid broken shaggy chasms, 'and huge fragments; now suddenly emerging into 'some emerald valley, where the streamlet collects 'itself into a Lake, and man has again found a fair 'dwelling, and it seems as if Peace had established 'herself in the bosom of Strength.

'To Peace, however, in this vortex of existence, 'can the Son of Time not pretend: still less if some 'Spectre haunt him from the Past; and the Future 'is wholly a Stygian Darkness, spectre-bearing. 'Reasonably might the Wanderer exclaim to him-'self: Are not the gates of this world's Happiness 'inexorably shut against thee; hast thou a hope

'that is not mad? Nevertheless, one may still 'murmur audibly, or in the original Greek if that 'suit thee better: "Whoso can look on Death will 'start at no shadows."

'From such meditations is the Wanderer's atten- 'tion called outwards; for now the Valley closes in 'abruptly, intersected by a hugh mountain mass, 'the stony water-worn ascent of which is not to be 'accomplished on horseback. Arrived aloft, he 'finds himself again lifted into the evening sunset 'light; and cannot but pause, and gaze round 'him, some moments there. An upland irregular 'expanse of wold, where valleys in complex branch- 'ings are suddenly or slowly arranging their descent 'towards every quarter of the sky. The mountain- 'ranges are beneath your feet, and folded together: 'only the loftier summits look down here and there 'as on a second plain; lakes also lie clear and earnest 'in their solitude. No trace of man now visible; 'unless indeed it were he who fashioned that little 'visible link of Highway, here, as would seem, 'scaling the inaccessible, to unite Province with 'Province. But sunwards, lo you! how it towers 'sheer up, a world of Mountains, the diadem and 'centre of the mountain region! A hundred and 'a hundred savage peaks, in the last light of Day; 'all glowing, of gold and amethyst, like giant spirits 'of the wilderness; there in their silence, in their 'solitude, even as on the night when Noah's Deluge 'first dried! Beautiful, nay solemn, was the sudden 'aspect to our Wanderer. He gazed over those 'stupendous masses with wonder, almost with long- 'ing desire; never till this hour had he known 'Nature, that she was One, that she was his 'Mother and divine. And as the ruddy glow 'was fading into clearness in the sky, and the Sun

'had now departed, a murmur of Eternity and 'Immensity, of Death and of Life, stole through 'his soul; and he felt as if Death and Life were 'one, as if the Earth were not dead, as if the Spirit 'of the Earth had its throne in that splendour, and 'his own spirit were therewith holding communion.

'The spell was broken by sound of carriage-'wheels. Emerging from the hidden Northward, 'to sink soon into the hidden Southward, came a 'gay Barouche-and-four: it was open; servants and 'postillions wore wedding-favours: that happy pair, 'then, had found each other, it was their marriage 'evening! Few moments brought them near: '*Du Himmel!* It was Herr Towgood and —— 'Blumine! With slight unrecognising salutation 'they passed me; plunged down amid the neigh-'bouring thickets, onwards, to Heaven, and to 'England; and I, in my friend Richter's words, *I* '*remained alone, behind them, with the Night.*'

Were it not cruel in these circumstances, here might be the place to insert an observation, gleaned long ago from the great *Clothes-Volume*, where it stands with quite other intent: 'Some time before 'Small-pox was extirpated,' says the Professor, 'there came a new malady of the spiritual sort on 'Europe: I mean the epidemic, now endemical, of 'View-hunting. Poets of old date, being privileged 'with Senses, had also enjoyed external Nature; 'but chiefly as we enjoy the crystal cup which holds 'good or bad liquor for us; that is to say, in silence, 'or with slight incidental commentary: never, as I 'compute, till after the *Sorrows of Werter*, was there 'man found who would say: Come let us make a 'Description! Having drunk the liquor, come let 'us eat the glass! Of which endemic the Jenner 'is unhappily still to seek.' Too true!

We reckon it more important to remark that the Professor's Wanderings, so far as his stoical and cynical envelopment admits us to clear insight, here first take their permanent character, fatuous or not. That Basilisk-glance of the Barouche-and-four seems to have withered-up what little remnant of a purpose may have still lurked in him: Life has become wholly a dark labyrinth; wherein, through long years, our Friend, flying from spectres, has to stumble about at random, and naturally with more haste than progress.

Foolish were it in us to attempt following him, even from afar, in this extraordinary world-pilgrimage of his; the simplest record of which, were clear record possible, would fill volumes. Hopeless is the obscurity, unspeakable the confusion. He glides from country to country, from condition to condition; vanishing and re-appearing, no man can calculate how or where. Through all quarters of the world he wanders, and apparently through all circles of society. If in any scene, perhaps difficult to fix geographically, he settles for a time, and forms connexions, be sure he will snap them abruptly asunder. Let him sink out of sight as Private Scholar (*Privatisirender*), living by the grace of God in some European capital, you may next find him as Hadjee in the neighbourhood of Mecca. It is an inexplicable Phantasmagoria, capricious, quick-changing; as if our Traveller, instead of limbs and highways, had transported himself by some wishing-carpet, or Fortunatus' Hat. The whole, too, imparted emblematically, in dim multifarious tokens (as that collection of Street-Advertisements); with only some touch of direct historical notice sparingly interspersed: little light-islets in the world of haze! So that, from this

point, the Professor is more of an enigma than ever. In figurative language, we might say he becomes, not indeed a spirit, yet spiritualised, vaporised. Fact unparalleled in Biography: The river of his History, which we have traced from its tiniest fountains, and hoped to see flow onward, with increasing current, into the ocean, here dashes itself over that terrific Lover's Leap; and, as a mad-foaming cataract, flies wholly into tumultuous clouds of spray! Low down it indeed collects again into pools and plashes; yet only at a great distance, and with difficulty, if at all, into a general stream. To cast a glance into certain of those pools and plashes, and trace whither they run, must, for a chapter or two, form the limit of our endeavour.

For which end doubtless those direct historical Notices, where they can be met with, are the best. Nevertheless, of this sort too there occurs much, which, with our present light, it were questionable to emit. Teufelsdröckh, vibrating everywhere between the highest and the lowest levels, comes into contact with public History itself. For example, those conversations and relations with illustrious Persons, as Sultan Mahmoud, the Emperor Napoleon, and others, are they not as yet rather of a diplomatic character than of a biographic? The Editor, appreciating the sacredness of crowned heads, nay perhaps suspecting the possible trickeries of a Clothes-Philosopher, will eschew this province for the present; a new time may bring new insight and a different duty.

If we ask now, not indeed with what ulterior Purpose, for there was none, yet with what immediate outlooks; at all events, in what mood of mind, the Professor undertook and prosecuted this world-pilgrimage,—the answer is more distinct than

favourable. 'A nameless Unrest,' says he, 'urged 'me forward; to which the outward motion was 'some momentary lying solace. Whither should 'I go? My Loadstars were blotted out; in that 'canopy of grim fire shone no star. Yet forward 'must I; the ground burnt under me; there was 'no rest for the sole of my foot.' I was alone, 'alone! Ever too the strong inward longing 'shaped Fantasms for itself: towards these, one 'after the other, must I fruitlessly wander. A 'feeling I had, that for my fever-thirst there was 'and must be somewhere a healing Fountain. To 'many fondly imagined Fountains, the Saints' 'Wells of these days, did I pilgrim; to great 'Men, to great Cities, to great Events: but found 'there no healing. In strange countries, as in the 'well-known; in savage deserts, as in the press of 'corrupt civilisation, it was ever the same: how 'could your Wanderer escape from—*his own Shadow*? 'Nevertheless still Forward! I felt as if in great 'haste; to do I saw not what. From the depths 'of my own heart, it called to me, Forwards! The 'winds and the streams, and all Nature sounded to 'me, Forwards! *Ach Gott*, I was even, once for 'all, a Son of Time.'

From which is it not clear that the internal Satanic School was still active enough? He says elsewhere: 'The *Enchiridion of Epictetus* I had 'ever with me, often as my sole rational com-'panion; and regret to mention that the nourish-'ment it yielded was trifling.' Thou foolish Teufelsdröckh! How could it else? Hadst thou not Greek enough to understand thus much: *The end of Man is an Action and not a Thought*, though it were the noblest?

'How I lived?' writes he once: 'Friend, hast

'thou considered the "rugged all-nourishing Earth," 'as Sophocles well names her; how she feeds the 'sparrow on the house-top, much more her darling, 'man? While thou stirrest and livest, thou hast a 'probability of victual. My breakfast of tea has 'been cooked by a Tartar woman, with water of 'the Amur, who wiped her earthen kettle with a 'horse-tail. I have roasted wild-eggs in the sand 'of Sahara; I have awakened in Paris *Estrapades* 'and Vienna *Malzleins*, with no prospect of break-'fast beyond elemental liquid. That I had my 'Living to seek saved me from Dying,—by suicide. 'In our busy Europe, is there not an everlasting 'demand for Intellect, in the chemical, mechanical, 'political, religious, educational, commercial depart-'ments? In Pagan countries cannot one write 'Fetishes? Living! Little knowest thou what 'alchemy is in an inventive Soul; how, as with its 'little finger, it can create provision enough for the 'body (of a Philosopher); and then, as with both 'hands, create quite other than provisions; namely, 'spectres to torment itself withal.'

Poor Teufelsdröckh! Flying with Hunger always parallel to him; and a whole Infernal Chase in his rear; so that the countenance of Hunger is comparatively a friend's! Thus must he, in the temper of ancient Cain, or of the modern Wandering Jew, —save only that he feels himself not guilty and but suffering the pains of guilt,—wend to and fro with aimless speed. Thus must he, over the whole surface of the Earth (by foot-prints), write his *Sorrows of Teufelsdröckh;* even as the great Goethe, in passionate words, had to write his *Sorrows of Werter*, before the spirit freed herself, and he could become a Man. Vain truly is the hope of your swiftest Runner to escape 'from his own Shadow'!

Nevertheless, in these sick days, when the Born of Heaven first descries himself (about the age of twenty) in a world such as ours, richer than usual in two things, in Truths grown obsolete, and Trades grown obsolete,—what can the fool think but that it is all a Den of Lies, wherein whoso will not speak Lies and act Lies, must stand idle and despair? Whereby it happens that, for your nobler minds, the publishing of some such Work of Art, in one or the other dialect, becomes almost a necessity. For what is it properly but an Altercation with the Devil, before you begin honestly Fighting him? Your Byron publishes his *Sorrows of Lord George*, in verse and in prose, and copiously otherwise: your Bonaparte represents his *Sorrows of Napoleon* Opera, in an all-too stupendous style; with music of cannon-volleys, and murder-shrieks of a world; his stage-lights are the fires of Conflagration; his rhyme and recitative are the tramp of embattled Hosts and the sound of falling Cities.—Happier is he who, like our Clothes-Philosopher, can write such matter, since it must be written, on the insensible Earth, with his shoe-soles only; and also survive the writing thereof!

CHAPTER VII.

THE EVERLASTING NO.

Under the strange nebulous envelopment, wherein our Professor has now shrouded himself, no doubt but his spiritual nature is nevertheless progressive, and growing: for how can the 'Son of Time,' in any case, stand still? We behold him, through those dim years, in a state of crisis, of transition:

his mad Pilgrimings, and general solution into aimless Discontinuity, what is all this but a mad Fermentation; wherefrom, the fiercer it is, the clearer product will one day evolve itself?

Such transitions are ever full of pain: thus the Eagle when he moults is sickly; and, to attain his new beak, must harshly dash-off the old one upon rocks. What Stoicism soever our Wanderer, in his individual acts and motions, may affect, it is clear that there is a hot fever of anarchy and misery raging within; coruscations of which flash out: as, indeed, how could there be other? Have we not seen him disappointed, bemocked of Destiny, through long years? All that the young heart might desire and pray for has been denied; nay, as in the last worst instance, offered and then snatched away. Ever an 'excellent Passivity'; but of useful, reasonable Activity, essential to the former as Food to Hunger, nothing granted: till at length, in this wild Pilgrimage, he must forcibly seize for himself an Activity, though useless, unreasonable. Alas, his cup of bitterness, which had been filling drop by drop, ever since that first 'ruddy morning' in the Hinterschlag Gymnasium, was at the very lip; and then with that poison-drop, of the Tow-good-and-Blumine business, it runs over, and even hisses over in a deluge of foam.

He himself says once, with more justice than originality: 'Man is, properly speaking, based upon 'Hope, he has no other possession but Hope; this 'world of his is emphatically the Place of Hope.' What, then, was our Professor's possession? We see him, for the present, quite shut-out from Hope; looking not into the golden orient, but vaguely all round into a dim copper firmament, pregnant with earthquake and tornado.

Alas, shut-out from Hope, in a deeper sense than we yet dream of! For, as he wanders wearisomely through this world, he has now lost all tidings of another and higher. Full of religion, or at least of religiosity, as our Friend has since exhibited himself, he hides not that, in those days, he was wholly irreligious: 'Doubt had darkened into Unbelief,' says he; 'shade after shade goes grimly over your 'soul, till you have the fixed, starless, Tartarean 'black.' To such readers as have reflected, what can be called reflecting, on man's life, and happily discovered, in contradiction to much Profit-and-Loss Philosophy, speculative and practical, that Soul is *not* synonymous with Stomach; who understand, therefore, in our Friend's words, 'that, for 'man's well-being, Faith is properly the one thing 'needful; how, with it, Martyrs, otherwise weak, 'can cheerfully endure the shame and the cross; 'and without it, Worldlings puke-up their sick 'existence, by suicide, in the midst of luxury': to such it will be clear that, for a pure moral nature, the loss of his religious Belief was the loss of everything. Unhappy young man! All wounds, the crush of long-continued Destitution, the stab of false Friendship and of false Love, all wounds in thy so genial heart, would have healed again, had not its life-warmth been withdrawn. Well might he exclaim, in his wild way: 'Is there no 'God, then; but at best an absentee God, sitting 'idle, ever since the first Sabbath, at the outside of 'his Universe, and *seeing* it go? Has the word 'Duty no meaning; is what we call Duty no divine 'Messenger and Guide, but a false earthly Fantasm, 'made-up of Desire and Fear, of emanations from 'the Gallows and from Doctor Graham's Celestial-'Bed? Happiness of an approving Conscience!

'Did not Paul of Tarsus, whom admiring men have 'since named Saint, feel that *he* was "the chief of 'sinners"; and Nero of Rome, jocund in spirit '(*wohlgemuth*), spend much of his time in fiddling? 'Foolish Wordmonger and Motive-grinder, who in 'thy Logic-mill hast an earthly mechanism for the 'Godlike itself, and wouldst fain grind me out 'Virtue from the husks of Pleasure,—I tell thee, 'Nay! To the unregenerate Prometheus Vinctus 'of a man, it is ever the bitterest aggravation of his 'wretchedness that he is conscious of Virtue, that 'he feels himself the victim not of suffering only, 'but of injustice. What then? Is the heroic in-'spiration we name Virtue but some Passion; some 'bubble of the blood, bubbling in the direction 'others *profit* by? I know not: only this I know, 'If what thou namest Happiness be our true aim, 'then are we all astray. With Stupidity and sound 'Digestion man may front much. But what, in 'these dull unimaginative days, are the terrors of 'Conscience to the diseases of the Liver! Not on 'Morality, but on Cookery, let us build our strong-'hold: there brandishing our frying-pan, as censer, 'let us offer sweet incense to the Devil, and live 'at ease on the fat things *he* has provided for his 'Elect!'

Thus has the bewildered Wanderer to stand, as so many have done, shouting question after question into the Sibyl-cave of Destiny, and receive no Answer but an Echo. It is all a grim Desert, this once-fair world of his; wherein is heard only the howling of wild-beasts, or the shrieks of despairing, hate-filled men; and no Pillar of Cloud by day, and no Pillar of Fire by night, any longer guides the Pilgrim. To such length has the spirit of Inquiry carried him. 'But what boots it (*was*

'*thut's*)?' cries he: 'it is but the common lot in 'this era. Not having come to spiritual majority 'prior to the *Siècle de Louis Quinze*, and not being 'born purely a Loghead (*Dummkopf*), thou hadst 'no other outlook. The whole world is, like thee, 'sold to Unbelief; their old Temples of the God-'head, which for long have not been rainproof, 'crumble down; and men ask now: Where is 'the Godhead; our eyes never saw him?'

Pitiful enough were it, for all these wild utterances, to call our Diogenes wicked. Unprofitable servants as we all are, perhaps at no era of his life was he more decisively the Servant of Goodness, the Servant of God, than even now when doubting God's existence. 'One circumstance I note,' says he: 'after all the nameless woe that Inquiry, which 'for me, what it is not always, was genuine Love 'of Truth, had wrought me, I nevertheless still 'loved Truth, and would bate no jot of my alle-'giance to her. "Truth!" I cried, "though the 'Heavens crush me for following her: no False-'hood! though a whole celestial Lubberland were 'the price of Apostasy." In conduct it was the 'same. Had a divine Messenger from the clouds, 'or miraculous Handwriting on the wall, convin-'cingly proclaimed to me *This thou shalt do*, with 'what passionate readiness, as I often thought, 'would I have done it, had it been leaping into 'the infernal Fire. Thus, in spite of all Motive-'grinders, and Mechanical Profit-and-Loss Philos-'ophies, with the sick ophthalmia and hallucina-'tion they had brought on, was the Infinite nature 'of Duty still dimly present to me: living without 'God in the world, of God's light I was not utterly 'bereft; if my as yet sealed eyes, with their un-'speakable longing, could nowhere see Him, never-

'theless in my heart He was present, and His 'heaven-written Law still stood legible and sacred 'there.'

Meanwhile, under all these tribulations, and temporal and spiritual destitutions, what must the Wanderer, in his silent soul, have endured! 'The 'painfullest feeling,' writes he, 'is that of your 'own Feebleness (*Unkraft*); ever, as the English 'Milton says, to be weak is the true misery. And 'yet of your Strength there is and can be no clear 'feeling, save by what you have prospered in, by 'what you have done. Between vague wavering 'Capability and fixed indubitable Performance, 'what a difference! A certain inarticulate Self-'consciousness dwells dimly in us; which only 'our Works can render articulate and decisively 'discernible. Our Works are the mirror wherein 'the spirit first sees its natural lineaments. Hence, 'too, the folly of that impossible Precept, *Know 'thyself;* till it be translated into this partially 'possible one, *Know what thou canst work at.*

'But for me, so strangely unprosperous had I 'been, the net-result of my Workings amounted 'as yet simply to—Nothing. How then could I 'believe in my Strength, when there was as yet 'no mirror to see it in? Ever did this agitating, 'yet, as I now perceive, quite frivolous question, 'remain to me insoluble: Hast thou a certain 'Faculty, a certain Worth, such even as the most 'have not; or art thou the completest Dullard of 'these modern times? Alas, the fearful Unbelief 'is unbelief in yourself; and how could I believe? 'Had not my first, last Faith in myself, when even 'to me the Heavens seemed laid open, and I dared 'to love, been all-too cruelly belied? The specula-'tive Mystery of Life grew ever more mysterious

'to me: neither in the practical Mystery had I 'made the slightest progress, but been everywhere 'buffeted, foiled, and contemptuously cast out. A 'feeble unit in the middle of a threatening Infini- 'tude, I seemed to have nothing given me but 'eyes, whereby to discern my own wretchedness. 'Invisible yet impenetrable walls, as of Enchant- 'ment, divided me from all living: was there, in 'the wide world, any true bosom I could press 'trustfully to mine? O Heaven, No, there was 'none! I kept a lock upon my lips: why should 'I speak much with that shifting variety of so- 'called Friends, in whose withered, vain and too- 'hungry souls Friendship was but an incredible 'tradition? In such cases, your resource is to 'talk little, and that little mostly from the News- 'papers. Now when I look back, it was a strange 'isolation I then lived in. The men and women 'around me, even speaking with me, were but 'Figures; I had, practically, forgotten that they 'were alive, that they were not merely automatic. 'In the midst of their crowded streets and assem- 'blages, I walked solitary; and (except as it was 'my own heart, not another's, that I kept devour- 'ing) savage also, as the tiger in his jungle. Some 'comfort it would have been, could I, like a Faust, 'have fancied myself tempted and tormented of 'the Devil; for a Hell, as I imagine, without Life, 'though only diabolic Life, were more frightful: 'but in our age of Down-pulling and Disbelief, the 'very Devil has been pulled down, you cannot so 'much as believe in a Devil. To me the Universe 'was all void of Life, of Purpose, of Volition, even 'of Hostility: it was one hugh, dead, immeasurable 'Steam-engine, rolling-on in its dead indifference, 'to grind me limb from limb. O, the vast, gloomy,

'solitary Golgotha, and Mill of Death! Why was 'the Living banished thither companionless, con-'scious? Why, if there is no Devil; nay, unless 'the Devil is your God?'

A prey incessantly to such corrosions, might not, moreover, as the worst aggravation to them, the iron constitution even of a Teufelsdröckh threaten to fail? We conjecture that he has known sickness; and, in spite of his locomotive habits, perhaps sickness of the chronic sort. Hear this, for example: 'How beautiful to die of broken-heart, on Paper! 'Quite another thing in practice; every window of 'your Feeling, even of your Intellect, as it were, 'begrimed and mud-bespattered, so that no pure 'ray can enter; a whole Drugshop in your inwards; 'the fordone soul drowning slowly in quagmires of 'Disgust!'

Putting all which external and internal miseries together, may we not find in the following sentences, quite in our Professor's still vein, significance enough? 'From Suicide a certain aftershine '(*Nachschein*) of Christianity withheld me: perhaps 'also a certain indolence of character; for, was not 'that a remedy I had at any time within reach? 'Often, however, was there a question present to 'me: Should some one now, at the turning of that 'corner, blow thee suddenly out of Space, into the 'other World, or other No-world, by pistol-shot,— 'how were it? On which ground, too, I have 'often, in sea-storms and sieged cities and other 'death-scenes, exhibited an imperturbability, which 'passed, falsely enough, for courage.'

'So had it lasted,' concludes the Wanderer, 'so 'had it lasted, as in bitter protracted Death-agony, 'through long years. The heart within me, un-'visited by any heavenly dewdrop, was smoulder-

'ing in sulphurous, slow-consuming fire. Almost 'since earliest memory I had shed no tear; or 'once only when I, murmuring half-audibly, recited 'Faust's Deathsong, that wild *Selig der den er im 'Siegesglanze findet* (Happy whom *he* finds in 'Battle's splendour), and thought that of this last 'Friend even I was not forsaken, that Destiny 'itself could not doom me not to die. Having no 'hope, neither had I any definite fear, were it of 'Man or of Devil: nay, I often felt as if it might 'be solacing, could the Arch-Devil himself, though 'in Tartarean terrors, but rise to me, that I might 'tell him a little of my mind. And yet, strangely 'enough, I lived in a continual, indefinite, pining 'fear; tremulous, pusillanimous, apprehensive of I 'knew not what: it seemed as if all things in the 'Heavens above and the Earth beneath would hurt 'me; as if the Heavens and the Earth were but 'boundless jaws of a devouring monster, wherein 'I, palpitating, waited to be devoured.

'Full of such humour, and perhaps the miser- 'ablest man in the whole French Capital or 'Suburbs, was I, one sultry Dog-day, after much 'perambulation, toiling along the dirty little *Rue 'Saint-Thomas de l'Enfer*, among civic rubbish 'enough, in a close atmosphere, and over pave- 'ments hot as Nebuchadnezzar's Furnace; whereby 'doubtless my spirits were little cheered; when, 'all at once, there rose a Thought in me, and I 'asked myself: "What *art* thou afraid of? 'Wherefore, like a coward, dost thou forever pip 'and whimper, and go cowering and trembling? 'Despicable biped! what is the sum-total of the 'worst that lies before thee? Death? Well, 'Death; and say the pangs of Tophet too, and 'all that the Devil and Man may, will or can

'do against thee! Hast thou not a heart; canst 'thou not suffer whatsoever it be; and, as a Child 'of Freedom, though outcast, trample Tophet itself 'under thy feet, while it consumes thee? Let it 'come, then; I will meet it and defy it!" And 'as I so thought, there rushed like a stream of 'fire over my whole soul; and I shook base Fear 'away from me forever. I was strong, of unknown 'strength; a spirit, almost a god. Ever from that 'time, the temper of my misery was changed: not 'Fear or whining Sorrow was it, but Indignation 'and grim fire-eyed Defiance.

'Thus had the EVERLASTING NO (*das ewige Nein*) 'pealed authoritatively through all the recesses of 'my Being, of my ME; and then was it that my 'whole ME stood up, in native God-created majesty, 'and with emphasis recorded its Protest. Such a 'Protest, the most important transaction in Life, 'may that same Indignation and Defiance, in a 'psychological point of view, be fitly called. The 'Everlasting No had said: "Behold, thou art 'fatherless, outcast, and the Universe is mine (the 'Devil's)"; to which my whole Me now made 'answer: "*I* am not thine, but Free, and forever 'hate thee!"

'It is from this hour that I incline to date my 'Spiritual New-birth, or Baphometic Fire-baptism; 'perhaps I directly thereupon began to be a Man.'

CHAPTER VIII.

CENTRE OF INDIFFERENCE.

THOUGH, after this 'Baphometic Fire-baptism' of his, our Wanderer signifies that his Unrest was but increased; as, indeed, 'Indignation and 'Defiance,' especially against things in general, are not the most peaceable inmates; yet can the Psychologist surmise that it was no longer a quite hopeless Unrest; that henceforth it had at least a fixed centre to revolve round. For the fire-baptised soul, long so scathed and thunder-riven, here feels its own Freedom, which feeling is its Baphometic Baptism: the citadel of its whole kingdom it has thus gained by assault, and will keep inexpugnable; outwards from which the remaining dominions, not indeed without hard battling, will doubtless by degrees be conquered and pacificated. Under another figure, we might say, if in that great moment, in the *Rue Saint-Thomas de l'Enfer*, the old inward Satanic School was not yet thrown out of doors, it received peremptory judicial notice to quit;—whereby, for the rest, its howl-chantings, Ernulphus-cursings, and rebellious gnashings of teeth, might, in the mean while, become only the more tumultuous, and difficult to keep secret.

Accordingly, if we scrutinise these Pilgrimings well, there is perhaps discernible henceforth a certain incipient method in their madness. Not wholly as a Spectre does Teufelsdröckh now storm through the world; at worst as a spectre-fighting Man, nay who will one day be a Spectre-queller. If pilgriming restlessly to so many 'Saints' Wells,' and ever without quenching of his thirst, he never-

theless finds little secular wells, whereby from time to time some alleviation is ministered. In a word, he is now, if not ceasing, yet intermitting to 'eat 'his own heart'; and clutches round him outwardly on the NOT-ME for wholesomer food. Does not the following glimpse exhibit him in a much more natural state?

'Towns also and Cities, especially the ancient, 'I failed not to look upon with interest. How 'beautiful to see thereby, as through a long vista, 'into the remote Time; to have, as it were, an 'actual section of almost the earliest Past brought 'safe into the Present, and set before your eyes! 'There, in that old City, was a live ember of 'Culinary Fire put down, say only two-thousand 'years ago; and there, burning more or less triumphantly, with such fuel as the region yielded, it 'has burnt, and still burns, and thou thyself seest 'the very smoke thereof. Ah! and the far more 'mysterious live ember of Vital Fire was then also 'put down there; and still miraculously burns and 'spreads; and the smoke and ashes thereof (in 'these Judgment-Halls and Churchyards), and its 'bellows-engines (in these Churches), thou still 'seest; and its flame, looking out from every 'kind countenance, and every hateful one, still 'warms thee or scorches thee.

'Of Man's Activity and Attainment the chief 'results are aeriform, mystic, and preserved in 'Tradition only: such are his Forms of Government, with the Authority they rest on; his 'Customs, or Fashions both of Cloth-habits and 'of Soul-habits; much more his collective stock of 'Handicrafts, the whole Faculty he has acquired of 'manipulating Nature: all these things, as indispensable and priceless as they are, cannot in any

'way be fixed under lock and key, but must flit, 'spirit-like, on impalpable vehicles, from Father to 'Son; if you demand sight of them, they are no- 'where to be met with. Visible Ploughmen and 'Hammermen there have been, ever from Cain 'and Tubalcain downwards: but where does your 'accumulated Agricultural, Metallurgic, and other 'Manufacturing SKILL lie warehoused? It trans- 'mits itself on the atmospheric air, on the sun's 'rays (by Hearing and by Vision); it is a thing 'aeriform, impalpable, of quite spiritual sort. In 'like manner, ask me not, Where are the LAWS; 'where is the GOVERNMENT? In vain wilt thou go 'to Schönbrunn, to Downing Street, to the Palais 'Bourbon: thou findest nothing there but brick or 'stone houses, and some bundles of Papers tied 'with tape. Where, then, is that same cunningly- 'devised almighty GOVERNMENT of theirs to be laid 'hands on? Everywhere, yet nowhere: seen only 'in its works, this too is a thing aeriform, invisible; 'or if you will, mystic and miraculous. So spiritual '(*geistig*) is our whole daily Life: all that we do 'springs out of Mystery, Spirit, invisible Force; 'only like a little Cloud-image, or Armida's 'Palace, air-built, does the Actual body itself 'forth from the great mystic Deep.

'Visible and tangible products of the Past, again, 'I reckon-up to the extent of three: Cities, with 'their Cabinets and Arsenals; then tilled Fields, 'to either or to both of which divisions Roads 'with their Bridges may belong; and thirdly—— 'Books. In which third truly, the last invented, 'lies a worth far surpassing that of the two others. 'Wondrous indeed is the virtue of a true Book. 'Not like a dead city of stones, yearly crumbling, 'yearly needing repair; more like a tilled field, but

'then a spiritual field: like a spiritual tree, let me 'rather say, it stands from year to year, and from 'age to age (we have Books that already number 'some hundred-and-fifty human ages), and yearly 'comes its new produce of leaves (Commentaries, 'Deductions, Philosophical, Political Systems; or 'were it only Sermons, Pamphlets, Journalistic 'Essays), every one of which is talismanic and 'thaumaturgic, for it can persuade men. O thou 'who art able to write a Book, which once in the 'two centuries or oftener there is a man gifted to 'do, envy not him whom they name City-builder, 'and inexpressibly pity him whom they name Con-'queror or City-burner! Thou too art a Conqueror 'and Victor; but of the true sort, namely over the 'Devil: thou too hast built what will outlast all 'marble and metal, and be a wonder-bringing 'City of the Mind, a Temple and Seminary and 'Prophetic Mount, whereto all kindreds of the 'Earth will pilgrim.—Fool! why journeyest thou 'wearisomely, in thy antiquarian fervour, to gaze 'on the stone pyramids of Geeza, or the clay ones 'of Sacchara? These stand there, as I can tell 'thee, idle and inert, looking over the Desert, 'foolishly enough, for the last three-thousand 'years: but canst thou not open thy Hebrew 'BIBLE, then, or even Luther's Version thereof?'

No less satisfactory is his sudden appearance not in Battle, yet on some Battle-field; which, we soon gather, must be that of Wagram; so that here, for once, is a certain approximation to distinctness of date. Omitting much, let us impart what follows:

'Horrible enough! A whole Marchfeld strewed 'with shell-splinters, cannon-shot, ruined tumbrils, 'and dead men and horses; stragglers still remain-'ing not so much as buried. And those red mould

'heaps: ay, there lie the Shells of Men, out of 'which all the Life and Virtue has been blown; 'and now are they swept together, and crammed-'down out of sight, like blown Egg-shells!—Did 'Nature, when she bade the Donau bring down 'his mould-cargoes from the Carinthian and Carpa-'thian Heights, and spread them out here into the 'softest, richest level,—intend thee, O Marchfeld, 'for a corn-bearing Nursery, whereon her children 'might be nursed; or for a Cockpit, wherein they 'might the more commodiously be throttled and 'tattered? Were thy three broad Highways, meet-'ing here from the ends of Europe, made for 'Ammunition-wagons, then? Were thy Wagrams 'and Stillfrieds but so many ready-built Casemates, 'wherein the house of Hapsburg might batter with 'artillery, and with artillery be battered? König 'Ottokar, amid yonder hillocks, dies under Rodolf's 'truncheon; here Kaiser Franz falls a-swoon under 'Napoleon's: within which five centuries, to omit 'the others, how has thy breast, fair Plain, been 'defaced and defiled! The greensward is torn-up 'and trampled-down; man's fond care of it, his 'fruit-trees, hedge-rows, and pleasant dwellings, 'blown-away with gunpowder; and the kind seed-'field lies a desolate, hideous Place of Sculls.— 'Nevertheless, Nature is at work; neither shall 'these Powder-Devilkins with their utmost devilry 'gainsay her: but all that gore and carnage will 'be shrouded-in, absorbed into manure; and, next 'year the Marchfeld will be green, nay greener. 'Thrifty unwearied Nature, ever out of our great 'waste educing some little profit of thy own,—how 'dost thou, from the very carcass of the Killer, 'bring Life for the Living!

'What, speaking in quite unofficial language, is

'the net-purport and upshot of war? To my own 'knowledge, for example, there dwell and toil, in 'the British village of Dumdrudge, usually some 'five-hundred souls. From these, by certain "Nat-'ural Enemies" of the French, there are succes-'sively selected, during the French war, say thirty 'able-bodied men: Dumdrudge, at her own expense, 'has suckled and nursed them: she has, not without 'difficulty and sorrow, fed them up to manhood, 'and even trained them to crafts, so that one can 'weave, another build, another hammer, and the 'weakest can stand under thirty stone avoirdupois. 'Nevertheless, amid much weeping and swearing, 'they are selected; all dressed in red; and shipped 'away, at the public charges, some two-thousand 'miles, or say only to the south of Spain; and fed 'there till wanted. And now to that same spot, 'in the south of Spain, are thirty similar French 'artisans, from a French Dumdrudge, in like 'manner wending: till at length, after infinite 'effort, the two parties come into actual juxtaposi-'tion; and Thirty stands fronting Thirty, each 'with a gun in his hand. Straightway the word '"Fire!" is given: and they blow the souls out 'of one another; and in place of sixty brisk useful 'craftsmen, the world has sixty dead carcasses, 'which it must bury, and anew shed tears for. 'Had these men any quarrel? Busy as the Devil 'is, not the smallest! They lived far enough 'apart; were the entirest strangers; nay, in so 'wide a Universe, there was even, unconsciously, 'by Commerce, some mutual helpfulness between 'them. How then? Simpleton! their Governors 'had fallen-out; and, instead of shooting one 'another, had the cunning to make these poor 'blockheads shoot.—Alas, so is it in Deutschland,

'and hitherto in all other lands; still as of old, '"what devilry soever Kings do, the Greeks must 'pay the piper!"—In that fiction of the English 'Smollet, it is true, the final Cessation of War is 'perhaps prophetically shadowed forth; where the 'two Natural Enemies, in person, take each a 'Tobacco-pipe, filled with Brimstone; light the 'same, and smoke in one another's faces, till the 'weaker gives in: but from such predicted Peace-'Era, what blood-filled trenches, and' contentious 'centuries, may still divide us!'

Thus can the Professor, at least in lucid intervals, look away from his own sorrows, over the many-coloured world, and pertinently enough note what is passing there. We may remark, indeed, that for the matter of spiritual culture, if for nothing else, perhaps few periods of his life were richer than this. Internally, there is the most momentous instructive Course of Practical Philosophy, with Experiments, going on; towards the right comprehension of which his Peripatetic habits, favourable to Meditation, might help him rather than hinder. Externally, again, as he wanders to and fro, there are, if for the longing heart little substance, yet for the seeing eye sights enough: in these so boundless Travels of his, granting that the Satanic School was even partially kept down, what an incredible knowledge of our Planet, and its Inhabitants and their Works, that is to say, of all knowable things, might not Teufelsdröckh acquire!

'I have read in most Public Libraries,' says he, 'including those of Constantinople and Samarcand: 'in most Colleges, except the Chinese Mandarin 'ones, I have studied, or seen that there was no 'studying. Unknown Languages have I oftenest 'gathered from their natural repertory, the Air,

'by my organ of Hearing; Statistics, Geographics, 'Topographics came, through the Eye, almost of 'their own accord. The ways of Man, how he 'seeks food, and warmth, and protection for him-'self, in most regions, are ocularly known to me. 'Like the great Hadrian, I meted-out much of the 'terraqueous Globe with a pair of Compasses that 'belonged to myself only.

'Of great Scenes why speak? Three summer days, I lingered reflecting, and even composing (*dichtete*), by the Pine-chasms of Vaucluse; and in that clear Lakelet moistened my bread. I have sat under the Palm-trees of Tadmor; smoked a pipe among the ruins of Babylon. The great Wall of China I have seen; and can testify that it is of gray brick, coped and covered with granite, and shows only second-rate masonry.—Great Events, also, have not I witnessed? Kings sweated-down (*ausgemergelt*) into Berlin-and-Milan 'Customhouse-Officers; the World well won, and 'the World well lost; oftener than once a hundred-'thousand individuals shot (by each other) in one 'day. All kindreds and peoples and nations dashed 'together, and shifted and shovelled into heaps, 'that they might ferment there, and in time unite. 'The birth-pangs of Democracy, wherewith con-'vulsed Europe was groaning in cries that reached 'Heaven, could not escape me.

'For great Men I have ever had the warmest 'predilection; and can perhaps boast that few 'such in this era have wholly escaped me. Great 'Men are the inspired (speaking and acting) Texts 'of that divine Book of Revelations, whereof a 'Chapter is completed from epoch to epoch, and by 'some named History; to which inspired Texts 'your numerous talented men, and your innumer-

'able untalented men, are the better or worse 'exegetic Commentaries, and wagonload of too- 'stupid, heretical or orthodox, weekly Sermons. 'For my study, the inspired Texts themselves! 'Thus did not I, in very early days, having dis- 'guised me as tavern-waiter, stand behind the field- 'chairs, under that shady Tree at Treisnitz by the 'Jena Highway; waiting upon the great Schiller 'and greater Goethe; and hearing what I have 'not forgotten. For——'

——But at this point the Editor recalls his principle of caution, some time ago laid down, and must suppress much. Let not the sacredness of Laurelled, still more, of Crowned Heads, be tampered with. Should we, at a future day, find circumstances altered, and the time come for Publication, then may these glimpses into the privacy of the Illustrious be conceded; which for the present were little better than treacherous, perhaps traitorous Eavesdroppings. Of Lord Byron, therefore, of Pope Pius, Emperor Tarakwang, and the 'White Water-roses' (Chinese Carbonari) with their mysteries, no notice here! Of Napoleon himself we shall only, glancing from afar, remark that Teufelsdröckh's relation to him seems to have been of very varied character. At first we find our poor Professor on the point of being shot as a spy; then taken into private conversation, even pinched on the ear, yet presented with no money; at last indignantly dismissed, almost thrown out of doors, as an 'Ideologist.' 'He himself,' says the Professor, 'was among the 'completest Ideologists, at least Ideopraxists: in 'the Idea (*in der Idee*) he lived, moved and 'fought. The man was a Divine Missionary, 'though unconscious of it; and preached, through

'the cannon's throat, that great doctrine, *La 'carrière ouverte aux talens* (The Tools to him 'that can handle them), which is our ultimate 'Political Evangel, wherein alone can liberty lie. 'Madly enough he preached, it is true, as Enthu-'siasts and first Missionaries are wont, with im-'perfect utterance, amid much frothy rant; yet 'as articulately perhaps as the case admitted. Or 'call him, if you will, an American Backwoods-'man, who had to fell unpenetrated forests, and 'battle with innumerable wolves, and did not 'entirely forbear strong liquor, rioting, and even 'theft; whom, notwithstanding, the peaceful Sower 'will follow, and, as he cuts the boundless harvest, 'bless.'

More legitimate and decisively authentic is Teufelsdröckh's appearance and emergence (we know not well whence) in the solitude of the North Cape, on that June Midnight. He has a 'light-'blue Spanish cloak' hanging round him, as his 'most commodious, principal, indeed sole upper-'garment'; and stands there, on the World-promontory, looking over the infinite Brine, like a little blue Belfry (as we figure), now motionless indeed, yet ready, if stirred, to ring quaintest changes.

'Silence as of death,' writes he; 'for Midnight, 'even in the Arctic latitudes, has its character: 'nothing but the granite cliffs ruddy-tinged, the 'peaceable gurgle of that slow-heaving Polar Ocean, 'over which in the utmost North the great Sun 'hangs low and lazy, as if he too were slumber-'ing. Yet is his cloud-couch wrought of crimson 'and cloth-of-gold; yet does his light stream over 'the mirror of waters, like a tremulous fire-pillar, 'shooting downwards to the abyss, and hide itself

'under my feet. In such moments, Solitude also 'is invaluable; for who would speak, or be looked 'on, when behind him lies all Europe and Africa, 'fast asleep, except the watchmen; and before him 'the silent Immensity, and Palace of the Eternal, 'whereof our Sun is but a porch-lamp?

'Nevertheless, in this solemn moment comes a 'man, or monster, scrambling from among the 'rock-hollows; and, shaggy, huge as the Hyper-'borean Bear, hails me in Russian speech: most 'probably, therefore, a Russian Smuggler. With 'courteous brevity, I signify my indifference to 'contraband trade, my humane intentions, yet 'strong wish to be private. In vain: the monster, 'counting doubtless on his superior stature, and 'minded to make sport for himself, or perhaps 'profit, were it with murder, continues to advance; 'ever assailing me with his importunate train-oil 'breath; and now has advanced, till we stand 'both on the verge of the rock, the deep Sea 'rippling greedily down below. What argument 'will avail? On the thick Hyperborean, cherubic 'reasoning, seraphic eloquence were lost. Prepared 'for such extremity, I, deftly enough, whisk aside 'one step; draw out, from my interior reservoirs, a 'sufficient Birmingham Horse-pistol, and say, "Be 'so obliging as retire, Friend (*Er ziehe sich zurück, 'Freund*), and with promptitude!" This logic 'even the Hyperborean understands: fast enough, 'with apologetic, petitionary growl, he sidles off; 'and, except for suicidal as well as homicidal 'purposes, need not return.

'Such I hold to be the genuine use of Gun-'powder: that, it makes all men alike tall. Nay, 'if thou be cooler, cleverer than I, if thou have 'more *Mind*, though all but no *Body* whatever,

'then canst thou kill me first, and art the taller. 'Hereby, at last, is the Goliath powerless, and the 'David resistless; savage Animalism is nothing, 'inventive Spiritualism is all.

'With respect to Duels, indeed, I have my own 'ideas. Few things, in this so surprising world, 'strike me with more surprise. Two little visual 'Spectra of men, hovering with insecure enough 'cohesion in the midst of the UNFATHOMABLE, and 'to dissolve therein, at any rate, very soon,—make 'pause at the distance of twelve paces asunder; 'whirl round; and, simultaneously by the cun-'ningest mechanism, explode one another into Dis-'solution; and off-hand become Air, and Non-'extant! Deuce on it (*verdammt*), the little spit-'fires!—Nay, I think with old Hugo von Trim-'berg: "God must needs laugh outright, could 'such a thing be, to see his wondrous Manikins 'here below."'

But amid these specialties, let us not forget the great generality, which is our chief quest here: How prospered the inner man of Teufelsdröckh under so much outward shifting? Does Legion still lurk in him, though repressed; or has he exorcised that Devil's Brood? We can answer that the symptoms continue promising. Experience is the grand spiritual Doctor; and with him Teufelsdröckh has now been long a patient, swallowing many a bitter bolus. Unless our poor Friend belong to the numerous class of Incurables, which seems not likely, some cure will doubtless be effected. We should rather say that Legion, or the Satanic School, was now pretty well extirpated and cast out, but next to nothing introduced in its room; whereby the heart remains,

for the while, in a quiet but no comfortable state.

'At length, after so much roasting,' thus writes our Autobiographer, 'I was what you might name 'calcined. Pray only that it be not rather, as 'is the more frequent issue, reduced to a *caput-* 'mortuum! But in any case, by mere dint of 'practice, I had grown familiar with many things. 'Wretchedness was still wretched; but I could 'now partly see through it, and despise it. Which 'highest mortal, in this inane Existence, had I not 'found a Shadow-hunter, or Shadow-hunted; and, 'when I looked through his brave garnitures, miser- 'able enough? Thy wishes have all been sniffed 'aside, thought I: but what, had they even been 'all granted! Did not the Boy Alexander weep 'because he had not two Planets to conquer; or a 'whole Solar System; or after that, a whole Uni- 'verse? *Ach Gott*, when I gazed into these Stars, 'have they not looked-down on me as if with pity, 'from their serene spaces; like Eyes glistening 'with heavenly tears over the little lot of man! 'Thousands of human generations, all as noisy as 'our own, have been swallowed-up of Time, and 'there remains no wreck of them any more; and 'Arcturus and Orion and Sirius and the Pleiades 'are still shining in their courses, clear and young, 'as when the Shepherd first noted them in the 'plain of Shinar. Pshaw! what is this paltry 'little Dog-cage of an Earth; what art thou that 'sittest whining there? Thou art still Nothing, 'Nobody: true; but who, then, is Something, 'Somebody? For thee the Family of Man has 'no use; it rejects thee; thou art wholly as a 'dissevered limb: so be it; perhaps it is better 'so!'

Too-heavy-laden Teufelsdröckh! Yet surely his bands are loosening; one day he will hurl the burden far from him, and bound forth free and with a second youth.

'This,' says our Professor, 'was the CENTRE OF 'INDIFFERENCE I had now reached; through which 'whoso travels from the Negative Pole to the 'Positive must necessarily pass.'

CHAPTER IX.

THE EVERLASTING YEA.

'TEMPTATIONS in the Wilderness!' exclaims Teufelsdröckh: 'Have we not all to be tried 'with such? Not so easily can the old Adam, 'lodged in us by birth, be dispossessed. Our 'Life is compassed round with Necessity; yet is 'the meaning of Life itself no other than Freedom, 'than Voluntary Force: thus have we a warfare; 'in the beginning, especially, a hard-fought battle. 'For the God-given mandate, *Work thou in Well-'doing*, lies mysteriously written, in Promethean 'Prophetic Characters, in our hearts; and leaves 'us no rest, night or day, till it be deciphered 'and obeyed; till it burn forth, in our conduct, a 'visible, acted Gospel of Freedom. And as the 'clay-given mandate, *Eat thou and be filled*, at the 'same time persuasively proclaims itself through 'every nerve,—must not there be a confusion, a 'contest, before the better Influence can become 'the upper?

'To me nothing seems more natural than that 'the Son of Man, when such God-given mandate

'first prophetically stirs within him, and the Clay 'must now be vanquished or vanquish,—should be 'carried of the spirit into grim Solitudes, and there 'fronting the Tempter do grimmest battle with him; 'defiantly setting him at naught, till he yield and 'fly. Name it as we choose: with or without 'visible Devil, whether in the natural Desert of 'rocks and sands, or in the populous moral Desert 'of selfishness and baseness,—to such Temptation 'are we all called. Unhappy if we are not! Un-'happy if we are but Half-men, in whom that 'divine handwriting has never blazed forth, all-'subduing, in true sun-splendour; but quivers 'dubiously amid meaner lights: or smoulders, in 'dull pain, in darkness, under earthly vapours!— 'Our Wilderness is the wide World in an Atheistic 'Century; our Forty Days are long years of suffer-'ing and fasting: nevertheless, to these also comes 'an end. Yes, to me also was given, if not Victory, 'yet the consciousness of Battle, and the resolve to 'persevere therein while life or faculty is left. To 'me also, entangled in the enchanted forests, 'demon-peopled, doleful of sight and of sound, it 'was given, after weariest wanderings, to work 'out my way into the higher, sunlit slopes—of 'that Mountain which has no summit, or whose 'summit is in Heaven only!'

He says elsewhere, under a less ambitious figure; as figures are, once for all, natural to him: 'Has 'not thy Life been that of most sufficient men (*tüch-'tigen Männer*) thou hast known in this generation? 'An outflush of foolish young Enthusiasm, like the 'first fallow-crop, wherein are as many weeds as 'valuable herbs: this all parched away, under the 'Droughts of practical and spiritual Unbelief, as 'Disappointment, in thought and act, often-repeated

'gave rise to Doubt, and Doubt gradually settled 'into Denial! If I have had a second-crop, and 'now see the perennial greensward, and sit under 'umbrageous cedars, which defy all Drought (and 'Doubt); herein too, be the Heavens praised, I am 'not without examples, and even exemplars.'

So that, for Teufelsdröckh also, there has been a 'glorious revolution': these mad shadow-hunting and shadow-hunted Pilgrimings of his were but some purifying 'Temptation in the Wilderness,' before his apostolic work (such as it was) could begin; which Temptation is now happily over, and the Devil once more worsted! Was 'that high moment in the *Rue de l'Enfer*,' then, properly the turning-point of the battle; when the Fiend said, *Worship me, or be torn in shreds;* and was answered valiantly with an *Apage Satana?*—Singular Teufelsdröckh, would thou hadst told thy singular story in plain words! But it is fruitless to look there, in those Paper-bags, for such. Nothing but innuendoes, figurative crotchets: a typical Shadow, fitfully wavering, prophetico-satiric; no clear logical Picture. 'How paint to the sensual 'eye,' asks he once, 'what passes in the Holy-of-'Holies of Man's Soul; in what words, known 'to these profane times, speak even afar-off of 'the unspeakable?' We ask in turn: Why perplex these times, profane as they are, with needless obscurity, by omission and by commission? Not mystical only is our Professor, but whimsical; and involves himself, now more than ever, in eye-bewildering *chiaroscuro*. Successive glimpses, here faithfully imparted, our more gifted readers must endeavour to combine for their own behoof.

He says: 'The hot Harmattan wind had raged 'itself out; its howl went silent within me; and

'the long-deafened soul could now hear. I paused 'in my wild wanderings; and sat me down to wait, 'and consider; for it was as if the hour of change 'drew nigh. I seemed to surrender, to renounce 'utterly, and say: Fly, then, false shadows of 'Hope; I will chase you no more, I will believe you 'no more. And ye too, haggard spectres of Fear, 'I care not for you; ye too are all shadows and a 'lie. Let me rest here: for I am way-weary and 'life-weary; I will rest here, were it but to die: to 'die or to live is alike to me; alike insignificant.'— And again: 'Here, then, as I lay in that CENTRE 'OF INDIFFERENCE; cast, doubtless by benignant 'upper Influence, into a healing sleep, the heavy 'dreams rolled gradually away, and I awoke to a 'new Heaven and a new Earth. The first pre-'liminary moral Act, Annihilation of Self (*Selbst-'tödtung*), had been happily accomplished; and my 'mind's eyes were now unsealed, and its hands 'ungyved.'

Might we not also conjecture that the following passage refers to his Locality, during this same 'healing sleep'; that his Pilgrim-staff lies cast aside here, on 'the high table-land'; and indeed that the repose is already taking wholesome effect on him? If it were not that the tone, in some parts, has more of riancy, even of levity, than we could have expected! However, in Teufelsdröckh, there is always the strangest Dualism: light dancing, with guitar-music, will be going on in the fore-court, while by fits from within comes the faint whimpering of woe and wail. We transcribe the piece entire.

'Beautiful it was to sit there, as in my skyey 'Tent, musing and meditating; on the high table-'land, in front of the Mountains; over me, as roof,

'the azure Dome, and around me, for walls, four 'azure-flowing curtains,—namely, of the Four azure 'Winds, on whose bottom-fringes also I have seen 'gilding. And then to fancy the fair Castles that 'stood sheltered in these Mountain hollows; with 'their green flower-lawns, and white dames and 'damosels, lovely enough: or better still, the straw-'roofed Cottages, wherein stood many a Mother 'baking bread, with her children round her:—all 'hidden and protectingly folded-up in the valley-'folds; yet there and alive, as sure as if I beheld 'them. Or to see, as well as fancy, the nine Towns 'and Villages, that lay round my mountain-seat, 'which, in still weather, were wont to speak to me '(by their steeple-bells) with metal tongue; and, in 'almost all weather, proclaimed their vitality by 'repeated Smoke-clouds; whereon, as on a culinary 'horologe, I might read the hour of the day. For 'it was the smoke of cookery, as kind housewives 'at morning, midday, eventide, were boiling their 'husbands' kettles; and ever a blue pillar rose up 'into the air, successively or simultaneously, from 'each of the nine, saying, as plainly as smoke could 'say: Such and such a meal is getting ready here. 'Not uninteresting! For you have the whole 'Borough, with all its love-makings and scandal-'mongeries, contentions and contentments, as in 'miniature, and could cover it all with your hat.— 'If, in my wide Wayfarings, I had learned to look 'into the business of the World in its details, here 'perhaps was the place for combining it into general 'propositions, and deducing inferences therefrom.

'Often also could I see the black Tempest march-'ing in anger through the Distance: round some 'Schreckhorn, as yet grim-blue, would the eddying 'vapour gather, and there tumultuously eddy, and

'flow down like a mad witch's hair; till, after a 'space, it vanished, and, in the clear sunbeam, your 'Schreckhorn stood smiling grim-white, for the 'vapour had held snow. How thou fermentest and 'elaboratest, in thy great fermenting-vat and 'laboratory of an Atmosphere, of a World, O 'Nature!—Or what is Nature? Ha! why do I not 'name thee GOD? Art not thou the "Living 'Garment of God"? O Heavens, is it, in very 'deed, HE, then, that ever speaks through thee; 'that lives and loves in thee, that lives and loves 'in me?

'Fore-shadows, call them rather fore-splendours, 'of that Truth, and Beginning of Truths, fell 'mysteriously over my soul. Sweeter than Day-'spring to the Shipwrecked in Nova Zembla; ah, 'like the mother's voice to her little child that 'strays bewildered, weeping, in unknown tumults; 'like soft streamings of celestial music to my too-'exasperated heart, came that Evangel. The Uni-'verse is not dead and demoniacal, a charnel-house 'with spectres; but godlike, and my Father's!

'With other eyes, too, could I now look upon 'my fellow man: with an infinite Love, an infinite 'Pity. Poor, wandering, wayward man! Art 'thou not tried, and beaten with stripes, even as I 'am? Ever, whether thou bear the royal mantle 'or the beggar's gabardine, art thou not so weary, 'so heavy-laden; and thy Bed of Rest is but a 'Grave. O my Brother, my Brother, why cannot 'I shelter thee in my bosom, and wipe away all 'tears from thy eyes!—Truly, the din of many-'voiced Life, which, in this solitude, with the 'mind's organ, I could hear, was no longer a 'maddening discord, but a melting one; like in-'articulate cries, and sobbings of a dumb creature,

'which in the ear of Heaven are prayers. The 'poor Earth, with her poor joys, was now my 'needy Mother, not my cruel Stepdame; Man; 'with his so mad Wants and so mean Endeavours, 'had become the dearer to me; and even for his 'sufferings and his sins, I now first named him 'Brother. Thus was I standing in the porch of 'that "*Sanctuary of Sorrow*"; by strange, steep 'ways had I too been guided thither; and ere long 'its sacred gates would open, and the "*Divine* '*Depth of Sorrow*" lie disclosed to me.'

The Professor says, he here first got eye on the Knot that had been strangling him, and straightway could unfasten it, and was free. 'A vain 'interminable controversy,' writes he, 'touching 'what is at present called Origin of Evil, or some 'such thing, arises in every soul, since the begin- 'ning of the world; and in every soul, that would 'pass from idle Suffering into actual Endeavouring, 'must first be put an end to. The most, in our 'time, have to go content with a simple, incom- 'plete enough Suppression of this controversy; to 'a few some Solution of it is indispensable. In 'every new era, too, such Solution comes-out in 'different terms; and ever the Solution of the 'last era has become obsolete, and is found un- 'serviceable. For it is man's nature to change his 'Dialect from century to century; he cannot help it 'though he would. The authentic *Church-Catechism* 'of our present century has not yet fallen into my 'hands: meanwhile, for my own private behoof, I 'attempt to elucidate the matter so. Man's Un- 'happiness, as I construe, comes of his Greatness; 'it is because there is an Infinite in him, which 'with all his cunning he cannot quite bury under 'the Finite. Will the whole Finance Ministers and

'Upholsterers and Confectioners of modern Europe 'undertake, in joint-stock company, to make one 'Shoeblack HAPPY? They cannot accomplish it, 'above an hour or two: for the Shoeblack also has 'a Soul quite other than his Stomach; and would 'require, if you consider it, for his permanent 'satisfaction and saturation, simply this allotment, 'no more, and no less: *God's infinite Universe 'altogether to himself*, therein to enjoy infinitely, 'and fill every wish as fast as it rose. Oceans of 'Hochheimer, a Throat like that of Ophiuchus: 'speak not of them; to the infinite Shoeblack they 'are as nothing. No sooner is your ocean filled, 'than he grumbles that it might have been of 'better vintage. Try him with half of a Universe, 'of an Omnipotence, he sets to quarrelling with the 'proprietor of the other half, and declares himself 'the most maltreated of men.—Always there is a 'black spot in our sunshine: it is even, as I said, 'the *Shadow of Ourselves*.

'But the whim we have of Happiness is some-'what thus. By certain valuations, and averages, 'of our own striking, we come upon some sort of 'average terrestrial lot; this we fancy belongs to us 'by nature, and of indefeasible right. It is simple 'payment of our wages, of our deserts; requires 'neither thanks nor complaint; only such *overplus* 'as there may be do we account Happiness; any '*deficit* again is Misery. Now consider that we 'have the valuation of our own deserts ourselves, 'and what a fund of Self-conceit there is in each of 'us,—do you wonder that the balance should so 'often dip the wrong way, and many a Blockhead 'cry: See there, what a payment; was ever worthy 'gentleman so used!—I tell thee, Blockhead, it all 'comes of thy Vanity; of what thou *fanciest* those

'same deserts of thine to be. Fancy that thou 'deservest to be hanged (as is most likely), thou 'wilt feel it happiness to be only shot: fancy that 'thou deservest to be hanged in a hair-halter, it 'will be a luxury to die in hemp.

'So true is it, what I then said, that *the Fraction 'of Life can be increased in value not so much by 'increasing your Numerator as by lessening your 'Denominator.* Nay, unless my Algebra deceive 'me, *Unity* itself divided by *Zero* will give *Infinity.* 'Make thy claim of wages a zero, then; thou hast 'the world under thy feet. Well did the Wisest 'of our time write: "It is only with Renunciation '(*Entsagen*) that Life, properly speaking, can be 'said to begin."

'I asked myself: What is this that, ever since 'earliest years, thou hast been fretting and fuming, 'and lamenting and self-tormenting, on account of? 'Say it in a word: is it not because thou art not 'HAPPY? Because the THOU (sweet gentleman) is 'not sufficiently honoured, nourished, soft-bedded, 'and lovingly cared-for? Foolish soul! What 'Act of Legislature was there that *thou* shouldst 'be Happy? A little while ago thou hadst no 'right to *be* at all. What if thou wert born and 'predestined not to be Happy, but to be Un-'happy! Art thou nothing other than a Vulture, 'then, that fliest through the Universe seeking 'after somewhat to *eat;* and shrieking dolefully 'because carrion enough is not given thee? Close 'thy *Byron;* open thy *Goethe.*'

'*Es leuchtet mir ein,* I see a glimpse of it!' cries he elsewhere: 'there is in man a HIGHER than Love 'of Happiness: he can do without Happiness, and 'instead thereof find Blessedness! Was it not to 'preach-forth this same HIGHER that sages and

'martyrs, the Poet and the Priest, in all times, 'have spoken and suffered; bearing testimony, 'through life and through death, of the Godlike 'that is in Man, and how in the Godlike only has 'he Strength and Freedom? Which God-inspired 'Doctrine art thou also honoured to be taught; 'O Heavens! and broken with manifold merciful 'Afflictions, even till thou become contrite, and 'learn it! O, thank thy Destiny for these; 'thankfully bear what yet remain: thou hadst 'need of them; the Self in thee needed to be 'annihilated. By benignant fever-paroxysms is 'Life rooting out the deep-seated chronic Disease, 'and triumphs over Death. On the roaring bil- 'lows of Time, thou art not engulfed, but borne 'aloft into the azure of Eternity. Love not 'Pleasure; love God. This is the EVERLASTING 'YEA, wherein all contradiction is solved: wherein 'whoso walks and works, it is well with him.'

And again: 'Small is it that thou canst trample 'the Earth with its injuries under thy feet, as old 'Greek Zeno trained thee: thou canst love the 'Earth while it injures thee, and even because it 'injures thee; for this a Greater than Zeno was 'needed, and he too was sent. Knowest thou that '"*Worship of Sorrow*"? The Temple thereof, 'founded some eighteen centuries ago, now lies 'in ruins, overgrown with jungle, the habitation 'of doleful creatures: nevertheless, venture forward; 'in a low crypt, arched out of falling fragments, 'thou findest the Altar still there, and its sacred 'Lamp perennially burning.'

Without pretending to comment on which strange utterances, the Editor will only remark, that there lies beside them much of a still more questionable character; unsuited to the general apprehension;

nay wherein he himself does not see his way. Nebulous disquisitions on Religion, yet not without bursts of splendour; on the 'perennial continuance of Inspiration'; on Prophecy; that there are 'true Priests, as well as Baal-Priests, in our 'own day': with more of the like sort. We select some fractions, by way of finish to this farrago.

'Cease, my much-respected Herr von Voltaire,' thus apostrophises the Professor: 'shut thy sweet 'voice; for the task appointed thee seems finished. 'Sufficiently hast thou demonstrated this proposition, considerable or otherwise: That the Mythus 'of the Christian Religion looks not in the eighteenth century as it did in the eighth. Alas, 'were thy six-and-thirty quartos, and the six-'and-thirty thousand other quartos and folios, and 'flying sheets or reams, printed before and since on 'the same subject, all needed to convince us of so 'little! But what next? Wilt thou help us to 'embody the divine Spirit of that Religion in a 'new Mythus, in a new vehicle and vesture, that 'our Souls, otherwise too like perishing, may live? 'What! thou hast no faculty in that kind? Only 'a torch for burning, no hammer for building? 'Take our thanks, then, and——thyself away.

'Meanwhile what are antiquated Mythuses to 'me? Or is the God present, felt in my own 'heart, a thing which Herr von Voltaire will 'dispute out of me; or dispute into me? To the '"*Worship of Sorrow*" ascribe what origin and 'genesis thou pleasest, *has* not that Worship originated, and been generated; is it not *here?* Feel 'it in thy heart, and then say whether it is of 'God! This is Belief; all else is Opinion,—for 'which latter whoso will, let him worry and be 'worried.'

'Neither,' observes he elsewhere, 'shall ye tear-'out one another's eyes, struggling over "Plenary 'Inspiration," and suchlike: try rather to get a 'little even Partial Inspiration, each of you for 'himself. One BIBLE I know, of whose Plenary 'Inspiration doubt is not so much as possible; nay 'with my own eyes I saw the God's-Hand writing 'it: thereof all other Bibles are but Leaves,—say, 'in Picture-Writing to assist the weaker faculty.'

Or, to give the wearied reader relief, and bring it to an end, let him take the following perhaps more intelligible passage:

'To me, in this our life,' says the Professor, 'which is an internecine warfare with the Time-'spirit, other warfare seems questionable. Hast 'thou in any way a Contention with thy brother, 'I advise thee, think well what the meaning thereof 'is. If thou gauge it to the bottom, it is simply 'this: "Fellow, see! thou art taking more than 'thy share of Happiness in the world, something 'from *my* share: which, by the Heavens, thou 'shalt not; nay I will fight thee rather."—Alas, 'and the whole lot to be divided is such a 'beggarly matter, truly a "feast of shells," for 'the substance has been spilled out: not enough 'to quench one Appetite; and the collective 'human species clutching at them!—Can we not, 'in all such cases, rather say: "Take it, thou too-'ravenous individual; take that pitiful additional 'fraction of a share, which I reckoned mine, but 'which thou so wantest; take it with a blessing: 'would to Heaven I had enough for thee!"—If 'Fichte's *Wissenschaftslehre* be, "to a certain 'extent, Applied Christianity," surely to a still 'greater extent, so is this. We have here not a 'Whole Duty of Man, yet a Half Duty, namely

'the Passive half: could we but do it, as we can 'demonstrate it!

'But indeed Conviction, were it never so excel- 'lent, is worthless till it convert itself into Conduct. 'Nay properly Conviction is not possible till then; 'inasmuch as all Speculation is by nature endless, 'formless, a vortex amid vortices: only by a felt 'indubitable certainty of Experience does it find 'any centre to revolve round, and so fashion itself 'into a system. Most true is it, as a wise man 'teaches us, that "Doubt of any sort cannot be 'removed except by Action." On which ground, 'too, let him who gropes painfully in darkness or 'uncertain light, and prays vehemently that the 'dawn may ripen into day, lay this other precept 'well to heart, which to me was of invaluable 'service: "*Do the Duty which lies nearest thee,*" 'which thou knowest to be a Duty! Thy second 'Duty will already have become clearer.

'May we not say, however, that the hour of 'Spiritual Enfranchisement is even this: When 'your Ideal World, wherein the whole man has 'been dimly struggling and inexpressibly lan- 'guishing to work, becomes revealed, and thrown 'open; and you discover, with amazement enough, 'like the Lothario in *Wilhelm Meister*, that your '"America is here or nowhere"? The Situation 'that has not its Duty, its Ideal, was never yet 'occupied by man. Yes here, in this poor, miser- 'able, hampered, despicable Actual, wherein thou 'even now standest, here or nowhere is thy Ideal: 'work it out therefrom; and working, believe, live, 'be free. Fool! the Ideal is in thyself, the impedi- 'ment too is in thyself: thy Condition is but the 'stuff thou art to shape that same Ideal out of: 'what matters whether such stuff be of this sort

'or that, so the Form thou give it be heroic, be 'poetic? O thou that pinest in the imprisonment 'of the Actual, and criest bitterly to the gods for 'a kingdom wherein to rule and create, know this 'of a truth: the thing thou seekest is already with 'thee, "here or nowhere," couldst thou only see!

'But it is with man's Soul as it was with 'Nature: the beginning of Creation is—Light. 'Till the eye have vision, the whole members are 'in bonds. Divine moment, when over the tempest-'tost Soul, as once over the wild-weltering Chaos, 'it is spoken: Let there be Light! Ever to the 'greatest that has felt such moment, is it not 'miraculous and God-announcing; even as, under 'simpler figures, to the simplest and least. The 'mad primeval Discord is hushed; the rudely-'jumbled conflicting elements bind themselves 'into separate Firmaments: deep silent rock-'foundations are built beneath; and the skyey 'vault with its everlasting Luminaries above: 'instead of a dark wasteful Chaos, we have a 'blooming, fertile, heaven-encompassed World.

'I too could now say to myself: Be no longer 'a Chaos, but a World, or even Worldkin. Pro-'duce! Produce! Were it but the pitifullest in-'finitesimal fraction of a Product, produce it, in 'God's name! 'Tis the utmost thou hast in thee: 'out with it, then. Up, up! Whatsoever thy 'hand findeth to do, do it with thy whole might. 'Work while it is called Today; for the Night 'cometh, wherein no man can work.'

CHAPTER X.

PAUSE.

THUS have we, as closely and perhaps satisfactorily as, in such circumstances, might be, followed Teufelsdröckh through the various successive states and stages of Growth, Entanglement, Unbelief, and almost Reprobation, into a certain clearer state of what he himself seems to consider as Conversion. 'Blame not the word,' says he; 'rejoice rather 'that such a word, signifying such a thing, has 'come to light in our modern Era, though hidden 'from the wisest Ancients. The Old World knew 'nothing of Conversion; instead of an *Ecce Homo*, 'they had only some *Choice of Hercules*. It was a 'new-attained progress in the Moral Development 'of man: hereby has the Highest come home to 'the bosoms of the most Limited; what to Plato 'was but a hallucination, and to Socrates a chimera, 'is now clear and certain to your Zinzendorfs, your 'Wesleys, and the poorest of their Pietists and 'Methodists.'

It is here, then, that the spiritual majority of Teufelsdröckh commences: we are henceforth to see him 'work in well-doing,' with the spirit and clear aims of a Man. He has discovered that the Ideal Workshop he so panted for is even this same Actual ill-furnished Workshop he has so long been stumbling in. He can say to himself: 'Tools? 'Thou hast no Tools? Why, there is not a Man, 'or a Thing, now alive but has tools. The basest 'of created animalcules, the Spider itself, has a 'spinning-jenny, and warping-mill, and power-loom 'within its head: the stupidest of Oysters has a

'Papin's-Digester, with stone-and-lime house to 'hold it in: every being that can live can do some-'thing: this let him *do*.—Tools? Hast thou not a 'Brain, furnished, furnishable with some glimmer-'ings of Light; and three fingers to hold a Pen 'withal? Never since Aaron's Rod went out of 'practice, or even before it, was there such a 'wonder-working Tool: greater than all recorded 'miracles have been performed by Pens. For 'strangely in this so solid-seeming World, which 'nevertheless is in continual restless flux, it is 'appointed that *Sound*, to appearance the most 'fleeting, should be the most continuing of all 'things. The WORD is well said to be omnipotent 'in this world; man, thereby divine, can create as 'by a *Fiat*. Awake, arise! Speak forth what is 'in thee; what God has given thee, what the Devil 'shall not take away. Higher task than that of 'Priesthood was allotted to no man: wert thou 'but the meanest in that sacred Hierarchy, is it 'not honour enough therein to spend and be 'spent?

'By this Art, which whoso will may sacri-'legiously degrade into a handicraft,' adds Teufels-'dröckh, 'have I thenceforth abidden. Writings 'of mine, not indeed known as mine (for what am 'I?), have fallen, perhaps not altogether void, into 'the mighty seed-field of Opinion; fruits of my 'unseen sowing gratifyingly meet me here and 'there. I thank the Heavens that I have now 'found my Calling; wherein, with or without 'perceptible result, I am minded diligently to 'persevere.

'Nay how knowest thou,' cries he, 'but this and 'the other pregnant Device, now grown to be a 'world-renowned far-working Institution; like a

'grain of right mustard-seed once cast into the 'right soil, and now stretching-out strong boughs to 'the four winds, for the birds of the air to lodge 'in,—may have been properly my doing? Some 'one's doing, it without doubt was; from some 'Idea, in some single Head, it did first of all take 'beginning: why not from some Idea in mine?' Does Teufelsdröckh here glance at that 'SOCIETY 'FOR THE CONSERVATION OF PROPERTY (*Eigenthums-'conservirende Gesellschaft*),' of which so many ambiguous notices glide spectre-like through these inexpressible Paper-bags? 'An Institution,' hints he, 'not unsuitable to the wants of the time; as 'indeed some sudden extension proves: for already 'can the Society number, among its office-bearers or 'corresponding members, the highest Names, if not 'the highest Persons, in Germany, England, France; 'and contributions, both of money and of meditation, 'pour in from all quarters; to, if possible, enlist the 'remaining Integrity of the world, and, defensively 'and with forethought, marshal it round this Palla-'dium.' Does Teufelsdröckh mean, then, to give himself out as the originator of that so notable *Eigenthums-conservirende* ('Owndom-conserving') *Gesellschaft;* and if so, what, in the Devil's name, is it? He again hints: 'At a time when the divine 'Commandment, *Thou shalt not steal*, wherein truly, 'if well understood, is comprised the whole Hebrew 'Decalogue, with Solon's and Lycurgus's Constitu-'tions, Justinian's Pandects, the Code Napoléon, 'and all Codes, Catechisms, Divinities, Moralities 'whatsoever, that man has hitherto devised (and 'enforced with Altar-fire and Gallows-ropes) for 'his social guidance: at a time, I say, when this 'divine Commandment has all-but faded away from 'the general remembrance; and, with little disguise,

'a new opposite Commandment, *Thou shalt steal*, 'is everywhere promulgated,—it perhaps behoved, 'in this universal dotage and deliration, the sound 'portion of mankind to bestir themselves and rally. 'When the widest and wildest violations of that 'divine right of Property, the only divine right 'now extant or conceivable, are sanctioned and 'recommended by a vicious Press, and the world 'has lived to hear it asserted that *we have no Prop-'erty in our very Bodies, but only an accidental 'Possession and Life-rent*, what is the issue to be 'looked for? Hangmen and Catchpoles may, by 'their noose-gins and baited fall-traps, keep down the 'smaller sort of vermin; but what, except perhaps 'some such Universal Association,' can protect us 'against whole meat-devouring and man-devouring 'hosts of Boa-constrictors? If, therefore, the more 'sequestered Thinker have wondered, in his 'privacy, from what hand that perhaps not ill-'written *Program* in the Public Journals, with 'its high *Prize-Questions* and so liberal *Prizes*, 'could have proceeded,—let him now cease such 'wonder; and, with undivided faculty, betake 'himself to the *Concurrenz* (Competition).'

We ask: Has this same 'perhaps not ill-written *Program*,' or any other authentic Transaction of that 'Property-conserving Society, fallen under the eye of the British Reader, in any Journal foreign or domestic? If so, what are those *Prize-Questions;* what are the terms of Competition, and when and where? No printed Newspaper-leaf, no farther light of any sort, to be met with in these Paper-bags! Or is the whole business one other of those whimsicalities and perverse inexplicabilities, where-by Herr Teufelsdröckh, meaning much or nothing, is pleased so often to play fast-and-loose with us?

Here, indeed, at length, must the Editor give utterance to a painful suspicion, which, through late Chapters, has begun to haunt him; paralysing any little enthusiasm that might still have rendered his thorny Biographical task a labour of love. It is a suspicion grounded perhaps on trifles, yet confirmed almost into certainty by the more and more discernible humoristico-satirical tendency of Teufelsdröckh, in whom underground humours and intricate sardonic rogueries, wheel within wheel, defy all reckoning: a suspicion, in one word, that these Autobiographical Documents are partly a mystification! What if many a so-called Fact were little better than a Fiction; if here we had no direct Camera-obscura Picture of the Professor's History; but only some more or less fantastic Adumbration, symbolically, perhaps significantly enough, shadowing-forth the same! Our theory begins to be that, in receiving as literally authentic what was but hieroglyphically so, Hofrath Heuschrecke, whom in that case we scruple not to name Hofrath Nose-of-Wax, was made a fool of, and set adrift to make fools of others. Could it be expected, indeed, that a man so known for impenetrable reticence as Teufelsdröckh, would all at once frankly unlock his private citadel to an English Editor and a German Hofrath; and not rather deceptively *in*lock both Editor and Hofrath in the labyrinthic tortuosities and covered-ways of said citadel (having enticed them thither), to see, in his half-devilish way, how the fools would look?

Of one fool, however, the Herr Professor will perhaps find himself short. On a small slip, formerly thrown aside as blank, the ink being all-but invisible, we lately notice, and with effort decipher, the following: 'What are your historical

'Facts; still more your biographical? Wilt thou 'know a Man, above all a Mankind, by stringing-'together beadrolls of what thou namest Facts? 'The Man is the spirit he worked in; not what 'he did, but what he became. Facts are engraved 'Hierograms, for which the fewest have the key. 'And then how your Blockhead (*Dummkopf*) 'studies not their Meaning; but simply whether 'they are well or ill cut, what he calls Moral or 'Immoral! Still worse is it with your Bungler '(*Pfuscher*): such I have seen reading some 'Rousseau, with pretences of interpretation; and 'mistaking the ill-cut Serpent-of-Eternity for a 'common poisonous reptile.' Was the Professor apprehensive lest an Editor, selected as the present boasts himself, might mistake the Teufelsdröckh Serpent-of-Eternity in like manner? For which reason it was to be altered, not without underhand satire, into a plainer Symbol? Or is this merely one of his half-sophisms, half-truisms, which if he can but set on the back of a Figure, he cares not whither it gallop? We say not with certainty; and indeed, so strange is the Professor, can never say. If our suspicion be wholly unfounded, let his own questionable ways, not our necessary circumspectness, bear the blame.

But be this as it will, the somewhat exasperated and indeed exhausted Editor determines here to shut these Paper-bags for the present. Let it suffice that we know of Teufelsdröckh, so far, if 'not what he did, yet what he became': the rather, as his character has now taken its ultimate bent, and no new revolution, of importance, is to be looked for. The imprisoned Chrysalis is now a winged Psyche: and such, wheresoever be its flight, it will continue. To trace by what com-

plex gyrations (flights or involuntary waftings) through the mere external Life-element, Teufelsdröckh reaches his University Professorship, and the Psyche clothes herself in civic Titles, without altering her now fixed nature,—would be comparatively an unproductive task, were we even unsuspicious of its being, for us at least, a false and impossible one. His outward Biography, therefore, which, at the Blumine Lover's-Leap, we saw churned utterly into spray-vapour, may hover in that condition, for aught that concerns us here. Enough that by survey of certain 'pools and plashes,' we have ascertained its general direction; do we not already know that, by one way and other, it *has* long since rained-down again into a stream; and even now, at Weissnichtwo, flows deep and still, fraught with the *Philosophy of Clothes*, and visible to whoso will cast eye thereon? Over much invaluable matter, that lies scattered, like jewels among quarry-rubbish, in those Paper-catacombs, we may have occasion to glance back, and somewhat will demand insertion at the right place: meanwhile be our tiresome diggings therein suspended.

If now, before reopening the great *Clothes-Volume*, we ask what our degree of progress, during these Ten Chapters, has been, towards right understanding of the *Clothes-Philosophy*, let not our discouragement become total. To speak in that old figure of the Hell-gate Bridge over Chaos, a few flying pontoons have perhaps been added, though as yet they drift straggling on the Flood; how far they will reach, when once the chains are straightened and fastened, can, at present, only be matter of conjecture.

So much we already calculate: Through many

a little loophole, we have had glimpses into the internal world of Teufelsdröckh; his strange mystic, almost magic Diagram of the Universe, and how it was gradually drawn, is not henceforth altogether dark to us. Those mysterious ideas on TIME, which merit consideration, and are not wholly unintelligible with such, may by and by prove significant. Still more may his somewhat peculiar view of Nature, the decisive Oneness he ascribes to Nature. How all Nature and Life are but one *Garment*, a 'Living Garment,' woven and ever aweaving in the 'Loom of Time'; is not here, indeed, the outline of a whole *Clothes-Philosophy*; at least the arena it is to work in? Remark, too, that the Character of the Man, nowise without meaning in such a matter, becomes less enigmatic: amid so much tumultuous obscurity, almost like diluted madness, do not a certain indomitable Defiance and yet a boundless Reverence seem to loom forth, as the two mountain-summits, on whose rock-strata all the rest were based and built?

Nay further, may we not say that Teufelsdröckh's Biography, allowing it even, as suspected, only a hieroglyphical truth, exhibits a man, as it were preappointed for Clothes-Philosophy? To look through the Shows of things into Things themselves he is led and compelled. The 'Passivity' given him by birth is fostered by all turns of his fortune. Everywhere cast out, like oil out of water, from mingling in any Employment, in any public Communion, he has no portion but Solitude, and a life of Meditation. The whole energy of his existence is directed, through long years, on one task: that of enduring pain, if he cannot cure it. Thus everywhere do the Shows of things oppress him, withstand him,

threaten him with fearfullest destruction: only by victoriously penetrating into Things themselves can he find peace and a stronghold. But is not this same looking-through the Shows, or Vestures, into the Things, even the first preliminary to a *Philosophy of Clothes?* Do we not, in all this, discern some beckonings towards the true higher purport of such a Philosophy; and what shape it must assume with such a man, in such an era?

Perhaps in entering on Book Third, the courteous Reader is not utterly without guess whither he is bound: nor, let us hope, for all the fantastic Dream-Grottoes through which, as is our lot with Teufelsdröckh, he must wander, will there be wanting between whiles some twinkling of a steady Polar Star.

BOOK THIRD.

CHAPTER I

INCIDENT IN MODERN HISTORY.

As a wonder-loving and wonder-seeking man, Teufelsdröckh, from an early part of this Clothes-Volume, has more and more exhibited himself. Striking it was, amid all his perverse cloudiness, with what force of vision and of heart he pierced into the mystery of the World; recognising in the highest sensible phenomena, so far as Sense went, only fresh or faded Raiment; yet ever, under this, a celestial Essence thereby rendered visible: and while, on the one hand, he trod the old rags of Matter, with their tinsels, into the mire, he on the other everywhere exalted Spirit above all earthly principalities and powers, and worshipped it, though under the meanest shapes, with a true Platonic mysticism. What the man ultimately purposed by thus casting his Greek-fire into the general Wardrobe of the Universe; what such, more or less complete, rending and burning of Garments throughout the whole compass of Civilised Life and Speculation, should lead to; the rather as he was no Adamite, in any sense, and could not, like Rousseau, recommend either bodily or intellectual Nudity, and a return to the savage state: all this our readers are now bent

to discover; this is, in fact, properly the gist and purport of Professor Teufelsdröckh's Philosophy of Clothes.

Be it remembered, however, that such purport is here not so much evolved, as detected to lie ready for evolving. We are to guide our British Friends into the new Gold-country, and show them the mines; nowise to dig-out and exhaust its wealth, which indeed remains for all time inexhaustible. Once there, let each dig for his own behoof, and enrich himself.

Neither, in so capricious inexpressible a Work as this of the Professor's, can our course now more than formerly be straightforward, step by step, but at best leap by leap. Significant Indications stand-out here and there; which for the critical eye, that looks both widely and narrowly, shape themselves into some ground-scheme of a Whole: to select these with judgment, so that a leap from one to the other be possible, and (in our old figure) by chaining them together, a passable Bridge be effected: this, as heretofore, continues our only method. Among such light-spots, the following, floating in much wild matter about *Perfectibility*, has seemed worth clutching at:

'Perhaps the most remarkable incident in Modern 'History,' says Teufelsdröckh, 'is not the Diet of 'Worms, still less the Battle of Austerlitz, Waterloo, 'Peterloo, or any other Battle; but an incident 'passed carelessly over by most Historians, and 'treated with some degree of ridicule by others: 'namely, George Fox's making to himself a suit of 'Leather. This man, the first of the Quakers, and 'by trade a Shoemaker, was one of those, to whom, 'under ruder or purer form, the Divine Idea of the 'Universe is pleased to manifest itself; and, across

'all the hulls of Ignorance and earthly Degrada-
'tion, shine through, in unspeakable Awfulness,
'unspeakable Beauty, on their souls: who there-
'fore are rightly accounted Prophets, God-pos-
'sessed; or even Gods, as in some periods it has
'chanced. Sitting in his stall; working on tanned
'hides, amid pincers, paste-horns, rosin, swine-
'bristles, and a nameless flood of rubbish, this
'youth had, nevertheless, a Living Spirit belong-
'ing to him; also an antique Inspired Volume,
'through which, as through a window, it could
'look upwards, and discern its celestial Home.
'The task of a daily pair of shoes, coupled even
'with some prospect of victuals, and an honour-
'able Mastership in Cordwainery, and perhaps the
'post of Thirdborough in his hundred, as the
'crown of long faithful sewing,—was nowise satis-
'faction enough to such a mind: but ever amid
'the boring and hammering came tones from that
'far country, came Splendours and Terrors; for
'this poor Cordwainer, as we said, was a Man;
'and the Temple of Immensity, wherein as Man
'he had been sent to minister, was full of holy
'mystery to him.

'The Clergy of the neighbourhood, the ordained
'Watchers and Interpreters of that same holy
'mystery, listened with unaffected tedium to his
'consultations, and advised him, as the solution
'of such doubts, to "drink beer and dance with
'the girls." Blind leaders of the blind! For
'what end were their tithes levied and eaten;
'for what were their shovel-hats scooped-out, and
'their surplices and cassock-aprons girt-on; and
'such a church-repairing, and chaffering, and
'organing, and other racketing, held over that
'spot of God's Earth,—if Man were but a Patent

'Digester, and the Belly with its adjuncts the 'grand Reality? Fox turned from them, with 'tears and a sacred scorn, back to his Leather- 'parings and his Bible. Mountains of encum- 'brance, higher than Ætna, had been heaped over 'that Spirit: but it was a Spirit, and would not 'lie buried there. Through long days and nights 'of silent agony, it struggled and wrestled, with a 'man's force, to be free: how its prison-mountains 'heaved and swayed tumultuously, as the giant 'spirit shook them to this hand and that, and 'emerged into the light of Heaven! That Leices- 'ter shoe-shop, had men known it, was a 'holier place than any Vatican or Loretto-shrine. '—"So bandaged, and hampered, and hemmed 'in," groaned he, "with thousand requisitions, 'obligations, straps, tatters, and tagrags, I can 'neither see nor move: not my own am I, but 'the World's; and Time flies fast, and Heaven 'is high; and Hell is deep: Man! bethink thee, 'if thou hast power of Thought! Why not; what 'binds me here? Want, want!—Ha, of what? 'Will all the shoe-wages under the Moon ferry me 'across into that far Land of Light? Only Medi- 'tation can, and devout Prayer to God. I will to 'the woods: the hollow of a tree will lodge me, 'wild-berries feed me; and for Clothes, cannot I 'stitch myself one perennial suit of Leather!"

'Historical Oil-painting,' continues Teufelsdröckh, 'is one of the Arts I never practised; therefore 'shall I not decide whether this subject were easy 'of execution on the canvas. Yet often has it 'seemed to me as if such first outflashing of man's 'Freewill, to lighten, more and more into Day, the 'Chaotic Night that threatened to engulf him in its 'hindrances and its horrors, were properly the only

'grandeur there is in History. Let some living 'Angelo or Rosa, with seeing eye and understanding 'ing heart, picture George Fox on that morning, 'when he spreads-out his cutting-board for the last 'time, and cuts cowhides by unwonted patterns, 'and stitches them together into one continuous 'all-including Case, the farewell service of his awl! 'Stitch away, thou noble Fox: every prick of 'that little instrument is pricking into the heart of 'Slavery, and World-worship, and the Mammon-'god. Thy elbows jerk, as in strong swimmer-'strokes, and every stroke is bearing thee across 'the Prison-ditch, within which Vanity holds 'her Workhouse and Ragfair, into lands of true 'Liberty; were the work done, there is in broad 'Europe one Free Man, and thou art he!

'Thus from the lowest depth there is a path to 'the loftiest height; and for the Poor also a Gospel 'has been published. Surely if, as D'Alembert 'asserts, my illustrious namesake, Diogenes, was 'the greatest man of Antiquity, only that he 'wanted Decency, then by stronger reason is 'George Fox the greatest of the Moderns, and 'greater than Diogenes himself: for he too stands 'on the adamantine basis of his Manhood, cast-'ing aside all props and shoars; yet not, in half-'savage Pride, undervaluing the Earth; valuing it 'rather, as a place to yield him warmth and food, 'he looks Heavenward from his Earth, and dwells 'in an element of Mercy and Worship, with a still 'Strength, such as the Cynic's Tub did nowise 'witness. Great, truly, was that Tub; a temple 'from which man's dignity and divinity was scorn-'fully preached abroad: but greater is the Leather 'Hull, for the same sermon was preached there, 'and not in Scorn but in Love.'

George Fox's 'perennial suit,' with all that it held, has been worn quite into ashes for nigh two centuries: why, in a discussion on the *Perfectibility of Society*, reproduce it now? Not out of blind sectarian partisanship: Teufelsdröckh himself is no Quaker; with all his pacific tendencies, did not we see him, in that scene at the North Cape, with the Archangel Smuggler, exhibit fire-arms?

For us, aware of his deep Sansculottism, there is more meant in this passage than meets the ear. At the same time, who can avoid smiling at the earnestness and Bœotian simplicity (if indeed there be not an underhand satire in it), with which that 'Incident' is here brought forward; and, in the Professor's ambiguous way, as clearly perhaps as he durst in Weissnichtwo, recommended to imitation! Does Teufelsdröckh anticipate that, in this age of refinement, any considerable class of the community, by way of testifying against the 'Mammon-god,' and escaping from what he calls 'Vanity's Workhouse and Ragfair,' where doubtless some of them are toiled and whipped and hoodwinked sufficiently, —will sheathe themselves in close-fitting cases of Leather? The idea is ridiculous in the extreme. Will Majesty lay aside its robes of state, and Beauty its frills and train-gowns, for a second-skin of tanned hide? By which change Huddersfield and Manchester, and Coventry and Paisley, and the Fancy-Bazaar, were reduced to hungry solitudes; and only Day and Martin could profit. For neither would Teufelsdröckh's mad daydream, here as we presume covertly intended, of levelling Society (*levelling* it indeed with a vengeance, into one huge drowned marsh!), and so attaining the political effects of Nudity without its frigorific or other consequences,—be thereby realised. Would

not the rich man purchase a waterproof suit of Russia Leather; and the high-born Belle step-forth in red or azure morocco, lined with shamoy: the black cowhide being left to the Drudges and Gibeonites of the world; and so all the old Distinctions be reëstablished?

Or has the Professor his own deeper intention; and laughs in his sleeve at our strictures and glosses, which indeed are but a part thereof?

CHAPTER II.

CHURCH-CLOTHES.

NOT less questionable is his Chapter on *Church-Clothes*, which has the farther distinction of being the shortest in the Volume. We here translate it entire:

'By Church-Clothes, it need not be premised 'that I mean infinitely more than Cassocks and 'Surplices; and do not at all mean the mere 'haberdasher Sunday Clothes that men go to 'Church in. Far from it! Church-Clothes are, 'in our vocabulary, the Forms, the *Vestures*, under 'which men have at various periods embodied and 'represented for themselves the Religious Principle; 'that is to say, invested the Divine Idea of the 'World with a sensible and practically active Body, 'so that it might dwell among them as a living and 'life-giving WORD.

'These are unspeakably the most important of 'all the vestures and garnitures of Human Exist-'ence. They are first spun and woven, I may say, 'by that wonder of wonders, SOCIETY; for it is

'still only when "two or three are gathered together," that Religion, spiritually existent, and 'indeed indestructible, however latent, in each, 'first outwardly manifests itself (as with "cloven 'tongues of fire"), and seeks to be embodied in a 'visible Communion and Church Militant. Mystical, more than magical, is that Communing of 'Soul with Soul, both looking heavenward: here 'properly Soul first speaks with Soul; for only in 'looking heavenward, take it in what sense you 'may, not in looking earthward, does what we can 'call Union, mutual Love, Society, begin to be 'possible. How true is that of Novalis: "It is 'certain, my Belief gains quite *infinitely* the 'moment I can convince another mind thereof"! 'Gaze thou in the face of thy Brother, in those 'eyes where plays the lambent fire of Kindness, 'or in those where rages the lurid conflagration 'of Anger; feel how thy own so quiet Soul is 'straightway involuntarily kindled with the like, 'and ye blaze and reverberate on each other, till 'it is all one limitless confluent flame (of embracing 'Love, or of deadly-grappling Hate); and then say 'what miraculous virtue goes out of man into man. 'But if so, through all the thick-plied hulls of our 'Earthly Life; how much more when it is of the 'Divine Life we speak, and inmost ME is, as it 'were, brought into contact with inmost ME!

'Thus was it that I said, the Church-Clothes 'are first spun and woven by Society; outward 'Religion originates by Society, Society becomes 'possible by Religion. Nay, perhaps, every con-'ceivable Society, past and present, may well be 'figured as properly and wholly a Church, in one 'or other of these three predicaments: an audibly 'preaching and prophesying Church, which is the

'best; second, a Church that struggles to preach 'and prophesy, but cannot as yet, till its Pentecost 'come; and third and worst, a Church gone dumb 'with old age, or which only mumbles delirium 'prior to dissolution. Whoso fancies that by 'Church is here meant Chapterhouses and Cathe-'drals, or by preaching and prophesying, mere 'speech and chanting, let him,' says the oracular Professor, 'read on, light of heart (*getrosten 'Muthes*).

'But with regard to your Church proper, and the 'Church-Clothes specially recognised as Church-'Clothes, I remark, fearlessly enough, that without 'such Vestures and sacred Tissues Society has not 'existed, and will not exist. For if Government 'is, so to speak, the outward SKIN of the Body 'Politic, holding the whole together and protect-'ing it; and all your Craft-Guilds, and Associa-'tions for Industry, of hand or of head, are the 'Fleshly Clothes, the muscular and osseous Tissues '(lying *under* such SKIN), whereby Society stands 'and works;—then is Religion the inmost Peri-'cardial and Nervous Tissue, which ministers Life 'and warm Circulation to the whole. Without 'which Pericardial Tissue the Bones and Muscles '(of Industry) were inert, or animated only by a 'Galvanic vitality; the SKIN would become a 'shrivelled pelt, or fast-rotting raw-hide; and 'Society itself a dead carcass,—deserving to be 'buried. Men were no longer Social, but Gre-'garious; which latter state also could not con-'tinue, but must gradually issue in universal selfish 'discord, hatred, savage isolation, and dispersion; '—whereby, as we might continue to say, the very 'dust and dead body of Society would have evap-'orated and become abolished. Such, and so all-

'important, all-sustaining, are the Church-Clothes 'to civilised or even to rational men.

'Meanwhile, in our era of the World, those 'same Church-Clothes have gone sorrowfully out-'at-elbows: nay, far worse, many of them have 'become mere hollow Shapes, or Masks, under 'which no living Figure or Spirit any longer 'dwells; but only spiders and unclean beetles, in 'horrid accumulation, drive their trade; and the 'mask still glares on you with its glass-eyes, in 'ghastly affectation of Life,—some generation-and-'half after Religion has quite withdrawn from it, 'and in unnoticed nooks is weaving for herself new 'Vestures, wherewith to reappear, and bless us, or 'our sons or grandsons. As a Priest, or Interpreter 'of the Holy, is the noblest and highest of all 'men, so is a Sham-priest (*Schein-priester*) the 'falsest and basest; neither is it doubtful that 'his Canonicals, were they Popes' Tiaras, will 'one day be torn from him, to make bandages 'for the wounds of mankind; or even to burn 'into tinder, for general scientific or culinary 'purposes.

'All which, as out of place here, falls to be 'handled in my Second Volume, *On the Palin-'genesia, or Newbirth of Society;* which volume, 'as treating practically of the Wear, Destruction, 'and Retexture of Spiritual Tissues, or Garments, 'forms, properly speaking, the Transcendental or 'ultimate Portion of this my work *on Clothes,* and 'is already in a state of forwardness.'

And herewith, no further exposition, note, or commentary being added, does Teufelsdröckh, and must his Editor now, terminate the singular chapter on Church-Clothes!

CHAPTER III.

SYMBOLS.

PROBABLY it will elucidate the drift of these foregoing obscure utterances, if we here insert somewhat of our Professor's speculations on *Symbols*. To state his whole doctrine, indeed, were beyond our compass: nowhere is he more mysterious, impalpable, than in this of 'Fantasy being the organ 'of the God-like'; and how 'Man thereby, though 'based, to all seeming, on the small Visible, does 'nevertheless extend down into the infinite deeps 'of the Invisible, of which Invisible, indeed, his 'Life is properly the bodying forth.' Let us, omitting these high transcendental aspects of the matter, study to glean (whether from the Paper-bags or the Printed Volume) what little seems logical and practical, and cunningly arrange it into such degree of coherence as it will assume. By way of proem, take the following not injudicious remarks:

'The benignant efficacies of Concealment,' cries our Professor, 'who shall speak or sing? SILENCE 'and SECRECY! Altars might still be raised to them '(were this an altar-building time) for universal 'worship. Silence is the element in which great 'things fashion themselves together; that at length 'they may emerge, full-formed and majestic, into 'the daylight of Life, which they are thenceforth to 'rule. Not William the Silent only, but all the 'considerable men I have known, and the most 'undiplomatic and unstrategic of these, forbore to 'babble of what they were creating and projecting. 'Nay, in thy own mean perplexities, do thou thy-'self but *hold thy tongue for one day*: on the

'morrow, how much clearer are thy purposes and 'duties; what wreck and rubbish have those mute 'workmen within thee swept away, when intrusive 'noises were shut out! Speech is too often not, 'as the Frenchman defined it, the art of conceal- 'ing Thought; but of quite stifling and suspend- 'ing Thought, so that there is none to conceal. 'Speech too is great, but not the greatest. As 'the Swiss Inscription says: *Sprechen ist silbern, 'Schweigen ist golden* (Speech is silvern, Silence is 'golden); or as I might rather express it: Speech 'is of Time, Silence is of Eternity.

'Bees will not work except in darkness; Thought 'will not work except in Silence: neither will 'Virtue work except in Secrecy. Let not thy left 'hand know what thy right hand doeth! Neither 'shalt thou prate even to thy own heart of "those 'secrets known to all." Is not Shame (*Schaam*) 'the soil of all Virtue, of all good manners and 'good morals? Like other plants, Virtue will not 'grow unless its root be hidden, buried from the 'eye of the sun. Let the sun shine on it, nay do 'but look at it privily thyself, the root withers, 'and no flower will glad thee. O my Friends, 'when we view the fair clustering flowers that 'overwreathe, for example, the Marriage-bower, 'and encircle man's life with the fragrance and 'hues of Heaven, what hand will not smite the 'foul plunderer that grubs them up by the roots, 'and with grinning, grunting satisfaction, shows 'us the dung they flourish in! Men speak much 'of the Printing-Press with its Newspapers: *du 'Himmel!* what are these to Clothes and the 'Tailor's Goose?'

'Of kin to the so incalculable influences of Con- 'cealment, and connected with still greater things,

'is the wondrous agency of *Symbols*. In a Symbol 'there is concealment and yet revelation: here 'therefore, by Silence and by Speech acting to-'gether, comes a double significance. And if both 'the Speech be itself high, and the Silence fit and 'noble, how expressive will their union be! Thus 'in many a painted Device, or simple Seal-emblem, 'the commonest Truth stands out to us proclaimed 'with quite new emphasis.

'For it is here that Fantasy with her mystic 'wonderland plays into the small prose domain of 'Sense, and becomes incorporated therewith. In 'the Symbol proper, what we can call a Symbol, 'there is ever, more or less distinctly and directly, 'some embodiment and revelation of the Infinite; 'the Infinite is made to blend itself with the Finite, 'to stand visible, and as it were, attainable there. 'By Symbols, accordingly, is man guided and com-'manded, made happy, made wretched. He every-'where finds himself encompassed with Symbols, 'recognised as such or not recognised: the Universe 'is but one vast Symbol of God; nay if thou wilt 'have it, what is man himself but a Symbol of 'God; is not all that he does symbolical; a revela-'tion to Sense of the mystic god-given force that is 'in him; a "Gospel of Freedom," which he, the '"Messias of Nature," preaches, as he can, by act 'and word? Not a Hut he builds but is the visible 'embodiment of a Thought; but bears visible record 'of invisible things; but is, in the transcendental 'sense, symbolical as well as real.'

'Man,' says the Professor elsewhere, in quite antipodal contrast with these high-soaring delineations, which we have here cut-short on the verge of the inane, 'Man is by birth somewhat 'of an owl. Perhaps, too, of all the owleries that,

'ever possessed him, the most owlish, if we consider it, is that of your actually existing Motive-Millwrights. Fantastic tricks enough man has played, in his time; has fancied himself to be most things, down even to an animated heap of Glass: but to fancy himself a dead Iron-Balance for weighing Pains and Pleasures on, was reserved for this his latter era. There stands he, his Universe one huge Manger, filled with hay and thistles to be weighed against each other; and looks long-eared enough. Alas, poor devil! spectres are appointed to haunt him: one age he is hagridden, bewitched; the next, priestridden, befooled; in all ages, bedevilled. And now the Genius of Mechanism smothers him worse than any Nightmare did; till the Soul is nigh choked out of him, and only a kind of Digestive, Mechanic life remains. In Earth and in Heaven he can see nothing but Mechanism; has fear for nothing else, hope in nothing else: the world would indeed grind him to pieces; but cannot he fathom the Doctrine of Motives, and cunningly compute these, and mechanise them to grind the other way?

'Were he not, as has been said, purblinded by enchantment, you had but to bid him open his eyes and look. In which country, in which time, was it hitherto that man's history, or the history of any man, went-on by calculated or calculable "Motives"? What make ye of your Christianities, and Chivalries, and Reformations, and Marseillese Hymns, and Reigns of Terror? Nay, has not perhaps the Motive-grinder himself been *in Love?* Did he never stand so much as a contested Election? Leave him to Time, and the medicating virtue of Nature.'

'Yes, Friends,' elsewhere observes the Professor, 'not our Logical, Mensurative faculty, but our 'Imaginative one is King over us; I might say, 'Priest and Prophet to lead us heavenward; or 'Magician and Wizard to lead us hellward. Nay, 'even for the basest Sensualist, what is Sense but 'the implement of Fantasy; the vessel it drinks 'out of? Ever in the dullest existence there is a 'sheen either of Inspiration or of Madness (thou 'partly hast it in thy choice, which of the two), 'that gleams-in from the circumambient Eternity, 'and colours with its own hues our little islet of 'Time. The Understanding is indeed thy window, 'too clear thou canst not make it; but Fantasy is 'thy eye, with its colour-giving retina, healthy or 'diseased. Have not I myself known five-hundred 'living soldiers sabred into crows'-meat for a piece 'of glazed cotton, which they called their Flag; 'which, had you sold it at any market-cross, 'would not have brought above three groschen? 'Did not the whole Hungarian Nation rise, like 'some tumultuous moon-stirred Atlantic, when 'Kaiser Joseph pocketed their Iron Crown; an 'implement, as was sagaciously observed, in size 'and commercial value little differing from a horse-'shoe? It is in and through *Symbols* that man, 'consciously or unconsciously, lives, works, and has 'his being: those ages, moreover, are accounted the 'noblest which can the best recognise symbolical 'worth, and prize it the highest. For is not a 'Symbol ever, to him who has eyes for it, some 'dimmer or clearer revelation of the Godlike?

'Of Symbols, however, I remark farther, that 'they have both an extrinsic and intrinsic value; 'oftenest the former only. What, for instance, 'was in that clouted Shoe, which the Peasants

'bore aloft with them as ensign in their *Bauern-*
'*krieg* (Peasants' War)? Or in the Wallet-and-
'staff round which the Netherland *Gueux*, glory-
'ing in that nickname of Beggars, heroically rallied
'and prevailed, though against King Philip him-
'self? Intrinsic significance these had none: only
'extrinsic; as the accidental Standards of multi-
'tudes more or less sacredly uniting together; in
'which union itself, as above noted, there is ever
'something mystical and borrowing of the Godlike.
'Under a like category, too, stand, or stood, the
'stupidest heraldic-Coats-of-arms; military Banners
'everywhere; and generally all national or other
'sectarian Costumes and Customs: they have no
'intrinsic, necessary divineness, or even worth;
'but have acquired an extrinsic one. Nevertheless
'through all these there glimmers something of a
'Divine Idea; as through military Banners them-
'selves, the Divine Idea of Duty, of heroic Daring;
'in some instances of Freedom, of Right. Nay the
'highest ensign that men ever met and embraced
'under, the Cross itself, had no meaning save an
'accidental extrinsic one.

'Another matter it is, however, when your
'Symbol has intrinsic meaning, and is of itself
'*fit* that men should unite round it. Let but the
'Godlike manifest itself to Sense; let but Eternity
'look, more or less visibly, through the Time-
'Figure (*Zeitbild*)! Then is it fit that men unite
'there; and worship together before such Symbol;
'and so from day to day, and from age to age,
'superadd to it new divineness.

'Of this latter sort are all true Works of Art: in
'them (if thou know a Work of Art from a Daub
'of Artifice) wilt thou discern Eternity looking
'through Time; the Godlike rendered visible.

'Here too may an extrinsic value gradually super-
'add itself: thus certain *Iliads*, and the like, have,
'in three-thousand years, attained quite new signi-
'ficance. But nobler than all in this kind are the
'Lives of heroic god-inspired Men; for what other
'Work of Art is so divine? In Death too, in the
'Death of the Just, as the last perfection of a
'Work of Art, may we not discern symbolic mean-
'ing? In that divinely transfigured Sleep, as of
'Victory, resting over the beloved face which
'now knows thee no more, read (if thou canst
'for tears) the confluence of Time with Eternity,
'and some gleam of the latter peering through.

'Highest of all Symbols are those wherein the
'Artist or Poet has risen into Prophet, and all
'men can recognise a present God, and worship
'the same: I mean religious Symbols. Various
'enough have been such religious Symbols, what
'we call *Religions;* as men stood in this stage of
'culture or the other, and could worse or better
'body-forth the Godlike: some Symbols with a
'transient intrinsic worth; many with only an
'extrinsic. If thou ask to what height man has
'carried it in this manner, look on our divinest
'Symbol: on Jesus of Nazareth, and his Life,
'and his Biography, and what followed therefrom.
'Higher has the human Thought not yet reached:
'this is Christianity and Christendom; a Symbol
'of quite perennial, infinite character; whose signi-
'ficance will ever demand to be anew inquired into,
'and anew made manifest.

'But, on the whole, as Time adds much to the
'sacredness of Symbols, so likewise in his progress
'he at length defaces, or even desecrates them;
'and Symbols, like all terrestrial Garments, wax
'old. Homer's Epos has not ceased to be true;

'yet it is no longer *our* Epos, but shines in the 'distance, if clearer and clearer, yet also smaller 'and smaller, like a receding Star. It needs a 'scientific. telescope, it needs to be reinterpreted 'and artificially brought near us, before we can 'so much as know that it *was* a Sun. So like-'wise a day comes when the Runic Thor, with his 'Eddas, must withdraw into dimness; and many 'an African Mumbo-Jumbo and Indian Pawaw be 'utterly abolished. For all things, even Celestial 'Luminaries, much more atmospheric meteors, have 'their rise, their culmination, their decline.'

'Small is this which thou tellest me, that the 'Royal Sceptre is but a piece of gilt-wood; that 'the Pyx has become a most foolish box, and 'truly, as Ancient Pistol thought, "of little price." 'A right Conjuror might I name thee, couldst thou 'conjure back into these wooden tools the divine 'virtue they once held.'

'Of this thing, however, be certain: wouldst 'thou plant for Eternity, then plant into the deep 'infinite faculties of man, his Fantasy and Heart; 'wouldst thou plant for Year and Day, then plant 'into his shallow superficial faculties, his Self-love 'and Arithmetical Understanding, what will grow 'there. A Hierarch, therefore, and Pontiff of the 'World will we call him, the Poet and inspired 'Maker; who, Prometheus-like, can shape new 'Symbols, and bring new Fire from Heaven to 'fix it there. Such too will not always be want-'ing; neither perhaps now are. Meanwhile, as the 'average of matters goes, we account him Legislator 'and wise who can so much as tell when a Symbol 'has grown old, and gently remove it.

'When, as the last English Coronation[1] was

[1] That of George IV.—ED.

'preparing,' concludes this wonderful Professor, 'I read in their Newspapers that the "Champion 'of England," he who has to offer battle to the 'Universe for his new King, had brought it so far 'that he could now "mount his horse with little 'assistance," I said to myself: Here also we have 'a Symbol well-nigh superannuated. Alas, move 'whithersoever you may, are not the tatters and 'rags of superannuated worn-out Symbols (in this 'Ragfair of a World) dropping off everywhere, to 'hoodwink, to halter, to tether you; nay, if you 'shake them not aside, threatening to accumulate, 'and perhaps produce suffocation?'

CHAPTER IV.

HELOTAGE.

At this point we determine on adverting shortly, or rather reverting, to a certain Tract of Hofrath Heuschrecke's, entitled *Institute for the Repression of Population;* which lies, dishonourably enough (with torn leaves, and a perceptible smell of aloetic drugs), stuffed into the Bag *Pisces.* Not indeed for the sake of the Tract itself, which we admire little; but of the marginal Notes, evidently in Teufelsdröckh's hand, which rather copiously fringe it. A few of these may be in their right place here.

Into the Hofrath's *Institute,* with its extraordinary schemes, and machinery of Corresponding Boards and the like, we shall not so much as glance. Enough for us to understand that Heuschrecke is a disciple of Malthus; and so zealous for the

doctrine, that his zeal almost literally eats him up. A deadly fear of Population possesses the Hofrath; something like a fixed-idea; undoubtedly akin to the more diluted forms of Madness. Nowhere, in that quarter of his intellectual world, is there light; nothing but a grim shadow of Hunger; open mouths opening wider and wider; a world to terminate by the frightfullest consummation: by its too dense inhabitants, famished into delirium, universally eating one another. To make air for himself in which strangulation, choking enough to a benevolent heart, the Hofrath founds, or proposes to found, this *Institute* of his, as the best he can do. It is only with our Professor's comments thereon that we concern ourselves.

First, then, remark that Teufelsdröckh, as a speculative Radical, has his own notions about human dignity; that the Zähdarm palaces and courtesies have not made him forgetful of the Futteral cottages. On the blank cover of Heuschrecke's Tract we find the following indistinctly engrossed:

'Two men I honour, and no third. First, the 'toilworn Craftsman that with earth-made Imple- 'ment laboriously conquers the Earth, and makes 'her man's. Venerable to me is the hard Hand; 'crooked, coarse; wherein notwithstanding lies a 'cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the 'Sceptre of this Planet. Venerable too is the 'rugged face, all weather-tanned, besoiled, with 'its rude intelligence; for it is the face of a Man 'living manlike. O, but the more venerable for 'thy rudeness, and even because we must pity as 'well as love thee! Hardly-entreated Brother! 'For us was thy back so bent, for us were thy 'straight limbs and fingers so deformed: thou

'wert our Conscript, on whom the lot fell, and 'fighting our battles wert so marred. For in thee 'too lay a god-created Form, but it was not to be 'unfolded; encrusted must it stand with the thick 'adhesions and defacements of Labour: and thy 'body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom. 'Yet toil on, toil on: *thou* art in thy duty, be out 'of it who may; thou toilest for the altogether 'indispensable, for daily bread.

'A second man I honour, and still more highly: 'Him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indis-'pensable; not daily bread, but the bread of Life. 'Is not he too in his duty; endeavouring towards 'inward Harmony; revealing this, by act or by 'word, through all his outward endeavours, be 'they high or low? Highest of all, when his out-'ward and his inward endeavour are one: when 'we can name him Artist; not earthly Craftsman 'only, but inspired Thinker, who with heaven-'made Implement conquers Heaven for us! If 'the poor and humble toil that we have Food, 'must not the high and glorious toil for him in 'return, that he have Light, have Guidance, 'Freedom, Immortality?—These two, in all their 'degrees, I honour: all else is chaff and dust, 'which let the wind blow whither it listeth.

'Unspeakably touching is it, however, when I 'find both dignities united; and he that must toil 'outwardly for the lowest of man's wants, is also 'toiling inwardly for the highest. Sublimer in this 'world know I nothing than a Peasant Saint, could 'such now anywhere be met with. Such a one 'will take thee back to Nazareth itself; thou wilt 'see the splendour of Heaven spring forth from the 'humblest depths of Earth, like a light shining in 'great darkness.' ..

And again: 'It is not because of his toils that I 'lament for the poor: we must all toil, or steal '(howsoever we name our stealing), which is worse; 'no faithful workman finds his task a pastime. The 'poor is hungry and athirst; but for him also there 'is food and drink: he is heavy-laden and weary; 'but for him also the Heavens send Sleep, and of 'the deepest; in his smoky cribs, a clear dewy 'heaven of Rest envelops him, and fitful glitter-'ings of cloud-skirted Dreams. But what I do 'mourn over is, that the lamp of his soul should 'go out; that no ray of heavenly, or even of 'earthly knowledge, should visit him; but only, 'in the haggard darkness, like two spectres, Fear 'and Indignation bear him company. Alas, while 'the Body stands so broad and brawny, must the 'Soul lie blinded, dwarfed, stupefied, almost anni-'hilated! Alas, was this too a Breath of God; 'bestowed in Heaven, but on earth never to be 'unfolded!—That there should one Man die 'ignorant who had capacity for Knowledge, this 'I call a tragedy, were it to happen more than 'twenty times in the minute, as by some com-'putations it does. The miserable fraction of 'Science which our united Mankind, in a wide 'Universe of Nescience, has acquired, why is not 'this, with all diligence, imparted to all?'

Quite in an opposite strain is the following: 'The old Spartans had a wiser method; and went 'out and hunted-down their Helots, and speared 'and spitted them, when they grew too numerous. 'With our improved fashions of hunting, Herr 'Hofrath, now after the invention of fire-arms, 'and standing-armies, how much easier were such 'a hunt! Perhaps in the most thickly-peopled 'country, some three days annually might suffice

'to shoot all the able-bodied Paupers that had 'accumulated within the year. Let Governments 'think of this. The expense were trifling: nay the 'very carcasses would pay it. Have them salted 'and barrelled; could not you victual therewith, 'if not Army and Navy, yet richly such infirm 'Paupers, in workhouses and elsewhere, as en-'lightened Charity, dreading no evil of them, 'might see good to keep alive?'

'And yet,' writes he farther on, 'there must be 'something wrong. A full-formed Horse will, in 'any market, bring from twenty to as high as two-'hundred Friedrichs d'or: such is his worth to the 'world. A full-formed Man is not only worth 'nothing to the world, but the world could afford 'him a round sum would he simply engage to go 'and hang himself. Nevertheless, which of the 'two was the more cunningly-devised article, 'even as an Engine? Good Heavens! A white 'European Man, standing on his two Legs, with 'his two five-fingered Hands at his shackle-bones, 'and miraculous Head on his shoulders, is worth, 'I should say, from fifty to a hundred Horses!'

'True, thou Gold-Hofrath,' cries the Professor 'elsewhere: too crowded indeed! Meanwhile, 'what portion of this inconsiderable terraqueous 'Globe have ye actually tilled and delved, till it 'will grow no more? How thick stands your 'Population in the Pampas and Savannas of 'America; round ancient Carthage, and in the 'interior of Africa; on both slopes of the Altaic 'chain, in the central Platform of Asia; in Spain, 'Greece, Turkey, Crim Tartary, the Curragh of 'Kildare? One man, in one year, as I have 'understood it, if you lend him Earth, will feed 'himself and nine others. Alas, where now are

'the Hengsts and Alarics of our still-glowing, still-'expanding Europe; who, when their home is 'grown too narrow, will enlist, and, like Fire-'pillars, guide onwards those superfluous masses of 'indomitable living Valour; equipped, not now 'with the battle-axe and war-chariot, but with 'the steam-engine and ploughshare? Where are 'they?—Preserving their Game!'

CHAPTER V.

THE PHŒNIX.

PUTTING which four singular Chapters together, and alongside of them numerous hints, and even direct utterances, scattered over these Writings of his, we come upon the startling yet not quite unlooked-for conclusion, that Teufelsdröckh is one of those who consider Society, properly so called, to be as good as extinct; and that only the gregarious feelings, and old inherited habitudes, at this juncture, hold us from Dispersion, and universal national, civil, domestic and personal war! He says expressly: 'For the last three centuries, above 'all for the last three quarters of a century, that 'same Pericardial Nervous Tissue (as we named it) 'of Religion, where lies the Life-essence of Society, 'has been smote-at and perforated, needfully and 'needlessly; till now it is quite rent into shreds; 'and Society, long pining, diabetic, consumptive, 'can be regarded as defunct; for those spasmodic, 'galvanic sprawlings are not life; neither indeed 'will they endure, galvanise as you may, beyond 'two days.'

'Call ye that a Society,' cries he again, 'where 'there is no longer any Social Idea extant; not so 'much as the Idea of a common Home; but only of 'a common over-crowded Lodging-house? Where 'each, isolated, regardless of his neighbour, turned 'against his neighbour, clutches what he can get, 'and cries "Mine!" and calls it Peace, because, in 'the cut-purse and cut-throat Scramble, no steel 'knives, but only a far cunninger sort, can be 'employed? Where Friendship, Communion, has 'become an incredible tradition; and your holiest 'Sacramental Supper is a smoking Tavern Dinner, 'with Cook for Evangelist? Where your Priest 'has no tongue but for plate-licking: and your 'high Guides and Governors cannot guide; but 'on all hands hear it passionately proclaimed: '*Laissez faire;* Leave us alone of *your* guidance, 'such light is darker than darkness; eat you your 'wages, and sleep!

'Thus, too,' continues he, 'does an observant 'eye discern everywhere that saddest spectacle: 'The Poor perishing, like neglected, foundered 'Draught-Cattle, of Hunger and Over-work; the 'Rich, still more wretchedly, of Idleness, Satiety, 'and Over-growth. The Highest in rank, at length, 'without honour from the Lowest; scarcely, with 'a little mouth-honour, as from tavern-waiters who 'expect to put it in the bill. Once-sacred Symbols 'fluttering as empty Pageants, whereof men grudge 'even the expense; a World becoming dismantled: 'in one word, the CHURCH fallen speechless, from 'obesity and apoplexy; the STATE shrunken into a 'Police-Office, straitened to get its pay!'

We might ask, are there many 'observant eyes,' belonging to practical men in England or elsewhere, which have descried these phenomena; or is it only

from the mystic elevation of a German *Wahngasse* that such wonders are visible? Teufelsdröckh contends that the aspect of a 'deceased or expiring Society' fronts us everywhere, so that whoso runs may read. 'What, for example,' says he, 'is the 'universally-arrogated Virtue, almost the sole re- 'maining Catholic Virtue, of these days? For some 'half century, it has been the thing you name "In- 'dependence." Suspicion of "Servility," of rever- 'ence for Superiors, the very dogleech is anxious to 'disavow. Fools! Were your Superiors worthy 'to govern, and you worthy to obey, reverence for 'them were even your only possible freedom. In- 'dependence, in all kinds, is rebellion; if unjust 'rebellion, why parade it, and everywhere pre- 'scribe it?'

But what then? Are we returning, as Rousseau prayed, to the state of Nature? 'The Soul Politic 'having departed,' says Teufelsdröckh, 'what can 'follow but that the Body Politic be decently 'interred, to avoid putrescence? Liberals, Econo- 'mists, Utilitarians enough I see marching with 'its bier, and chanting loud pæans, towards the 'funeral-pile, where, amid wailings from some, and 'saturnalian revelries from the most, the venerable 'Corpse is to be burnt. Or, in plain words, that 'these men, Liberals, Utilitarians, or whatsoever 'they are called, will ultimately carry their point, 'and dissever and destroy most existing Institu- 'tions of Society, seems a thing which has some 'time ago ceased to be doubtful.

'Do we not see a little subdivision of the grand 'Utilitarian Armament come to light even in in- 'sulated England? A living nucleus, that will 'attract and grow, does at length appear there 'also; and under curious phasis; properly as the

'inconsiderable fag-end, and so far in the rear of 'the others as to fancy itself the van. Our Euro-'pean Mechanisers are a sect of boundless diffusion, 'activity, and coöperative spirit: has not Utilitari-'anism flourished in high places of Thought, here 'among ourselves, and in every European country, 'at some time or other, within the last fifty years? 'If now in all countries, except perhaps England, 'it has ceased to flourish, or indeed to exist, among 'Thinkers, and sunk to Journalists and the popular 'mass,—who sees not that, as hereby it no longer 'preaches, so the reason is, it now needs no Preach-'ing, but is in full universal Action, the doctrine 'everywhere known, and enthusiastically laid to 'heart? The fit pabulum, in these times, for a 'certain rugged workshop intellect and heart, no-'wise without their corresponding workshop strength 'and ferocity, it requires but to be stated in such 'scenes to make proselytes enough.—Admirably cal-'culated for destroying, only not for rebuilding! It 'spreads like a sort of Dog-madness; till the whole 'World-kennel will be rabid: then woe to the 'Huntsmen, with or without their whips! They 'should have given the quadrupeds water,' adds he; 'the water, namely, of Knowledge and of Life, 'while it was yet time.'

Thus, if Professor Teufelsdröckh can be relied on, we are at this hour in a most critical condition; beleaguered by that boundless 'Armament of Mechanisers' and Unbelievers, threatening to strip us bare! 'The World,' says he, 'as it needs 'must, is under a process of devastation and waste, 'which, whether by silent assiduous corrosion, or 'open quicker combustion, as the case chances, will 'effectually enough annihilate the past Forms of 'Society; replace them with what it may. For

'the present, it is contemplated that when man's 'whole Spiritual Interests are once *divested*, these 'innumerable stript-off Garments shall mostly be 'burnt; but the sounder Rags among them be 'quilted together into one hugh Irish watch-coat 'for the defence of the Body only!'—This, we think, is but Job's-news to the humane reader.

Nevertheless,' cries Teufelsdröckh, 'who can 'hinder it; who is there that can clutch into the 'wheelspokes of Destiny, and say to the Spirit of 'the Time: Turn back, I command thee?—Wiser 'were it that we yielded to the Inevitable and 'Inexorable, and accounted even this the best.'

Nay, might not an attentive Editor, drawing his own inferences from what stands written, conjecture that Teufelsdröckh individually had yielded to this same 'Inevitable and Inexorable' heartily enough; and now sat waiting the issue, with his natural diabolico-angelical Indifference, if not even Placidity? Did we not hear him complain that the World was a 'huge Ragfair,' and the 'rags and tatters of old Symbols' were raining-down everywhere, like to drift him in, and suffocate him? What with those 'unhunted Helots' of his; and the uneven *sic vos non vobis* pressure and hard-crashing collision he is pleased to discern in existing things; what with the so hateful 'empty Masks,' full of beetles and spiders, yet glaring out on him, from their glass eyes, 'with a ghastly affectation of life,'—we feel entitled to conclude him even willing that much should be thrown to the Devil, so it were but done gently! Safe himself in that 'Pinnacle of Weissnichtwo,' he would consent, with a tragic solemnity, that the monster UTILITARIA, held back, indeed, and moderated by nose-rings, halters, foot-shackles, and every conceivable modi-

fication of rope, should go forth to do her work;—to tread down old ruinous Palaces and Temples with her broad hoof, till the whole were trodden down, that new and better might be built! Remarkable in this point of view are the following sentences.

'Society,' says he, 'is not dead: that Carcass, 'which you call dead Society, is but her mortal coil 'which she has shuffled-off, to assume a nobler; she 'herself, through perpetual metamorphoses, in fairer 'and fairer development, has to live till Time also 'merge in Eternity. Wheresoever two or three 'Living Men are gathered together, there is So-'ciety; or there it will be, with its cunning 'mechanisms and stupendous structures, over-'spreading this little Globe, and reaching upwards 'to Heaven and downwards to Gehenna: for 'always, under one or the other figure, it has two 'authentic Revelations, of a God and of a Devil; 'the Pulpit, namely, and the Gallows.'

Indeed, we already heard him speak of 'Religion, in unnoticed nooks, weaving for herself new Vest-ures';—Teufelsdröckh himself being one of the loom-treadles? Elsewhere he quotes without censure that strange aphorism of Saint-Simon's, concerning which and whom so much were to be said: '*L'âge d'or, qu'une aveugle tradition a placé jusqu'ici* '*dans le passé, est devant nous;* The golden age, 'which a blind tradition has hitherto placed in the 'Past, is Before us.'—But listen again:

'When the Phœnix is fanning her funeral pyre, 'will there not be sparks flying! Alas, some 'millions of men, and among them such as a 'Napoleon, have already been licked into that high-'eddying Flame, and like moths consumed there. 'Still also have we to fear that incautious beards 'will get singed.'

'For the rest, in what year of grace such Phœnix-
'cremation will be completed, you need not ask.
'The law of Perseverance is among the deepest in
'man: by nature he hates change; seldom will he
'quit his old house till it has actually fallen about
'his ears. Thus have I seen Solemnities linger as
'Ceremonies, sacred Symbols as idle Pageants, to
'the extent of three-hundred years and more after
'all life and sacredness had evaporated out of them.
'And then, finally, what time the Phœnix Death-
'Birth itself will require, depends on unseen con-
'tingencies.—Meanwhile, would Destiny offer Man-
'kind, that after, say two centuries of convulsion
'and conflagration, more or less vivid, the fire-
'creation should be accomplished; and we to find
'ourselves again in a Living Society, and no longer
'fighting but working,—were it not perhaps pru-
'dent in Mankind to strike the bargain?'

Thus is Teufelsdröckh content that old sick Society should be deliberately burnt (alas, with quite other fuel than spicewood); in the faith that she is a Phœnix; and that a new heavenborn young one will rise out of her ashes! We ourselves, restricted to the duty of Indicator, shall forbear commentary. Meanwhile, will not the judicious reader shake his head, and reproachfully, yet more in sorrow than in anger, say or think: From a *Doctor utriusque Juris*, titular Professor in a University, and man to whom hitherto, for his services, Society, bad as she is, has given not only food and raiment (of a kind), but books, tobacco and gukguk, we expected more gratitude to his benefactress; and less of a blind trust in the future, which resembles that rather of a philosophical Fatalist and Enthusiast, than of a solid householder paying scot-and-lot in a Christian country.

CHAPTER VI.

OLD CLOTHES.

As mentioned above, Teufelsdröckh, though a sans-culottist, is in practice probably the politest man extant: his whole heart and life are penetrated and informed with the spirit of politeness; a noble natural Courtesy shines through him, beautifying his vagaries; like sun-light, making a rosy-fingered, rainbow-dyed Aurora out of mere aqueous clouds; nay brightening London-smoke itself into gold vapour, as from the crucible of an alchemist. Hear in what earnest though fantastic wise he expresses himself on this head:

'Shall Courtesy be done only to the rich, and 'only by the rich? In Good-breeding, which 'differs, if at all, from High-breeding, only as it 'gracefully remembers the rights of others, rather 'than gracefully insists on its own rights, I discern 'no special connexion with wealth or birth: but 'rather that it lies in human nature itself, and is 'due from all men towards all men. Of a truth, 'were your Schoolmaster at his post, and worth 'anything when there, this, with so much else, 'would be reformed. Nay, each man were then 'also his neighbour's schoolmaster; till at length a 'rude-visaged, unmannered Peasant could no more 'be met with, than a Peasant unacquainted with 'botanical Physiology, or who felt not that the 'clod he broke was created in Heaven.

'For whether thou bear a sceptre or a sledge-'hammer, art not thou ALIVE; is not this thy 'brother ALIVE? "There is but one temple in

'the world," says Novalis, "and that temple is 'the Body of Man. Nothing is holier than this 'high Form. Bending before men is a reverence 'done to this Revelation in the Flesh. We touch 'Heaven, when we lay our hands on a human 'Body."

'On which ground, I would fain carry it farther 'than most do; and whereas the English Johnson 'only bowed to every Clergyman, or man with a 'shovel-hat, I would bow to every Man with any 'sort of hat, or with no hat whatever. Is not he a 'Temple, then; the visible Manifestation and Im-'personation of the Divinity? And yet, alas, such 'indiscriminate bowing serves not. For there is a 'Devil dwells in man, as well as a Divinity; and 'too often the bow is but pocketed by the *former*. 'It would go to the pocket of Vanity (which is your 'clearest phasis of the Devil, in these times); 'therefore must we withhold it.

'The gladder am I, on the other hand, to do 'reverence to those Shells and outer Husks of the 'Body, wherein no devilish passion any longer 'lodges, but only the pure emblem and effigies of 'Man: I mean, to Empty, or even to Cast Clothes. 'Nay, is it not to Clothes that most men do rever-'ence: to the fine frogged broadcloth, nowise to 'the "straddling animal with bandy legs" which 'it holds, and makes a Dignitary of? Who ever 'saw any Lord my-lorded in tattered blanket 'fastened with wooden skewer? Nevertheless, I 'say, there is in such worship a shade of hypocrisy, 'a practical deception: for how often does the 'Body appropriate what was meant for the Cloth 'only! Whoso would avoid falsehood, which is 'the essence of all Sin, will perhaps see good to 'take a different course. That reverence which

'cannot act without obstruction and perversion 'when the Clothes are full, may have free course 'when they are empty. Even as, for Hindoo 'Worshippers, the Pagoda is not less sacred than 'the God; so do I too worship the hollow cloth 'Garment with equal fervour, as when it contained 'the Man: nay, with more, for I now fear no 'deception, of myself or of others.

'Did not King *Toomtabard*, or, in other words, 'John Baliol, reign long over Scotland; the man 'John Baliol being quite gone, and only the "Toom 'Tabard" (Empty Gown) remaining? What still 'dignity dwells in a suit of Cast Clothes! How 'meekly it bears its honours! No haughty looks, 'no scornful gesture: silent and serene, it fronts 'the world; neither demanding worship, nor afraid 'to miss it. The Hat still carries the physiognomy 'of its Head: but the vanity and the stupidity, and 'goose-speech which was the sign of these two, are 'gone. The Coat-arm is stretched out, but not to 'strike; the Breeches, in modest simplicity, depend 'at ease, and now at last have a graceful flow; the 'Waistcoat hides no evil passion, no riotous desire; 'hunger or thirst now dwells not in it. Thus all is 'purged from the grossness of sense, from the cark-'ing cares and foul vices of the World; and rides 'there, on its Clothes-horse; as, on a Pegasus, might 'some skyey Messenger, or purified Apparition, visit-'ing our low Earth.

'Often, while I sojourned in that monstrous tuber-'osity of Civilised Life, the Capital of England; and 'meditated, and questioned Destiny, under that ink-'sea of vapour, black, thick, and multifarious as 'Spartan broth; and was one lone soul amid those 'grinding millions;—often have I turned into their 'Old-Clothes Market to worship. With awe-struck

'heart I walk through that Monmouth Street, with 'its empty Suits, as through a Sanhedrim of stain-'less Ghosts. Silent are they, but expressive in 'their silence: the past witnesses and instruments 'of Woe and Joy, of Passions, Virtues, Crimes, and 'all the fathomless tumult of Good and Evil in "the 'Prison men call Life." Friends! trust not the 'heart of that man for whom Old Clothes are 'not venerable. Watch, too, with reverence, that 'bearded Jewish High-priest, who with hoarse 'voice, like some Angel of Doom, summons them 'from the four winds! On his head, like the Pope, 'he has three Hats,—a real triple tiara; on either 'hand are the similitude of wings, whereon the 'summoned Garments come to alight; and ever, as 'he slowly cleaves the air, sounds forth his deep 'fateful note, as if through a trumpet he were pro-'claiming: "Ghosts of Life, come to Judgment!" 'Reck not, ye fluttering Ghosts: he will purify you 'in his Purgatory, with fire and with water; and, 'one day, new-created, ye shall reappear. O, let 'him in whom the flame of Devotion is ready to go 'out, who has never worshipped, and knows not 'what to worship, pace and repace, with austerest 'thought, the pavement of Monmouth Street, and 'say whether his heart and his eyes still continue 'dry. If Field Lane, with its long fluttering rows 'of yellow handkerchiefs, be a Dionysius' Ear, where, 'in stifled jarring hubbub, we hear the Indictment 'which Poverty and Vice bring against lazy Wealth, 'that it has left them there cast-out and trodden 'under foot of Want, Darkness and the Devil,— 'then is Monmouth Street a Mirza's Hill, where, 'in motley vision, the whole Pageant of Existence 'passes awfully before us; with its wail and jubilee, 'mad loves and mad hatreds, church-bells and

'gallows-ropes, farce-tragedy, beast-godhood,—the 'Bedlam of Creation!'

To most men, as it does to ourselves, all this will seem overcharged. We too have walked through Monmouth Street; but with little feeling of 'Devotion': probably in part because the contemplative process is so fatally broken in upon by the brood of money-changers who nestle in that Church, and importune the worshipper with merely secular proposals. Whereas Teufelsdröckh might be in that happy middle state, which leaves to the Clothes-broker no hope either of sale or of purchase, and so be allowed to linger there without molestation.—Something we would have given to see the little philosophical figure, with its steeple-hat and loose flowing skirts, and eyes in a fine frenzy, 'pacing and repacing in austerest thought' that foolish Street; which to him was a true Delphic avenue, and supernatural Whispering-gallery, where the 'Ghosts of Life' rounded strange secrets in his ear. O thou philosophic Teufelsdröckh, that listenest while others only gabble, and with thy quick tympanum hearest the grass grow!

At the same time, is it not strange that, in Paper-bag Documents destined for an English work, there exists nothing like an authentic diary of this his sojourn in London; and of his Meditations among the Clothes-shops only the obscurest emblematic shadows? Neither, in conversation (for, indeed, he was not a man to pester you with his Travels), have we heard him more than allude to the subject.

For the rest, however, it cannot be uninteresting that we here find how early the significance of Clothes had dawned on the now so distinguished Clothes-Professor. Might we but fancy it to have

been even in Monmouth Street, at the bottom of our own English 'ink-sea,' that this remarkable Volume first took being, and shot forth its salient point in his soul,—as in Chaos did the Egg of Eros, one day to be hatched into a Universe!

CHAPTER VII.

ORGANIC FILAMENTS.

For us, who happen to live while the World-Phœnix is burning herself, and burning so slowly that, as Teufelsdröckh calculates, it were a handsome bargain would she engage to have done 'within two centuries,' there seems to lie but an ashy prospect. Not altogether so, however, does the Professor figure it. 'In the living subject,' says he, 'change is wont to be gradual: thus, 'while the serpent sheds its old skin, the new is 'already formed beneath. Little knowest thou of 'the burning of a World-Phœnix, who fanciest that 'she must first burn-out, and lie as a dead cinereous 'heap; and therefrom the young one start-up by 'miracle, and fly heavenward. Far otherwise! 'In that Fire-whirlwind, Creation and Destruction 'proceed together; ever as the ashes of the Old 'are blown about, do organic filaments of the New 'mysteriously spin themselves: and amid the rush-'ing and the waving of the Whirlwind-element 'come tones of a melodious Deathsong, which end 'not but in tones of a more melodious Birthsong. 'Nay, look into the Fire-whirlwind with thy own 'eyes, and thou wilt see.' Let us actually look, then: to poor individuals, who cannot expect to

live two centuries, those same organic filaments, mysteriously spinning themselves, will be the best part of the spectacle. First, therefore, this of Mankind in general:

'In vain thou deniest it,' says the Professor; 'thou *art* my Brother. Thy very Hatred, thy 'very Envy, those foolish Lies thou tellest of me 'in thy splenetic humour: what is all this but 'an inverted Sympathy? Were I a Steam-engine, 'wouldst thou take the trouble to tell lies of me? 'Not thou! I should grind all unheeded, whether 'badly or well.

'Wondrous truly are the bonds that unite us one 'and all; whether by the soft binding of Love, or 'the iron chaining of Necessity, as we like to choose 'it. More than once have I said to myself, of some 'perhaps whimsically strutting Figure, such as pro-'vokes whimsical thoughts: "Wert thou, my little 'Brotherkin, suddenly covered-up within the largest 'imaginable Glass-bell,—what a thing it were, not 'for thyself only, but for the world! Post Letters, 'more or fewer, from all the four winds, impinge 'against thy Glass walls, but have to drop unread: 'neither from within comes there question or re-'sponse into any Postbag; thy Thoughts fall into 'no friendly ear or heart, thy Manufacture into no 'purchasing hand: thou art no longer a circulating 'venous-arterial Heart, that, taking and giving, cir-'culatest through all Space and all Time: there has 'a Hole fallen-out in the immeasurable, universal 'World-tissue, which must be darned-up again!"

'Such venous-arterial circulation, of Letters, verbal 'Messages, paper and other Packages, going out 'from him and coming in, are a blood-circulation, 'visible to the eye: but the finer nervous circula-'tion, by which all things, the minutest that he

'does, minutely influence all men, and the very 'look of his face blesses or curses whomso it lights 'on, and so generates ever new blessing or new 'cursing: all this you cannot see, but only imagine. 'I say, there is not a red Indian, hunting by Lake 'Winnipic, can quarrel with his squaw, but the 'whole world must smart for it: will not the price 'of beaver rise? It is a mathematical fact that the 'casting of this pebble from my hand alters the 'centre of gravity of the Universe.

'If now an existing generation of men stand so 'woven together, not less indissolubly does genera- 'tion with generation. Hast thou ever meditated 'on that word, Tradition: how we inherit not Life 'only, but all the garniture and form of Life; and 'work, and speak, and even think and feel, as our 'Fathers, and primeval grandfathers, from the be- 'ginning, have given it us?—Who printed thee, for 'example, this unpretending Volume on the Philos- 'ophy of Clothes? Not the Herren Stillschweigen 'and Company; but Cadmus of Thebes, Faust of 'Mentz, and innumerable others whom thou knowest 'not. Had there been no Mœsogothic Ulfila, there 'had been no English Shakspeare, or a different 'one. Simpleton! it was Tubalcain that made thy 'very Tailor's needle, and sewed that court-suit of 'thine.

'Yes, truly, if Nature is one, and a living indivis- 'ible whole, much more is Mankind, the Image 'that reflects and creates Nature, without which 'Nature were not. As palpable life-streams in 'that wondrous Individual Mankind, among so 'many life-streams that are not palpable, flow on 'those main-currents of what we call Opinion; 'as preserved in Institutions, Polities, Churches, 'above all in Books. Beautiful it is to under-

'stand and know that a Thought did never yet 'die; that as thou, the originator thereof, hast 'gathered it and created it from the whole Past, 'so thou wilt transmit it to the whole Future. It 'is thus that the heroic heart, the seeing eye of 'the first times, still feels and sees in us of the 'latest; that the Wise Man stands ever encom-'passed, and spiritually embraced, by a cloud of 'witnesses and brothers; and there is a living, 'literal *Communion of Saints*, wide as the World 'itself, and as the History of the World.

'Noteworthy also, and serviceable for the pro-'gress of this same Individual, wilt thou find his 'subdivision into Generations. Generations are as 'the Days of toilsome Mankind: Death and Birth 'are the vesper and the matin bells, that summon 'Mankind to sleep, and to rise refreshed for new 'advancement. What the Father has made, the 'Son can make and enjoy; but has also work of 'his own appointed him. Thus all things wax, 'and roll onwards; Arts, Establishments, Opinions, 'nothing is completed, but ever completing. New-'ton has learned to see what Kepler saw; but 'there is also a fresh heaven-derived force in New-'ton; he must mount to still higher points of 'vision. So too the Hebrew Lawgiver is, in due 'time, followed by an Apostle of the Gentiles. In 'the business of Destruction, as this also is from 'time to time a necessary work, thou findest a like 'sequence and perseverance: for Luther it was as 'yet hot enough to stand by that burning of the 'Pope's Bull; Voltaire could not warm himself at 'the glimmering ashes, but required quite other 'fuel. Thus likewise, I note, the English Whig 'has, in the second generation, become an English 'Radical; who, in the third again, it is to be

'Hoped, will become an English Rebuilder. Find 'Mankind where thou wilt, thou findest it in liv-'ing movement, in progress faster or slower: the 'Phœnix soars aloft, hovers with outstretched 'wings, filling Earth with her music; or, as now, 'she sinks, and with spheral swan-song immolates 'herself in flame, that she may soar the higher 'and sing the clearer.'

Let the friends of social order, in such a disastrous period, lay this to heart, and derive from it any little comfort they can. We subjoin another passage, concerning Titles:

'Remark, not without surprise,' says Teufelsdröckh, 'how all high Titles of Honour come 'hitherto from Fighting. Your *Herzog* (Duke, '*Dux*) is Leader of Armies; your Earl (*Jarl*) is 'Strong Man; your Marshal cavalry Horse-shoer. 'A Millennium, or Reign of Peace and Wisdom, 'having from of old been prophesied, and becoming 'now daily more and more indubitable, may it not 'be apprehended that such Fighting-titles will cease 'to be palatable, and new and higher need to be 'devised?

'The only Title wherein I, with confidence, trace 'eternity, is that of King. *König* (King), anciently '*Könning*, means Ken-ning (Cunning), or which is 'the same thing, Can-ning. Ever must the Sove-'reign of Mankind be fitly entitled King.'

'Well, also,' says he elsewhere, 'was it written 'by Theologians: a King rules by divine right. 'He carries in him an authority from God, or man 'will never give it him. Can I choose my own 'King? I can choose my own King Popinjay, 'and play what farce or tragedy I may with him: 'but he who is to be my Ruler, whose will is to be 'higher than my will, was chosen for me in Heaven.

'Neither except in such Obedience to the Heaven-'chosen is Freedom so much as conceivable.'

The Editor will here admit that, among all the wondrous provinces of Teufelsdröckh's spiritual world, there is none he walks in with such astonishment, hesitation, and even pain, as in the Political. How, with our English love of Ministry and Opposition, and that generous conflict of Parties, mind warming itself against mind in their mutual wrestle for the Public Good, by which wrestle, indeed, is our invaluable Constitution kept warm and alive; how shall we domesticate ourselves in this spectral Necropolis, or rather City both of the Dead and of the Unborn, where the Present seems little other than an inconsiderable Film dividing the Past and the Future? In those dim longdrawn expanses, all is so immeasurable; much so disastrous, ghastly; your very radiances and straggling light-beams have a supernatural character. And then with such an indifference, such a prophetic peacefulness (accounting the inevitably coming as already here, to him all one whether it be distant by centuries or only by days), does he sit;—and live, you would say, rather in any other age than in his own! It is our painful duty to announce, or repeat, that, looking into this man, we discern a deep, silent, slow-burning, inextinguishable Radicalism, such as fills us with shuddering admiration.

Thus, for example, he appears to make little even of the Elective Franchise; at least so we interpret the following: 'Satisfy yourselves,' he says, 'by universal, indubitable experiment, even 'as ye are now doing or will do, whether FREEDOM, 'heavenborn and leading heavenward, and so vitally 'essential for us all, cannot peradventure be me-

'chanically hatched and brought to light in that 'same Ballot-Box of yours; or at worst, in some 'other discoverable or devisable Box, Edifice, or 'Steam-mechanism. It were a mighty convenience; 'and beyond all feats of manufacture witnessed 'hitherto.' Is Teufelsdröckh acquainted with the British Constitution, even slightly?—He says, under another figure: 'But after all, were the problem, 'as indeed it now everywhere is, To rebuild your 'old House from the top downwards (since you 'must live in it the while), what better, what 'other, than the Representative Machine will serve 'your turn? Meanwhile, however, mock me not 'with the name of Free, "when you have but 'knit-up my chains into ornamental festoons."'— Or what will any member of the Peace Society make of such an assertion as this: 'The lower 'people everywhere desire War. Not so unwisely; 'there is then a demand for lower people—to be 'shot!'

Gladly, therefore, do we emerge from those soul-confusing labyrinths of speculative Radicalism, into somewhat clearer regions. Here, looking round, as was our best, for 'organic filaments,' we ask, may not this, touching 'Hero-worship,' be of the number? It seems of a cheerful character; yet so quaint, so mystical, one knows not what, or how little, may lie under it. Our readers shall look with their own eyes:

'True is it that, in these days, man can do almost 'all things, only not obey. True likewise that 'whoso cannot obey cannot be free, still less bear 'rule; he that is the inferior of nothing, can be the 'superior of nothing, the equal of nothing. Never-'theless, believe not that man has lost his faculty of 'Reverence; that if it slumber in him it has gone

'dead. Painful for man is that same rebellious In-'dependence, when it has become inevitable; only 'in loving companionship with his fellows does he 'feel safe; only in reverently bowing down before 'the Higher does he feel himself exalted.

'Or what if the character of our so troublous 'Era lay even in this: that man had forever cast 'away Fear, which is the lower; but not yet risen 'into perennial Reverence, which is the higher and 'highest?

'Meanwhile, observe with joy, so cunningly has 'Nature ordered it, that whatsoever man ought to 'obey, he cannot but obey. Before no faintest rev-'elation of the Godlike did he ever stand irrev-'erent; least of all, when the Godlike showed itself 'revealed in his fellow-man. Thus is there a true 'religious Loyalty forever rooted in his heart; nay 'in all ages, even in ours, it manifests itself as a 'more or less orthodox *Hero-worship*. In which 'fact, that Hero-worship exists, has existed, and 'will forever exist, universally among Mankind, 'mayest thou discern the corner-stone of living-'rock, whereon all Polities for the remotest time 'may stand secure.'

Do our readers discern any such corner-stone, or even so much as what Teufelsdröckh is looking at? He exclaims, 'Or hast thou forgotten Paris and 'Voltaire? How the aged, withered man, though 'but a Sceptic, Mocker, and millinery Court-poet, 'yet because even he seemed the Wisest, Best, 'could drag mankind at his chariot-wheels, so that 'princes coveted a smile from him, and the loveliest 'of France would have laid their hair beneath his 'feet! All Paris was one vast Temple of Hero-'worship; though their Divinity, moreover, was of 'feature too apish,

'But if such things,' continues he, 'were done in 'the dry tree, what will be done in the green? If, 'in the most parched season of Man's History, in 'the most parched spot of Europe, when Parisian 'life was at best but a scientific *Hortus Siccus*, 'bedizened with some Italian Gumflowers, such 'virtue could come out of it; what is to be looked 'for when Life again waves leafy and bloomy, and 'your Hero-Divinity shall have nothing apelike, but 'be wholly human? Know that there is in man 'a quite indestructible Reverence for whatsoever 'holds of Heaven, or even plausibly counterfeits 'such holding. Show the dullest clodpole, show 'the haughtiest featherhead, that a soul higher 'than himself is actually here; were his knees 'stiffened into brass, he must down and worship.'

Organic filaments, of a more authentic sort, mysteriously spinning themselves, some will perhaps discover in the following passage:

'There is no Church; sayest thou? The voice of 'Prophecy has gone dumb? This is even what I 'dispute: but in any case, hast thou not still Preaching enough? A Preaching Friar settles himself in 'every village; and builds a pulpit, which he calls 'Newspaper. Therefrom he preaches what most 'momentous doctrine is in him, for man's salvation; 'and dost not thou listen, and believe? Look well, 'thou seest everywhere a new Clergy of the Mendicant Orders, some bare-footed, some almost bare-backed, fashion itself into shape, and teach and 'preach, zealously enough, for copper alms and the 'love of God. These break in pieces the ancient 'idols; and, though themselves too often reprobate, 'as idol-breakers are wont to be, mark out the sites 'of new Churches, where the true God-ordained, 'that are to follow, may find audience, and minister.

'Said I not, Before the old skin was shed, the new 'had formed itself beneath it?'

Perhaps also in the following; wherewith we now hasten to knit-up this ravelled sleeve:

'But there is no Religion?' reiterates the Professor. 'Fool! I tell thee, there is.' Hast thou 'well considered all that lies in this immeasurable 'froth-ocean we name LITERATURE? Fragments of 'a genuine Church-*Homiletic* lie scattered there, 'which Time will assort: nay fractions even of a '*Liturgy* could I point out. And knowest thou no 'Prophet, even in the vesture, environment, and 'dialect of this age? None to whom the Godlike 'had revealed itself, through all meanest and highest 'forms of the Common; and by him been again 'prophetically revealed: in whose inspired melody, 'even in these rag-gathering and rag-burning days, 'Man's Life again begins, were it but afar off, to be 'divine? Knowest thou none such? I know him, 'and name him—Goethe.

'But thou as yet standest in no Temple; joinest 'in no Psalm-worship; feelest well that, where 'there is no ministering Priest, the people perish? 'Be of comfort! Thou art not alone, if thou have 'Faith. Spake we not of a Communion of Saints, 'unseen, yet not unreal, accompanying and brother-'like embracing thee, so thou be worthy? Their 'heroic Sufferings rise up melodiously together to 'Heaven, out of all lands, and out of all times, as 'a sacred *Miserere;* their heroic Actions also, as a 'boundless everlasting Psalm of Triumph. Neither 'say that thou hast now no Symbol of the Godlike. 'Is not God's Universe a Symbol of the Godlike; 'is not Immensity a Temple; is not Man's History, 'and Men's History, a perpetual Evangel? Listen, 'and for organ-music thou wilt ever, as of old, hear 'the Morning Stars sing together.'

CHAPTER VIII.

NATURAL SUPERNATURALISM.

IT is in his stupendous Section, headed *Natural Supernaturalism*, that the Professor first becomes a Seer; and, after long effort, such as we have witnessed, finally subdues under his feet this refractory Clothes-Philosophy, and takes victorious possession thereof. Phantasms enough he has had to struggle with; 'Cloth-webs and Cob-webs,' of Imperial Mantles, Superannuated Symbols, and what not: yet still did he courageously pierce through. Nay, worst of all, two quite mysterious, world-embracing Phantasms, TIME and SPACE, have ever hovered round him, perplexing and bewildering: but with these also he now resolutely grapples, these also he victoriously rends asunder. In a word, he has looked fixedly on Existence, till, one after the other, its earthly hulls and garnitures have all melted away; and now, to his rapt vision, the interior celestial Holy of Holies lies disclosed.

Here, therefore, properly it is that the Philosophy of Clothes attains to Transcendentalism; this last leap, can we but clear it, takes us safe into the promised land, where *Palingenesia*, in all senses, may be considered as beginning. 'Courage, then!' may our Diogenes exclaim, with better right than Diogenes the First once did. This stupendous Section we, after long painful meditation, have found not to be unintelligible; but, on the contrary, to grow clear, nay radiant, and all-illuminating. Let the reader, turning on it what utmost force of speculative intellect is in him, do his part; as we, by judicious selection and adjustment, shall study to do ours:

'Deep has been, and is, the significance of 'Miracles,' thus quietly begins the Professor; 'far 'deeper perhaps than we imagine. Meanwhile, the 'question of questions were: What specially is a 'Miracle? To that Dutch King of Siam, an icicle 'had been a miracle; whoso had carried with him 'an air-pump, and vial of vitriolic ether, might have 'worked a miracle. To my Horse, again, who un-'happily is still more unscientific, do not I work a 'miracle, and magical "*Open sesame!*" every time 'I please to pay twopence, and open for him an 'impassable *Schlagbaum*, or shut Turnpike?

'"But is not a real Miracle simply a violation 'of the Laws of Nature?" ask several. Whom I 'answer by this new question: What are the Laws 'of Nature? To me perhaps the rising of one from 'the dead were no violation of these Laws, but a 'confirmation; were some far deeper Law, now 'first penetrated into, and by Spiritual Force, even 'as the rest have all been, brought to bear on us 'with its Material Force.

'Here too may some inquire, not without astonish-'ment: On what ground shall one, that can make 'Iron swim, come and declare that therefore he can 'teach Religion? To us, truly, of the Nineteenth 'Century, such declaration were inept enough; 'which nevertheless to our fathers, of the First 'Century, was full of meaning.

'"But is it not the deepest Law of Nature that 'she be constant?" cries an illuminated class: "Is 'not the Machine of the Universe fixed to move 'by unalterable rules?" Probable enough, good 'friends: nay I, too, must believe that the God, 'whom ancient inspired men assert to be "without 'variableness or shadow of turning," does indeed 'never change; that Nature, that the Universe,

'which no one whom it so pleases can be prevented 'from calling a Machine, does move by the most 'unalterable rules. And now of you, too, I make 'the old inquiry: What those same unalterable 'rules, forming the complete Statute-Book of 'Nature, may possibly be?

'They stand written in our Works of Science, 'say you; in the accumulated records of Man's 'Experience?—Was Man with his Experience pres-'ent at the Creation, then, to see how it all went 'on? Have any deepest scientific individuals yet 'dived down to the foundations of the Universe, 'and gauged everything there? Did the Maker 'take them into His counsel; that they read His 'groundplan of the incomprehensible All; and can 'say, This stands marked therein, and no more than 'this? Alas, not in anywise! These scientific in-'dividuals have been nowhere but where we also 'are; have seen some handbreadths deeper than we 'see into the Deep that is infinite, without bottom 'as without shore.

'Laplace's Book on the Stars, wherein he exhibits 'that certain Planets, with their Satellites, gyrate 'round our worthy Sun, at a rate and in a course, 'which, by greatest good fortune, he and the like 'of him have succeeded in detecting,—is to me as 'precious as to another. But is this what thou 'namest "Mechanism of the Heavens," and "Sys-'tem of the World"; this, wherein Sirius and the 'Pleiades, and all Herschel's Fifteen-thousand Suns 'per minute, being left out, some paltry handful of 'Moons, and inert Balls, had been—looked at, 'nicknamed, and marked in the Zodiacal Way-'bill; so that we can now prate of their Where-'about; their How, their Why, their What, being 'hid from us, as in the signless Inane?

'System of Nature! To the wisest man, wide as
'is his vision, Nature remains of quite *infinite* depth,
'of quite infinite expansion; and all Experience
'thereof limits itself to some few computed cen-
'turies and measured square-miles. The course of
'Nature's phases, on this our little fraction of a
'Planet, is partially known to us: but who knows
'what deeper courses these depend on; what infin-
'itely larger Cycle (of causes) our little Epicycle
'revolves on? To the Minnow every cranny and
'pebble, and quality and accident, of its little native
'Creek may have become familiar: but does the
'Minnow understand the Ocean Tides and periodic
'Currents, the Trade-winds, and Monsoons, and
'Moon's Eclipses; by all which the condition of
'its little Creek is regulated, and may, from time to
'time (*un*miraculously enough), be quite overset and
'reversed? Such a minnow is Man; his Creek this
'Planet Earth; his Ocean the immeasurable All;
'his Monsoons and periodic Currents the mysteri-
'ous Course of Providence through Æons of Æons.

'We speak of the Volume of Nature: and truly a
'Volume it is,—whose Author and Writer is God.
'To read it! Dost thou, does man, so much as
'well know the Alphabet thereof? With its
'Words, Sentences, and grand descriptive Pages,
'poetical and philosophical, spread out through
'Solar Systems, and Thousands of Years, we shall
'not try thee. It is a Volume written in celestial
'hieroglyphs, in the true Sacred-writing; of which
'even Prophets are happy that they can read here a
'line and there a line. As for your Institutes, and
'Academies of Science, they strive bravely; and,
'from amid the thick-crowded, inextricably inter-
'twisted hieroglyphic writing, pick out, by dextrous
'combination, some Letters in the vulgar Character.

'and therefrom put together this and the other eco-
'nomic Recipe, of high avail in Practice. That
'Nature is more than some boundless Volume of
'such Recipes, or huge, well-nigh inexhaustible
'Domestic-Cookery Book, of which the whole
'secret will in this manner one day evolve itself,
'the fewest dream.

'Custom,' continues the Professor, 'doth make
'dotards of us all. Consider well, thou wilt find
'that Custom is the greatest of Weavers; and
'weaves air-raiment for all the Spirits of the Uni-
'verse; whereby indeed these dwell with us visibly,
'as ministering servants, in our houses and work-
'shops; but their spiritual nature becomes, to the
'most, forever hidden. Philosophy complains that
'Custom has hoodwinked us, from the first; that
'we do everything by Custom, even Believe by it;
'that our very Axioms, let us boast of Free-think-
'ing as we may, are oftenest simply such Beliefs
'as we have never heard questioned. Nay, what
'is Philosophy throughout but a continual battle
'against Custom; an ever-renewed effort to *tran-*
'*scend* the sphere of blind Custom, and so become
'Transcendental?

'Innumerable are the illusions and legerdemain-
'tricks of Custom: but of all these, perhaps the
'cleverest is her knack of persuading us that the
'Miraculous, by simple repetition, ceases to be
'Miraculous. True, it is by this means we live;
'for man must work as well as wonder: and herein
'is Custom so far a kind nurse, guiding him to his
'true benefit. But she is a fond foolish nurse, or
'rather we are false foolish nurselings, when, in our
'resting and reflecting hours, we prolong the same
'deception. Am I to view the Stupendous with

'stupid indifference, because I have seen it twice, 'or two-hundred, or two-million times? There is 'no reason in Nature or in Art why I should: 'unless, indeed, I am a mere Work-Machine, for 'whom the divine gift of Thought were no other 'than the terrestrial gift of Steam is to the Steam-'engine; a power whereby cotton might be spun, 'and money and money's worth realised.

'Notable enough too, here as elsewhere, wilt 'thou find the potency of Names; which indeed 'are but one kind of such custom-woven, wonder-'hiding Garments. Witchcraft, and all manner of 'Spectre-work, and Demonology, we have now 'named Madness and Diseases of the Nerves. 'Seldom reflecting that still the new question 'comes upon us: What is Madness, what are 'Nerves? Ever, as before, does Madness remain 'a mysterious-terrific, altogether *infernal* boiling-'up of the Nether Chaotic Deep, through this fair-'painted Vision of Creation, which swims thereon, 'which we name the Real. Was Luther's Picture 'of the Devil less a Reality, whether it were formed 'within the bodily eye, or without it? In every 'the wisest Soul lies a whole world of internal 'Madness, an authentic Demon-Empire; out of 'which, indeed, his world of Wisdom has been 'creatively built together, and now rests there, as 'on its dark foundations does a habitable flowery 'Earth-rind.

'But deepest of all illusory Appearances, for 'hiding Wonder, as for many other ends, are your 'two grand fundamental world-enveloping Appear-'ances, SPACE and TIME. These, as spun and woven 'for us from before Birth itself, to clothe our celestial 'ME for dwelling here, and yet to blind it,—lie all-

'embracing, as the universal canvas, or warp and 'woof, whereby all minor Illusions, in this Phan-'tasm Existence, weave and paint themselves. In 'vain, while here on Earth, shall you endeavour to 'strip them off; you can, at best, but rend them 'asunder for moments, and look through.

'Fortunatus had a wishing Hat, which when he 'put on, and wished himself Anywhere, behold 'he was There. By this means had Fortunatus 'triumphed over Space, he had annihilated Space; 'for him there was no Where, but all was Here. 'Were a Hatter to establish himself, in the Wahn-'gasse of Weissnichtwo, and make felts of this sort 'for all mankind, what a world we should have of 'it! Still stranger, should, on the opposite side of 'the street, another Hatter establish himself; and, 'as his fellow-craftsman made Space-annihilating 'Hats, make Time-annihilating! Of both would I 'purchase, were it with my last groschen; but 'chiefly of this latter. To clap-on your felt, and, 'simply by wishing that you were Any*where*, 'straightway to be *There!* Next to clap-on your 'other felt, and, simply, by wishing that you were 'Any*when*, straightway to be *Then!* This were 'indeed the grander: shooting at will from the 'Fire-Creation of the World to its Fire-Consum-'mation; here historically present in the First 'Century, conversing face to face with Paul and 'Seneca; there prophetically in the Thirty-first, 'conversing also face to face with other Pauls and 'Senecas, who as yet stand hidden in the depth of 'that late Time!

'Or thinkest thou it were impossible, unimagin-'able? Is the Past annihilated, then, or only past; 'is the Future non-extant, or only future? Those 'mystic faculties of thine, Memory and Hope

'already answer: already through those mystic 'avenues, thou the Earth-blinded summonest both 'Past and Future, and communest with them, 'though as yet darkly, and with mute beckonings. 'The curtains of Yesterday drop down, the curtains 'of Tomorrow roll up; but Yesterday and To-'morrow both *are*. Pierce through the Time-ele-'ment, glance into the Eternal. Believe what thou 'findest written in the sanctuaries of Man's Soul, 'even as all Thinkers, in all ages, have devoutly 'read it there: that Time and Space are not God, 'but creations of God; that with God as it is a 'universal HERE, so is it an everlasting NOW.

'And seest thou therein any glimpse of IMMOR-'TALITY?—O Heaven! Is the white Tomb of our 'Loved One, who died from our arms, and had to 'be left behind us there, which rises in the distance, 'like a pale, mournfully receding Milestone, to tell 'how many toilsome uncheered miles we have jour-'neyed on alone,—but a pale spectral Illusion! Is 'the lost Friend still mysteriously Here, even as we 'are Here mysteriously, with God!—Know of a 'truth that only the Time-shadows have perished, 'or are perishable; that the real Being of whatever 'was, and whatever is, and whatever will be, *is* 'even now and forever. This, should it unhappily 'seem new, thou mayest ponder at thy leisure; for 'the next twenty years, or the next twenty centuries: 'believe it thou must; understand it thou canst 'not.

'That the Thought-forms, Space and Time, where-'in, once for all, we are sent into this Earth to live, 'should condition and determine our whole Practical 'reasonings, conceptions, and imagings or imagin-'ings, seems altogether fit, just, and unavoidable. 'But that they should, furthermore, usurp such

'sway over pure spiritual Meditation, and blind us 'to the wonder everywhere lying close on us, seems 'nowise so. · Admit Space and Time to their due 'rank as Forms of Thought; nay even, if thou wilt, 'to their quite undue rank of Realities: and con-'sider, then, with thyself how their thin disguises 'hide from us the brightest God-effulgences! Thus, 'were it not miraculous, could I stretch forth my 'hand and clutch the Sun? Yet thou seest me 'daily stretch forth my hand and therewith clutch 'many a thing, and swing it hither and thither. 'Art thou a grown baby, then, to fancy that the 'Miracle lies in miles of distance, or in pounds 'avoirdupois of weight; and not to see that the 'true inexplicable God-revealing Miracle lies in 'this, that I can stretch forth my hand at all; that 'I have free Force to clutch aught therewith? In-'numerable other of this sort are the deceptions, 'and wonder-hiding stupefactions, which Space 'practises on us.

'Still worse is it with regard to Time. Your 'grand anti-magician, and universal wonder-hider, 'is this same lying Time. Had we but the Time-'annihilating Hat, to put on for once only, we 'should see ourselves in a World of Miracles, 'wherein all fabled or authentic Thaumaturgy, and 'feats of Magic, were outdone. But unhappily we 'have not such a Hat; and man, poor fool that he is, 'can seldom and scantily help himself without one.

'Were it not wonderful, for instance, had 'Orpheus, or Amphion, built the walls of Thebes 'by the mere sound of his Lyre? Yet tell me, 'Who built these walls of Weissnichtwo; sum-'moning out all the sandstone rocks, to dance 'along from the *Steinbruch* (now a huge Troglo-'dyte Chasm, with frightful green-mantled pools);

'and shape themselves into Doric and Ionic pillars, 'squared ashlar houses and noble streets? Was it 'not the still higher Orpheus, or Orpheuses, who, 'in past centuries, by the divine Music of Wisdom, 'succeeded in civilising Man? Our highest Orpheus 'walked in Judea, eighteen-hundred years ago: his 'sphere-melody, flowing in wild native tones, took 'captive the ravished souls of men; and, being of 'a truth sphere-melody, still flows and sounds, 'though now with thousandfold accompaniments, 'and rich symphonies, through all our hearts; and 'modulates, and divinely leads them. Is that a 'wonder, which happens in two hours; and does it 'cease to be wonderful if happening in two million? 'Not only was Thebes built by the music of an 'Orpheus; but without the music of some inspired 'Orpheus was no city ever built, no work that man 'glories in ever done.

'Sweep away the Illusion of Time; glance, if 'thou have eyes, from the near moving-cause to its 'far-distant Mover. The stroke that came trans-'mitted through a whole galaxy of elastic balls, 'was it less a stroke than if the last ball only had 'been struck, and sent flying? O, could I (with the 'Time-annihilating Hat) transport thee direct from 'the Beginnings to the Endings, how were thy eye-'sight unsealed, and thy heart set flaming in the 'Light-sea of celestial wonder! Then sawest thou 'that this fair Universe, were it in the meanest 'province thereof, is in very deed the star-domed 'City of God; that through every star, through 'every grass-blade, and most through every Living 'Soul, the glory of a present God still beams. But 'Nature, which is the Time-vesture of God, and 'reveals Him to the wise, hides Him from the 'foolish.

'Again, could anything be more miraculous than 'an actual authentic Ghost? The English Johnson 'longed, all his life, to see one; but could not, 'though he went to Cock Lane, and thence to the 'church-vaults, and tapped on coffins. Foolish 'Doctor! Did he never, with the mind's eye as 'well as with the body's, look round him into that 'full tide of human Life he so loved; did he never 'so much as look into Himself? The good Doctor 'was a Ghost, as actual and authentic as heart could 'wish; well-nigh a million of Ghosts were travelling 'the streets by his side. Once more I say, sweep 'away the illusion of Time; compress the threescore 'years into three minutes: what else was he, what 'else are we? Are we not Spirits, that are shaped 'into a body, into an Appearance; and that fade 'away again into air and Invisibility? This is no 'metaphor, it is a simple scientific *fact:* we start 'out of Nothingness, take figure, and are Appari-'tions; round us, as round the veriest spectre, is 'Eternity; and to Eternity minutes are as years 'and æons. Come there not tones of Love and 'Faith, as from celestial harp-strings, like the 'Song of beatified Souls? And again, do not 'we squeak and jibber (in our discordant, screech-'owlish debatings and recriminatings); and glide 'bodeful, and feeble, and fearful; or uproar (*pol-'tern*), and revel in our mad Dance of the Dead,— 'till the scent of the morning air summons us to 'our still Home; and dreamy Night becomes awake 'and Day? Where now is Alexander of Macedon: 'does the steel Host, that yelled in fierce battle-'shouts at Issus and Arbela, remain behind him; 'or have they all vanished utterly, even as per-'turbed Goblins must? Napoleon too, and his 'Moscow Retreats and Austerlitz Campaigns!

'Was it all other than the veriest Spectre-hunt; 'which has now, with its howling tumult that made 'Night hideous, flitted away?—Ghosts! There are 'nigh a thousand-million walking the Earth openly 'at noontide; some half-hundred have vanished 'from it, some half-hundred have arisen in it, ere 'thy watch ticks once.

'O Heaven, it is mysterious, it is awful to con- 'sider that we not only carry each a future Ghost 'within him; but are, in very deed, Ghosts! These 'Limbs, whence had we them; this stormy Force; 'this life-blood with its burning Passion? They 'are dust and shadow; a Shadow-system gathered 'round our ME; wherein, through some moments 'or years, the Divine Essence is to be revealed in 'the Flesh. That warrior on his strong war-horse, 'fire flashes through his eyes; force dwells in his 'arm and heart: but warrior and war-horse are a 'vision; a revealed Force, nothing more. Stately 'they tread the Earth, as if it were a firm sub- 'stance: fool! the Earth is but a film; it cracks in 'twain, and warrior and war-horse sink beyond 'plummet's sounding. Plummet's? Fantasy her- 'self will not follow them. A little while ago, they 'were not; a little while, and they are not, their 'very ashes are not.

'So has it been from the beginning, so will it be 'to the end. Generation after generation takes to 'itself the Form of a Body; and forth-issuing from 'Cimmerian Night, on Heaven's mission APPEARS. 'What Force and Fire is in each he expends: 'one grinding in the mill of Industry; one hunter- 'like climbing the giddy Alpine heights of Science; 'one madly dashed in pieces on the rocks of Strife, 'in war with his fellow:—and then the Heaven- 'sent is recalled; his earthly Vesture falls away,

'and soon even to Sense becomes a vanished Shadow. 'Thus, like some wild-flaming, wild-thundering train 'of Heaven's Artillery, does this mysterious MAN-'KIND thunder and flame, in long-drawn, quick-'succeeding grandeur, through the unknown Deep. 'Thus, like a God-created, fire-breathing Spirit-host, 'we emerge from the Inane; haste stormfully across 'the astonished Earth; then plunge again into the 'Inane. Earth's mountains are levelled, and her 'seas filled up, in our passage: can the Earth, which 'is but dead and a vision, resist Spirits which have 'reality and are alive? On the hardest adamant 'some footprint of us is stamped-in; the last Rear 'of the host will read traces of the earliest Van. 'But whence?—O Heaven, whither? Sense knows 'not; Faith knows not; only that it is through 'Mystery to Mystery, from God and to God.

'"We *are such stuff*
As dreams are made of, and our little Life
Is rounded with a sleep!"'

CHAPTER IX.

CIRCUMSPECTIVE.

HERE, then, arises the so momentous question: Have many British Readers actually arrived with us at the new promised country; is the Philosophy of Clothes now at last opening around them? Long and adventurous has the journey been: from those outmost vulgar, palpable Woollen Hulls of Man; through his wondrous Flesh-Garments, and his wondrous Social Garnitures; inwards to the Garments of his very Soul's Soul, to Time and Space

themselves! And now does the spiritual, eternal Essence of Man, and of Mankind, bared of such wrappages, begin in any measure to reveal itself? Can many readers discern, as through a glass darkly, in huge wavering outlines, some primeval rudiments of Man's Being, what is changeable divided from what is unchangeable? Does that Earth-Spirit's speech in *Faust*,—

> "'Tis thus at the roaring Loom of Time I ply,
> And weave for God the Garment thou see'st Him by;'

or that other thousand-times repeated speech of the Magician, Shakspeare,—

> 'And like the baseless fabric of this vision,
> The cloudcapt Towers, the gorgeous Palaces,
> The solemn Temples, the great Globe itself,
> And all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
> And like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
> Leave not a wrack behind;'

begin to have some meaning for us? In a word, do we at length stand safe in the far region of Poetic Creation and Palingenesia, where that Phœnix Death-Birth of Human Society, and of all Human Things, appears possible, is seen to be inevitable?

Along this most insufficient, unheard-of Bridge, which the Editor, by Heaven's blessing, has now seen himself enabled to conclude if not complete, it cannot be his sober calculation, but only his fond hope, that many have travelled without accident. No firm arch, overspanning the Impassable with paved highway, could the Editor construct; only, as was said, some zigzag series of rafts floating tumultuously thereon. Alas, and the leaps from raft to raft were too often of a breakneck character; the darkness, the nature of the element, all was against us!

Nevertheless, may not here and there one of a thousand, provided with a discursiveness of intellect rare in our day, have cleared the passage, in spite of all? Happy few! little band of Friends! be welcome, be of courage. By degrees, the eye grows accustomed to its new Whereabout; the hand can stretch forth itself to work there: it is in this grand and indeed highest work of Palingenesia that ye shall labour, each according to ability. New labourers will arrive; new Bridges will be built; nay, may not our own poor rope-and-raft Bridge, in your passings and repassings, be mended in many a point, till it grow quite firm, passable even for the halt?

Meanwhile, of the innumerable multitude that started with us, joyous and full of hope, where now is the innumerable remainder, whom we see no longer by our side? The most have recoiled, and stand gazing afar off, in unsympathetic astonishment, at our career: not a few, pressing forward with more courage, have missed footing, or leaped short; and now swim weltering in the Chaos-flood, some towards this shore, some towards that. To these also a helping hand should be held out; at least some word of encouragement be said.

Or, to speak without metaphor, with which mode of utterance Teufelsdröckh unhappily has somewhat infected us,—can it be hidden from the Editor that many a British Reader sits reading quite bewildered in head, and afflicted rather than instructed by the present Work? Yes, long ago has many a British Reader been, as now, demanding with something like a snarl: Whereto does all this lead; or what use is in it?

In the way of replenishing thy purse, or otherwise aiding thy digestive faculty, O British Reader,

it leads to nothing, and there is no use in it; but rather the reverse, for it costs thee somewhat. Nevertheless, if through this unpromising Horn-gate, Teufelsdröckh, and we by means of him, have led thee into the true Land of Dreams; and through the Clothes-Screen, as through a magical *Pierre-Pertuis*, thou lookest, even for moments, into the region of the Wonderful, and seest and feelest that thy daily life is girt with Wonder, and based on Wonder, and thy very blankets and breeches are Miracles,—then art thou profited beyond money's worth; and hast a thankfulness towards our Professor; nay, perhaps in many a literary Tea-circle wilt open thy kind lips, and audibly express that same.

Nay farther, art not thou too perhaps by this time made aware that all Symbols are properly Clothes; that all Forms whereby Spirit manifests itself to sense, whether outwardly or in the imagination, are Clothes; and thus not only the parchment Magna Charta, which a Tailor was nigh cutting into measures, but the Pomp and Authority of Law, the sacredness of Majesty, and all inferior Worships (Worthships) are properly a Vesture and Raiment; and the Thirty-nine Articles themselves are articles of wearing-apparel (for the Religious Idea)? In which case, must it not also be admitted that this Science of Clothes is a high one, and may with infinitely deeper study on thy part yield richer fruit: that it takes scientific rank beside Codification, and Political Economy, and the Theory of the British Constitution; nay rather, from its prophetic height looks down on all these, as on so many weaving-shops and spinning-mills, where the Vestures which *it* has to fashion, and consecrate and distribute, are, too often by haggard hungry operatives who see no

farther than their nose, mechanically woven and spun?

But omitting all this, much more all that concerns Natural Supernaturalism, and indeed whatever has reference to the Ulterior or Transcendental portion of the Science, or bears never so remotely on that promised Volume of the *Palingenesie der menschlichen Gesellschaft* (Newbirth of Society),—we humbly suggest that no province of Clothes-Philosophy, even the lowest, is without its direct value, but that innumerable inferences of a practical nature may be drawn therefrom. To say nothing of those pregnant considerations, ethical, political, symbolical, which crowd on the Clothes-Philosopher from the very threshold of his Science; nothing even of those 'architectural ideas,' which, as we have seen, lurk at the bottom of all Modes, and will one day, better unfolding themselves, lead to important revolutions,—let us glance for a moment, and with the faintest light of Clothes-Philosophy, on what may be called the Habilatory Class of our fellow-men. Here too overlooking, where so much were to be looked on, the million spinners, weavers, fullers, dyers, washers, and wringers, that puddle and muddle in their dark recesses, to make us Clothes, and die that we may live,—let us but turn the reader's attention upon two small divisions of mankind, who, like moths, may be regarded as Cloth-animals, creatures that live, move and have their being in Cloth: we mean, Dandies and Tailors.

In regard to both which small divisions it may be asserted without scruple, that the public feeling, unenlightened by Philosophy, is at fault; and even that the dictates of humanity are violated. As will perhaps abundantly appear to readers of the two following Chapters.

CHAPTER X.

THE DANDIACAL BODY.

FIRST, touching Dandies, let us consider, with some scientific strictness, what a Dandy specially is. A Dandy is a Clothes-wearing Man, a Man whose trade, office and existence consists in the wearing of Clothes. Every faculty of his soul, spirit, purse and person is heroically consecrated to this one object, the wearing of Clothes wisely and well: so that as others dress to live, he lives to dress. The all-importance of Clothes, which a German Professor, of unequalled learning and acumen, writes his enormous Volume to demonstrate, has sprung up in the intellect of the Dandy without effort, like an instinct of genius; he is inspired with Cloth, a Poet of Cloth. What Teufelsdröckh would call a 'Divine Idea of Cloth' is born with him; and this, like other such Ideas, will express itself outwardly, or wring his heart asunder with unutterable throes.

But, like a generous, creative enthusiast, he fearlessly makes his Idea an Action; shows himself in peculiar guise to mankind; walks forth, a witness and living Martyr to the eternal worth of Clothes. We called him a Poet: is not his body the (stuffed) parchment-skin whereon he writes, with cunning Huddersfield dyes, a Sonnet to his mistress' eyebrow? Say, rather, an Epos, and *Clotha Virumque cano*, to the whole world, in Macaronic verses, which he that runs may read. Nay, if you grant, what seems to be admissible, that the Dandy has a Thinking-principle in him, and some notions of Time and Space, is there not in this Life-devotedness to Cloth, in this so willing sacrifice of the Immortal to

the Perishable, something (though in reverse order) of that blending and identification of Eternity with Time, which, as we have seen, constitutes the Prophetic character?

And now, for all this perennial Martyrdom, and Poesy, and even Prophecy, what is it that the Dandy asks in return? Solely, we may say, that you would recognise his existence; would admit him to be a living object; or even failing this, a visual object, or thing that will reflect rays of light. Your silver or your gold (beyond what the niggardly Law has already secured him) he solicits not; simply the glance of your eyes. Understand his mystic significance, or altogether miss and misinterpret it; do but look at him, and he is contented. May we not well cry shame on an ungrateful world, which refuses even this poor boon; which will waste its optic faculty on dried Crocodiles, and Siamese Twins; and over the domestic wonderful wonder of wonders, a live Dandy, glance with hasty indifference, and a scarcely concealed contempt! Him no Zoologist classes among the Mammalia, no Anatomist dissects with care: when did we see any injected Preparation of the Dandy in our Museums; any specimen of him preserved in spirits? Lord Herringbone may dress himself in a snuff-brown suit, with snuff-brown shirt and shoes: it skills not; the undiscerning public, occupied with grosser wants, passes by regardless on the other side.

The age of Curiosity, like that of Chivalry, is indeed, properly speaking, gone. Yet perhaps only gone to sleep: for here arises the Clothes-Philosophy to resuscitate, strangely enough, both the one and the other! Should sound views of this Science come to prevail, the essential nature of the British Dandy, and the mystic significance that lies in him,

cannot always remain hidden under laughable and lamentable hallucination. The following long Extract from Professor Teufelsdröckh may set the matter, if not in its true light, yet in the way towards such. It is to be regretted, however, that here, as so often elsewhere, the Professor's keen philosophic perspicacity is somewhat marred by a certain mixture of almost owlish purblindness, or else of some perverse, ineffectual, ironic tendency; our readers shall judge which:

'In these distracted times,' writes he, 'when the 'Religious Principle, driven out of most Churches, 'either lies unseen in the hearts of good men, look-'ing and longing and silently working there towards 'some new Revelation; or else wanders homeless 'over the world, like a disembodied soul seeking its 'terrestrial organisation,—into how many strange 'shapes, of Superstition and Fanaticism, does it not 'tentatively and errantly cast itself! The higher 'Enthusiasm of man's nature is for the while with-'out Exponent; yet does it continue indestructible, 'unweariedly active, and work blindly in the great 'chaotic deep: thus Sect after Sect, and Church 'after Church, bodies itself forth, and melts again 'into new metamorphosis.

'Chiefly is this observable in England, which, as 'the wealthiest and worst-instructed of European 'nations, offers precisely the elements (of Heat, 'namely, and of Darkness), in which such moon-'calves and monstrosities are best generated. 'Among the newer Sects of that country, one 'of the most notable, and closely connected with 'our present subject, is that of the *Dandies;* con-'cerning which, what little information I have 'been able to procure may fitly stand here.

'It is true, certain of the English Journalists, 'men generally without sense for the Religious 'Principle, or judgment for its manifestations, 'speak, in their brief enigmatic notices, as if this 'were perhaps rather a Secular Sect, and not a 'Religious one; nevertheless, to the psychologic 'eye its devotional and even sacrificial character 'plainly enough reveals itself. Whether it belongs 'to the class of Fetish-worships, or of Hero-worships 'or Polytheisms, or to what other class, may in the 'present state of our intelligence remain undecided '(*schweben*). A certain touch of Manicheism, not 'indeed in the Gnostic shape, is discernible enough: 'also (for human Error walks in a cycle, and re-'appears at intervals) a not-inconsiderable resem-'blance to that Superstition of the Athos Monks, 'who by fasting from all nourishment, and looking 'intensely for a length of time into their own 'navels, came to discern therein the true Apoca-'lypse of Nature, and Heaven Unveiled. To my 'own surmise, it appears as if this Dandiacal Sect 'were but a new modification, adapted to the new 'time, of that primeval Superstition, *Self-worship;* 'which Zerdusht, Quangfoutchee, Mohamed, and 'others, strove rather to subordinate and restrain 'than to eradicate; and which only in the purer 'forms of Religion has been altogether rejected. 'Wherefore, if any one chooses to name it revived 'Ahrimanism, or a new figure of Demon-Worship, 'I have, so far as is yet visible, no objection.

'For the rest, these people, animated with the 'zeal of a new Sect, display courage and persever-'ance, and what force there is in man's nature, 'though never so enslaved. They affect great 'purity and separatism; distinguish themselves by 'a particular costume (whereof some notices were

'given in the earlier part of this Volume); likewise, 'so far as possible, by a particular speech (apparently some broken *Lingua-franca*, or English-French); and, on the whole, strive to maintain a 'true Nazarene deportment, and keep themselves 'unspotted from the world.'

'They have their Temples, whereof the chief, as 'the Jewish Temple did, stands in their metropolis; 'and is named *Almack's*, a word of uncertain etymology. They worship principally by night; and 'have their Highpriests and Highpriestesses, who, 'however, do not continue for life. The rites, by 'some supposed to be of the Menadic sort, or 'perhaps with an Eleusinian or Cabiric character, 'are held strictly secret. Nor are Sacred Books 'wanting to the Sect; these they call *Fashionable 'Novels:* however, the Canon is not completed, 'and some are canonical and others not.

'Of such Sacred Books I, not without expense, 'procured myself some samples; and in hope of 'true insight, and with the zeal which beseems an 'Inquirer into Clothes, set to interpret and study 'them. But wholly to no purpose: that tough 'faculty of reading, for which the world will not 'refuse me credit, was here for the first time foiled 'and set at naught. In vain that I summoned my 'whole energies (*mich weidlich anstrengte*), and did 'my very utmost; at the end of some short space, 'I was uniformly seized with not so much what I 'can call a drumming in my ears, as a kind of 'infinite, unsufferable, Jew's-harping and scrannel-'piping there; to which the frightfullest species of 'Magnetic Sleep soon supervened. And if I strove 'to shake this away, and absolutely would not 'yield, there came a hitherto unfelt sensation, as 'of *Delirium Tremens*, and a melting into total

'deliquium: till at last, by order of the Doctor, 'dreading ruin to my whole intellectual and bodily 'faculties, and a general breaking-up of the consti- 'tution, I reluctantly but determinedly forbore. 'Was there some miracle at work here; like those 'Fire-balls, and supernal and infernal prodigies, 'which, in the case of the Jewish Mysteries, have 'also more than once scared-back the Alien? Be 'this as it may, such failure on my part, after best 'efforts, must excuse the imperfection of this sketch; 'altogether incomplete, yet the completest I could 'give of a Sect too singular to be omitted.

'Loving my own life and senses as I do, no 'power shall induce me, as a private individual, to 'open another *Fashionable Novel*. But luckily, in 'this dilemma, comes a hand from the clouds; 'whereby if not victory, deliverance is held out 'to me. Round one of those Book-packages, 'which the *Stillschweigen'sche Buchhandlung* is in 'the habit of importing from England, come, as is 'usual, various waste printed-sheets (*Maculatur- 'blätter*), by way of interior wrappage: into these 'the Clothes-Philosopher, with a certain Mo- 'hamedan reverence even for waste-paper, where 'curious knowledge will sometimes hover, disdains 'not to cast his eye. Readers may judge of his 'astonishment when on such a defaced stray-sheet, 'probably the outcast fraction of some English 'Periodical, such as they name *Magazine*, appears 'something like a Dissertation on this very subject 'of *Fashionable Novels!* It sets out, indeed, chiefly 'from a Secular point of view; directing itself, not 'without asperity, against some to me unknown in- 'dividual named *Pelham*, who seems to be a Mysta- 'gogue, and leading Teacher and Preacher of the 'Sect; so that, what indeed otherwise was not to

'be expected in such a fugitive fragmentary sheet, 'the true secret, the Religious physiognomy and 'physiology of the Dandiacal Body, is nowise laid 'fully open there. Nevertheless, scattered lights 'do from time to time sparkle out, whereby I 'have endeavoured to profit. Nay, in one passage 'selected from the Prophecies, or Mythic Theog-'onies, or whatever they are (for the style seems 'very mixed) of this Mystagogue, I find what 'appears to be a Confession of Faith, or Whole 'Duty of Man, according to the tenets of that Sect. 'Which Confession or Whole Duty, therefore, as 'proceeding from a source so authentic, I shall here 'arrange under Seven distinct Articles, and in very 'abridged shape lay before the German world; 'therewith taking leave of this matter. Observe 'also, that to avoid possibility of error, I, as far as 'may be, quote literally from the Original:

'ARTICLES OF FAITH.

"1. Coats should have nothing of the triangle 'about them; at the same time, wrinkles behind 'should be carefully avoided.

"2. The collar is a very important point: it 'should be low behind, and slightly rolled.

"3. No license of fashion can allow a man of 'delicate taste to adopt the posterial luxuriance of 'a Hottentot.

"4. There is safety in a swallow-tail.

"5. The good sense of a gentleman is nowhere 'more finely developed than in his rings.

"6. It is permitted to mankind, under certain 'restrictions, to wear white waistcoats.

"7. The trousers must be exceedingly tight 'across the hips."

'All which Propositions I, for the present, con-
'tent myself with modestly but peremptorily and
'irrevocably denying.

'In strange contrast with this Dandiacal Body
'stands another British Sect, originally, as I under-
'stand, of Ireland, where its chief seat still is; but
'known also in the main Island, and indeed every-
'where rapidly spreading. As this Sect has hither-
'to emitted no Canonical Books, it remains to me
'in the same state of obscurity as the Dandiacal,
'which has published Books that the unassisted
'human faculties are inadequate to read. The
'members appear to be designated by a consider-
'able diversity of names, according to their various
'places of establishment: in England they are
'generally called the *Drudge* Sect; also, unphiloso-
'phically enough, the *White Negroes;* and, chiefly
'in scorn by those of other communions, the *Ragged-
'Beggar* Sect. In Scotland, again, I find them en-
'titled *Hallanshakers*, or the *Stook of Duds* Sect;
'any individual communicant is named *Stook of
'Duds* (that is, Shock of Rags), in allusion, doubt-
'less, to their professional Costume. While in
'Ireland, which, as mentioned, is their grand
'parent hive, they go by a perplexing multiplicity
'of designations, such as *Bogtrotters, Redshanks,
'Ribbonmen, Cottiers, Peep-of-Day Boys, Babes of
'the Wood, Rockites, Poor-Slaves:* which last,
'however, seems to be the primary and generic
'name; whereto, probably enough, the others
'are only subsidiary species, or slight varieties;
'or, at most, propagated offsets from the parent
'stem, whose minute subdivisions, and shades of
'difference, it were here loss of time to dwell
'on. Enough for us to understand, what seems
'indubitable, that the original Sect is that of the

'*Poor-Slaves;* whose doctrines, practices, and funda-
'mental characteristics pervade and animate the
'whole Body, howsoever denominated or out-
'wardly diversified.

'The precise speculative tenets of this Brother-
'hood: how the Universe, and Man, and Man's
'Life, picture themselves to the mind of an Irish
'Poor-Slave; with what feelings and opinions he
'looks forward on the Future, round on the Pres-
'ent, back on the Past, it were extremely difficult
'to specify. Something Monastic there appears to
'be in their Constitution: we find them bound by
'the two Monastic Vows, of Poverty and Obedi-
'ence; which Vows, especially the former, it is
'said, they observe with great strictness; nay, as I
'have understood it, they are pledged, and be it
'by any solemn Nazarene ordination or not, irrevo-
'cably consecrated thereto, even *before* birth. That
'the third Monastic Vow, of Chastity, is rigidly
'enforced among them, I find no ground to con-
'jecture.

'Furthermore, they appear to imitate the Dandia-
'cal Sect in their grand principle of wearing a
'peculiar Costume. Of which Irish Poor-Slave
'Costume no description will indeed be found in
'the present Volume; for this reason, that by the
'imperfect organ of Language it did not seem
'describable. Their raiment consists of innumer-
'able skirts, lappets and irregular wings, of all
'cloths and of all colours; through the labyrinthic
'intricacies of which their bodies are introduced by
'some unknown process. It is fastened together
'by a multiplex combination of buttons, thrums
'and skewers; to which frequently is added a
'girdle of leather, of hempen or even of straw
'rope, round the loins. To straw rope, indeed,

'they seem partial, and often wear it by way of 'sandals. In head-dress they affect a certain free-'dom: hats with partial brim, without crown, or 'with only a loose, hinged, or valved crown; in 'the former case, they sometimes invert the hat, 'and wear it brim uppermost, like a University-'cap, with what view is unknown.

'The name Poor-Slaves seems to indicate a 'Slavonic, Polish, or Russian origin: not so, how-'ever, the interior essence and spirit of their Super-'stition, which rather displays a Teutonic or Druidi-'cal character. One might fancy them worshippers 'of Hertha, or the Earth: for they dig and affec-'tionately work continually in her bosom; or else, 'shut-up in private Oratories, meditate and manip-'ulate the substances derived from her; seldom 'looking-up towards the Heavenly Luminaries, and 'then with comparative indifference. Like the 'Druids, on the other hand, they live in dark dwell-'ings; often even breaking their glass-windows, 'where they find such, and stuffing them up with 'pieces of raiment, or other opaque substances, till 'the fit obscurity is restored. Again, like all 'followers of Nature-Worship, they are liable to 'outbreakings of an enthusiasm rising to ferocity; 'and burn men, if not in wicker idols, yet in sod 'cottages.

'In respect of diet, they have also their observ-'ances. All Poor-Slaves are Rhizophagous (or 'Root-eaters); a few are Ichthyophagous, and use 'Salted Herrings: other animal food they abstain 'from; except indeed, with perhaps some strange 'inverted fragment of a Brahminical feeling, such 'animals as die a natural death. Their universal 'sustenance is the root named Potato, cooked by 'fire alone; and generally without condiment or

'relish of any kind, save an unknown condiment 'named *Point*, into the meaning of which I have 'vainly inquired; the victual *Potatoes-and-Point* 'not appearing, at least not with specific accuracy 'of description, in any European Cookery-Book 'whatever. For drink, they use, with an almost 'epigrammatic counterpoise of taste, Milk, which 'is the mildest of liquors, and *Potheen*, which is 'the fiercest. .This latter I have tasted, as well as 'the English *Blue-Ruin*, and the Scotch *Whisky*, 'analogous fluids used by the Sect in those countries: 'it evidently contains some form of alcohol, in the 'highest state of concentration, though disguised 'with acrid oils; and is, on the whole, the most 'pungent substance known to me,—indeed, a per- 'fect liquid fire. In all their Religious Solemnities, 'Potheen is said to be an indispensable requisite, 'and largely consumed.

'An Irish Traveller, of perhaps common veracity, 'who presents himself under the to me unmeaning 'title of *The late John Bernard*, offers the following 'sketch of a domestic establishment, the inmates 'whereof, though such is not stated expressly, 'appear to have been of that Faith. Thereby 'shall my German readers now behold an Irish 'Poor-Slave, as it were with their own eyes; and 'even see him at meat. Moreover, in the so 'precious waste-paper sheet above mentioned, I 'have found some corresponding picture of a 'Dandiacal Household, painted by that same 'Dandiacal Mystagogue, or Theogonist: this also, 'by way of counterpart and contrast, the world 'shall look into.

'First, therefore, of the Poor-Slave, who appears 'likewise to have been a species of Innkeeper. I 'quote from the original:

Poor-Slave Household.

'"The furniture of this Caravansera consisted of 'a large iron Pot, two oaken Tables, two Benches, 'two Chairs, and a Potheen Noggin. There was a 'Loft above (attainable by a ladder), upon which 'the inmates slept; and the space below was 'divided by a hurdle into two Apartments; the one 'for their cow and pig, the other for themselves and 'guests. On entering the house we discovered the 'family, eleven in number, at dinner: the father 'sitting at the top, the mother at the bottom, the 'children on each side, of a large oaken Board, 'which was scooped-out in the middle, like a 'trough, to receive the contents of their Pot of 'Potatoes. Little holes were cut at equal dis-'tances to contain Salt; and a bowl of Milk stood 'on the table: all the luxuries of meat and beer, 'bread, knives and dishes were dispensed with." 'The Poor-Slave himself our Traveller found, as 'he says, broad-backed, black-browed, of great 'personal strength, and mouth from ear to ear. 'His Wife was a sun-browned but well-featured 'woman; and his young ones, bare and chubby, 'had the appetite of ravens. Of their Philoso-'phical or Religious tenets or observances, no 'notice or hint.

'But now, secondly, of the Dandiacal Household; 'in which, truly, that often-mentioned Mystagogue 'and inspired Penman himself has his abode:

Dandiacal Household.

'"A Dressing-room splendidly furnished; violet-'coloured curtains, chairs and ottomans of the same 'hue. Two full-length Mirrors are placed, one on

'each side of a table, which supports the luxuries 'of the Toilet. Several Bottles of Perfumes, 'arranged in a peculiar fashion, stand upon a 'smaller table of mother-of-pearl: opposite to these 'are placed the appurtenances of Lavation richly 'wrought in frosted silver. A Wardrobe of Buhl 'is on the left; the doors of which, being partly 'open, discover a profusion of Clothes; Shoes of a 'singularly small size monopolise the lower shelves. 'Fronting the wardrobe a door ajar gives some 'slight glimpse of a Bath-room. Folding-doors in 'the background.—Enter the Author," our The-'ogonist in person, "obsequiously preceded by a 'French Valet, in white silk Jacket and cambric 'Apron."

'Such are the two Sects which, at this moment, 'divide the more unsettled portion of the British 'People; and agitate that ever-vexed country. To 'the eye of the political Seer, their mutual relation, 'pregnant with the elements of discord and hostility, 'is far from consoling. These two principles of 'Dandiacal Self-worship or Demon-worship, and 'Poor-Slavish or Drudgical Earth-worship, or what-'ever that same Drudgism may be, do as yet indeed 'manifest themselves under distant and nowise con-'siderable shapes: nevertheless, in their roots and 'subterranean ramifications, they extend through 'the entire structure of Society, and work un-'weariedly in the secret depths of English national 'Existence; striving to separate and isolate it into 'two contradictory, uncommunicating masses.

'In numbers, and even individual strength, the 'Poor-Slaves or Drudges, it would seem, are hourly 'increasing. The Dandiacal, again, is by nature no 'proselytising Sect; but it boasts of great hereditary

'resources, and is strong by union; whereas the 'Drudges, split into parties, have as yet no rallying-'ing-point; or at best only coöperate by means of 'partial secret affiliations. If, indeed, there were 'to arise a *Communion of Drudges*, as there is 'already a Communion of Saints, what strangest 'effects would follow therefrom! Dandyism as yet 'affects to look-down on Drudgism: but perhaps 'the hour of trial, when it will be practically seen 'which ought to look down, and which up, is not 'so distant.

'To me it seems probable that the two Sects will 'one day part England between them; each recruiting itself from the intermediate ranks, till there be 'none left to enlist on either side. Those Dandiacal Manicheans, with the host of Dandyising 'Christians, will form one body: the Drudges, 'gathering round them whosoever is Drudgical, be 'he Christian or Infidel Pagan; sweeping-up likewise all manner of Utilitarians, Radicals, refractory 'Potwallopers, and so forth, into their general mass, 'will form another. I could liken Dandyism and 'Drudgism to two bottomless boiling Whirlpools 'that had broken-out on opposite quarters of the 'firm land: as yet they appear only disquieted, 'foolishly bubbling wells, which man's art might 'cover-in; yet mark them, their diameter is daily 'widening: they are hollow Cones that boil-up 'from the infinite Deep, over which your firm land 'is but a thin crust or rind! Thus daily is the 'intermediate land crumbling-in, daily the empire 'of the two Buchan-Bullers extending; till now 'there is but a foot-plank, a mere film of Land 'between them; this too is washed away: and 'then—we have the true Hell of Waters, and 'Noah's Deluge is outdeluged!

'Or better, I might call them two boundless, and 'indeed unexampled Electric Machines (turned by 'the "Machinery of Society"), with batteries of 'opposite quality; Drudgism the Negative, Dandy-'ism the Positive: one attracts hourly towards it 'and appropriates all the Positive Electricity of the 'nation (namely, the Money thereof); the other is 'equally busy with the Negative (that is to say the 'Hunger), which is equally potent. Hitherto you 'see only partial transient sparkles and sputters: 'but wait a little, till the entire nation is in an 'electric state; till your whole vital Electricity, no 'longer healthfully Neutral, is cut into two isolated 'portions of Positive and Negative (of Money and 'of Hunger); and stands there bottled-up in two 'World-Batteries! The stirring of a child's finger 'brings the two together; and then—What then? 'The Earth is but shivered into impalpable smoke 'by that Doom's-thunderpeal; the Sun misses one 'of his Planets in Space, and thenceforth there are 'no eclipses of the Moon.—Or better still, I might 'liken——'

O, enough, enough of likenings and similitudes; in excess of which, truly, it is hard to say whether Teufelsdröckh or ourselves sin the more.

We have often blamed him for a habit of wire-drawing and over-refining; from of old we have been familiar with his tendency to Mysticism and Religiosity, whereby in everything he was still scenting-out Religion: but never perhaps did these amaurosis-suffusions so cloud and distort his otherwise most piercing vision, as in this of the *Dandiacal Body!* Or was there something of intended satire; is the Professor and Seer not quite the blinkard he affects to be? Of an ordinary mortal we should have decisively answered in the affirma-

tive; but with a Teufelsdröckh there ever hovers some shade of doubt. In the mean while, if satire were actually intended, the case is little better. There are not wanting men who will answer: Does your Professor take us for simpletons? His irony has overshot itself; we see through it, and perhaps through him.

CHAPTER XI.

TAILORS.

THUS, however, has our first Practical Inference from the Clothes-Philosophy, that which respects Dandies, been sufficiently drawn; and we come now to the second, concerning Tailors. On this latter our opinion happily quite coincides with that of Teufelsdröckh himself, as expressed in the concluding page of his Volume, to whom, therefore, we willingly give place. Let him speak his own last words, in his own way:

'Upwards of a century,' says he, 'must elapse, and 'still the bleeding fight of Freedom be fought, whose 'is noblest perishing in the van, and thrones be hurled 'on altars like Pelion on Ossa, and the Moloch of 'Iniquity have his victims, and the Michael of 'Justice his martyrs, before Tailors can be admitted 'to their true prerogatives of manhood, and this last 'wound of suffering Humanity be closed.

'If aught in the history of the world's blindness 'could surprise us, here might we indeed pause and 'wonder. An idea has gone abroad, and fixed 'itself down into a wide-spreading rooted error, 'that Tailors are a distinct species in Physiology,

'not Men, but fractional Parts of a Man. Call 'any one a *Schneider* (Cutter, Tailor), is it not, in 'our dislocated, hoodwinked, and indeed delirious 'condition of Society, equivalent to defying his 'perpetual fellest enmity? The epithet *schneider-* 'mässig (tailor-like) betokens an otherwise un- 'approachable degree of pusillanimity: we intro- 'duce a *Tailor's-Melancholy*, more opprobrious than 'any Leprosy, into our Books of Medicine; and 'fable I know not what of his generating it by 'living on Cabbage. Why should I speak of Hans 'Sachs (himself a Shoemaker, or kind of Leather- 'Tailor), with his *Schneider mit dem Panier?* 'Why of Shakspeare, in his *Taming of the Shrew*, "and elsewhere? Does it not stand on record that 'the English Queen Elizabeth, receiving a deputa- 'tion of Eighteen Tailors, addressed them with a '"Good morning, gentlemen both!" Did not the 'same virago boast that she had a Cavalry Regi- 'ment, whereof neither horse nor man could be 'injured; her Regiment, namely, of Tailors on 'Mares? Thus everywhere is the falsehood taken 'for granted, and acted on as an indisputable fact.

'Nevertheless, need I put the question to any 'Physiologist, whether it is disputable or not? 'Seems it not at least presumable, that, under his 'Clothes, the Tailor has bones and viscera, and 'other muscles than the sartorious? Which func- 'tion of manhood is the Tailor not conjectured to 'perform? Can he not arrest for debt? Is he not 'in most countries a tax-paying animal?

'To no reader of this Volume can it be doubtful 'which conviction is mine. Nay if the fruit of these 'long vigils, and almost preternatural Inquiries, is 'not to perish utterly, the world will have approxi- 'mated towards a higher Truth; and the doctrine,

'which Swift, with the keen forecast of genius, dimly 'anticipated, will stand revealed in clear light: 'that the Tailor is not only a Man, but something 'of a Creator or Divinity. Of Franklin it was said, 'that "he snatched the Thunder from Heaven and 'the Sceptre from Kings": but which is greater, I 'would ask, he that lends, or he that snatches? 'For, looking away from individual cases, and how 'a Man is by the Tailor new-created into a Noble-'man, and clothed not only with Wool but with 'Dignity and a Mystic Dominion,—is not the fair 'fabric of Society itself, with all its royal mantles 'and pontifical stoles, whereby, from nakedness and 'dismemberment, we are organised into Polities, 'into nations, and a whole coöperating Mankind, 'the creation, as has here been often irrefragably 'evinced, of the Tailor alone?—What too are all 'Poets and moral Teachers, but a species of Meta-'phorical Tailors? Touching which high Guild the 'greatest living Guild-brother has triumphantly 'asked us: "Nay if thou wilt have it, who but 'the Poet first made Gods for men; brought them 'down to us; and raised us up to them?"

'And this is he, whom sitting downcast, on the 'hard basis of his Shopboard, the world treats with 'contumely, as the ninth part of a man! Look up, 'thou much-injured one, look up with the kindling 'eye of hope, and prophetic bodings of a noble 'better time. Too long hast thou sat there, on 'crossed legs, wearing thy ankle-joints to horn; 'like some sacred Anchorite, or Catholic Fakir, 'doing penance, drawing down Heaven's richest 'blessings, for a world that scoffed at thee. Be of 'hope! Already streaks of blue peer through our 'clouds; the thick gloom of Ignorance is rolling 'asunder, and it will be Day. Mankind will repay

'with interest their long-accumulated debt; the An-
'chorite that was scoffed at will be worshipped;
'the Fraction will become not an Integer only, but
'a Square and Cube. With astonishment the world
'will recognise that the Tailor is its Hierophant and
'Hierarch, or even its God.

'As I stood in the Mosque of St. Sophia, and
'looked upon these Four-and-Twenty Tailors, sew-
'ing and embroidering that rich Cloth, which the
'Sultan sends yearly for the Caaba of Mecca, I
'thought within myself: How many other Unholies
'has your covering Art made holy, besides this
'Arabian Whinstone!

'Still more touching was it when, turning the
'corner of a lane, in the Scottish Town of Edin-
'burgh, I came upon a Signpost, whereon stood
'written that such and such a one was "Breeches-
'Maker to his Majesty"; and stood painted the
'Effigies of a Pair of Leather Breeches, and between
'the knees these memorable words, SIC ITUR AD
'ASTRA. Was not this the martyr prison-speech of
'a Tailor sighing indeed in bonds, yet sighing
'towards deliverance, and prophetically appealing
'to a better day? A day of justice, when the
'worth of Breeches would be revealed to man, and
'the Scissors become forever venerable.

'Neither, perhaps, may I now say, has his appeal
'been altogether in vain. It was in this high
'moment, when the soul, rent, as it were, and
'shed asunder, is open to inspiring influence,
'that I first conceived this Work on Clothes: the
'greatest I can ever hope to do; which has already,
'after long retardations, occupied, and will yet
'occupy, so large a section of my Life; and of
'which the Primary and simpler Portion may here
'find its conclusion.'

CHAPTER XII.

FAREWELL.

So have we endeavoured, from the enormous, amorphous Plum-pudding, more like a Scottish Haggis, which Herr Teufelsdröckh had kneaded for his fellow mortals, to pick out the choicest Plums, and present them separately on a cover of our own. A laborious, perhaps a thankless enterprise; in which, however, something of hope has occasionally cheered us, and of which we can now wash our hands not altogether without satisfaction. If hereby, though in barbaric wise, some morsel of spiritual nourishment have been added to the scanty ration of our beloved British world, what nobler recompense could the Editor desire? If it prove otherwise, why should he murmur? Was not this a Task which Destiny, in any case, had appointed him; which having now done with, he sees his general Day's-work so much the lighter, so much the shorter?

Of Professor Teufelsdröckh it seems impossible to take leave without a mingled feeling of astonishment, gratitude and disapproval. Who will not regret that talents, which might have profited in the higher walks of Philosophy, or in Art itself, have been so much devoted to a rummaging among lumber-rooms; nay too often to a scraping in kennels, where lost rings and diamond-necklaces are nowise the sole conquests? Regret is unavoidable; yet censure were loss of time. To cure him of his mad humours British Criticism would essay in vain: enough for her if she can, by vigilance, prevent the spreading of such among ourselves.

What a result, should this piebald, entangled, hyper-metaphorical style of writing, not to say of thinking, become general among our Literary men! As it might so easily do. Thus has not the Editor himself, working over Teufelsdröckh's German, lost much of his own English purity? Even as the smaller whirlpool is sucked into the larger, and made to whirl along with it, so has the lesser mind, in this instance, been forced to become portion of the greater, and, like it, see all things figuratively: which habit time and assiduous effort will be needed to eradicate.

Nevertheless, wayward as our Professor shows himself, is there any reader that can part with him in declared enmity? Let us confess, there is that in the wild, much-suffering, much-inflicting man, which almost attaches us. His attitude, we will hope and believe, is that of a man who had said to Cant, Begone; and to Dilettantism, Here thou canst not be; and to Truth, Be thou in place of all to me: a man who had manfully defied the 'Time-prince,' or Devil, to his face; nay perhaps, Hannibal-like, was mysteriously consecrated from birth to that warfare, and now stood minded to wage the same, by all weapons, in all places, at all times. In such a cause, any soldier, were he but a Polack Scythe-man, shall be welcome.

Still the question returns on us: How could a man occasionally of keen insight, not without keen sense of propriety, who had real Thoughts to communicate, resolve to emit them in a shape bordering so closely on the absurd? Which question he were wiser than the present Editor who should satisfactorily answer. Our conjecture has sometimes been, that perhaps Necessity as well as Choice was concerned in it. Seems it not conceivable that, in

a Life like our Professor's, where so much bountifully given by Nature had in Practice failed and misgone, Literature also would never rightly prosper: that striving with his characteristic vehemence to paint this and the other Picture, and ever without success, he at last desperately dashes his sponge, full of all colours, against the canvas, to try whether it will paint Foam? With all his stillness, there were perhaps in Teufelsdröckh desperation enough for this.

A second conjecture we hazard with even less warranty. It is, that Teufelsdröckh is not without some touch of the universal feeling, a wish to proselytise. How often already have we paused, uncertain whether the basis of this so enigmatic nature were really Stoicism and Despair, or Love and Hope only seared into the figure of these! Remarkable, moreover, is this saying of his: 'How 'were Friendship possible? In mutual devotedness 'to the Good and True: otherwise impossible; 'except as Armed Neutrality, or hollow Com-'mercial League. A man, be the Heavens ever 'praised, is sufficient for himself; yet were ten 'men, united in Love, capable of being and of 'doing what ten thousand singly would fail in. 'Infinite is the help man can yield to man.' And now in conjunction therewith consider this other: 'It is the Night of the World, and still long till it 'be Day: we wander amid the glimmer of smoking 'ruins, and the Sun and the Stars of Heaven are as 'if blotted out for a season; and two immeasurable 'Phantoms, HYPOCRISY and ATHEISM, with the Gowl, 'SENSUALITY, stalk abroad over the Earth, and call 'it theirs: well at ease are the Sleepers for whom 'Existence is a shallow Dream.'

But what of the awestruck Wakeful who find it

a Reality? Should not these unite; since even an authentic Spectre is not visible to Two?—In which case were this enormous Clothes-Volume properly an enormous Pitchpan, which our Teufelsdröckh in his lone watchtower had kindled, that it might flame far and wide through the Night, and many a disconsolately wandering spirit be guided thither to a Brother's bosom!—We say as before, with all his malign Indifference, who knows what mad Hopes this man may harbour?

Meanwhile there is one fact to be stated here, which harmonises ill with such conjecture; and, indeed, were Teufelsdröckh made like other men, might as good as altogether subvert it. Namely, that while the Beacon-fire blazed its brightest, the Watchman had quitted it; that no pilgrim could now ask him: Watchman, what of the Night? Professor Teufelsdröckh, be it known, is no longer visibly present at Weissnichtwo, but again to all appearance lost in space! Some time ago, the Hofrath Heuschrecke was pleased to favour us with another copious Epistle; wherein much is said about the 'Population-Institute'; much repeated in praise of the Paper-bag Documents, the hieroglyphic nature of which our Hofrath still seems not to have surmised; and, lastly, the strangest occurrence communicated, to us for the first time, in the following paragraph:

'*Ew. Wohlgeboren* will have seen from the public 'Prints, with what affectionate and hitherto fruitless 'solicitude Weissnichtwo regards the disappearance 'of her Sage. Might but the united voice of Ger- 'many prevail on him to return; nay could we but so 'much as elucidate for ourselves by what mystery he 'went away! But, alas, old Lieschen experiences or 'affects the profoundest deafness, the profoundest

'ignorance: in the Wahngasse all lies swept, silent, 'sealed up; the Privy Council itself can hitherto 'elicit no answer.

'It had been remarked that while the agitating 'news of those Parisian Three Days flew from 'mouth to mouth, and dinned every ear in Weiss-'nichtwo, Herr Teufelsdröckh was not known, at 'the *Gans* or elsewhere, to have spoken, for a whole 'week, any syllable except once these three: *Es 'geht an* (It is beginning). Shortly after, as *Ew. 'Wohlgeboren* knows, was the public tranquillity 'here, as in Berlin, threatened by a Sedition of 'the Tailors. Nor did there want Evil-wishers, or 'perhaps mere desperate Alarmists, who asserted 'that the closing Chapter of the Clothes-Volume was 'to blame. In this appalling crisis, the serenity of 'our Philosopher was indescribable: nay, perhaps 'through one humble individual, something thereof 'might pass into the *Rath* (Council) itself, and so 'contribute to the country's deliverance. The Tailors 'are now entirely pacificated.—

'To neither of these two incidents can I attribute 'our loss: yet still comes there the shadow of a 'suspicion out of Paris and its Politics. For ex-'ample, when the *Saint-Simonian Society* trans-'mitted its Propositions hither, and the whole '*Gans* was one vast cackle of laughter, lamenta-'tion and astonishment, our Sage sat mute; and 'at the end of the third evening said merely: '"Here also are men who have discovered, not 'without amazement, that Man is still Man; of 'which high, long-forgotten Truth you already see 'them make a false application." Since then, as 'has been ascertained by examination of the Post-'Director, there passed at least one Letter with its 'Answer between the Messieurs Bazard-Enfantin

'and our Professor himself; of what tenor can now 'only be conjectured. On the fifth night following, 'he was seen for the last time!

'Has this invaluable man, so obnoxious to most 'of the hostile Sects that convulse our Era, been 'spirited away by certain of their emissaries; or 'did he go forth voluntarily to their headquarters 'to confer with them and confront them? Reason 'we have, at least of a negative sort, to believe the 'Lost still living; our widowed heart also whispers 'that ere long he will himself give a sign. Other-'wise, indeed, his archives must, one day, be opened 'by Authority; where much, perhaps the *Palin-'genesie* itself, is thought to be reposited.'

Thus far the Hofrath; who vanishes, as is his wont, too like an Ignis Fatuus, leaving the dark still darker.

So that Teufelsdröckh's public History were not done, then, or reduced to an even, unromantic tenor: nay, perhaps the better part thereof were only beginning? We stand in a region of conjectures, where substance has melted into shadow, and one cannot be distinguished from the other. May Time, which solves or suppresses all problems, throw glad light on this also! Our own private conjecture, now amounting almost to certainty, is that, safe-moored in some stillest obscurity, not to lie always still, Teufelsdröckh is actually in London!

Here, however, can the present Editor, with an ambrosial joy as of over-weariness falling into sleep, lay down his pen. Well does he know, if human testimony be worth aught, that to innumerable British readers likewise, this is a satisfying consummation: that innumerable British readers con-

sider him, during these current months, but as an uneasy interruption to their ways of thought and digestion; and indicate so much, not without a certain irritancy and even spoken invective. For which, as for other mercies, ought not he to thank the Upper Powers? To one and all of you, O irritated readers, he, with outstretched arms and open heart, will wave a kind farewell. Thou too, miraculous Entity, who namest thyself YORKE and OLIVER, and with thy vivacities and genialities, with thy all-too Irish mirth and madness, and odour of palled punch, makest such strange work, farewell; long as thou canst, fare-*well!* Have we not, in the course of Eternity, travelled some months of our Life-journey in partial sight of one another; have we not existed together, though in a state of quarrel?

APPENDIX:

TESTIMONIES OF AUTHORS.

THIS questionable little Book was undoubtedly written among the mountain solitudes, in 1831; but, owing to impediments natural and accidental, could not, for seven years more, appear as a Volume in England;—and had at last to clip itself in pieces, and be content to struggle out, bit by bit, in some courageous *Magazine* that offered. Whereby now, to certain idly curious readers, and even to myself till I make study, the insignificant but at last irritating question, What its real history and chronology are, is, if not insoluble, considerably involved in haze.

To the first English Edition, 1838, which an American, or two American had now opened the way for, there was slightingly prefixed, under the title '*Testimonies of Authors*,' some straggle of real documents, which, now that I find it again, sets the matter into clear light and sequence;—and shall here, for removal of idle stumbling-blocks and nugatory guessings from the path of every reader, be reprinted as it stood. (*Author's Note of* 1868.)

TESTIMONIES OF AUTHORS.

I. HIGHEST CLASS, BOOKSELLER'S TASTER.

Taster to Bookseller.—'The Author of *Teufelsdröckh* is a person of talent; his work displays here and there some felicity of thought and expression, considerable fancy and knowledge: but whether or not it would take with the public seems doubtful.

For a *jeu d'esprit* of that kind it is too long; it would have suited better as an essay or article than as a volume. The Author has no great tact; his wit is frequently heavy; and reminds one of the German Baron who took to leaping on tables, and answered that he was learning to be lively. *Is* the work a translation?'

Bookseller to Editor.—'Allow me to say that such a writer requires only a little more tact to produce a popular as well as an able work. Directly on receiving your permission, I sent your *Ms.* to a gentleman in the highest class of men of letters, and an accomplished German scholar: I now enclose you his opinion, which, you may rely upon it, is a just one; and I have too high an opinion of your good sense to' etc. etc.—*Ms.* (*penes nos*), *London, 17th September* 1831.

II. Critic of the Sun.

'*Fraser's Magazine* exhibits the usual brilliancy, and also the' etc. '*Sartor Resartus* is what old Dennis used to call "a heap of clotted nonsense," mixed however, here and there, with passages marked by thought and striking poetic vigour. But what does the writer mean by "Baphometic fire-baptism"? Why cannot he lay aside his pedantry, and write so as to make himself generally intelligible? We quote by way of curiosity a sentence from the *Sartor Resartus;* which may be read either backwards or forwards, for it is equally intelligible either way: indeed, by beginning at the tail, and so working up to the head, we think the reader will stand the fairest chance of getting at its meaning: "The fire-baptised soul, long so scathed and thunder-riven, here feels its own freedom; which

feeling is its Baphometic baptism: the citadel of its whole kingdom it has thus gained by assault, and will keep inexpugnable; outwards from which the remaining dominions, not indeed without hard battering, will doubtless by degrees be conquered and pacificated." Here is a——' . . . . —*Sun Newspaper, 1st April* 1834.

III. North-American Reviewer.

'. . . . . After a careful survey of the whole ground, our belief is that no such persons as Professor Teufelsdröckh or Counsellor Heuschrecke ever existed; that the six Paper-bags, with their China-ink inscriptions and multifarious contents, are a mere figment of the brain; that the "present Editor" is the only person who has ever written upon the Philosophy of Clothes; and that the *Sartor Resartus* is the only treatise that has yet appeared upon that subject;—in short, that the whole account of the origin of the work before us, which the supposed Editor relates with so much gravity, and of which we have given a brief abstract, is, in plain English, a *hum.*

'Without troubling our readers at any great length with our reasons for entertaining these suspicions, we may remark, that the absence of all other information on the subject, except what is contained in the work, is itself a fact of a most significant character. The whole German press, as well as the particular one where the work purports to have been printed, seems to be under the control of *Stillschweigen and Co.*—Silence and Company. If the Clothes-Philosophy and its author are making so great a sensation throughout Germany as is pretended, how happens it that the only notice we

have of the fact is contained in a few numbers of a monthly Magazine published at London? How happens it that no intelligence about the matter has come out directly to this country? We pique ourselves here in New England upon knowing at least as much of what is going on in the literary way in the old Dutch Mother-land as our brethren of the fast-anchored Isle; but thus far we have no tidings whatever of the "extensive close-printed close-meditated volume," which forms the subject of this pretended commentary. Again, we would respectfully inquire of the "present Editor" upon what part of the map of Germany we are to look for the city of *Weissnichtwo*—"Know-not-where"—at which place the work is supposed to have been printed, and the Author to have resided. It has been our fortune to visit several portions of the German territory, and to examine pretty carefully, at different times and for various purposes, maps of the whole; but we have no recollection of any such place. We suspect that the city of *Know-not-where* might be called, with at least as much propriety, *Nobody-knows-where*, and is to be found in the kingdom of *Nowhere*. Again, the village of *Entepfuhl*—"Duck-pond"—where the supposed Author of the work is said to have passed his youth, and that of *Hinterschlag*, where he had his education, are equally foreign to our geography. Duck-ponds enough there undoubtedly are in almost every village in Germany, as the traveller in that country knows too well to his cost, but any particular village denominated Duck-pond is to us altogether *terra incognita*. The names of the personages are not less singular than those of the places. Who can refrain from a smile at the yoking together of such a pair of appellatives as Diogenes Teufelsdröckh? The

supposed bearer of this strange title is represented as admitting, in his pretended autobiography, that "he had searched to no purpose through all the Heralds' books in and without the German empire, and through all manner of Subscribers'-lists, Militia-rolls, and other Name-catalogues," but had nowhere been able to find "the name Teufelsdröckh, except as appended to his own person." We can readily believe this, and we doubt very much whether any Christian parent would think of condemning a son to carry through life the burden of so unpleasant a title. That of Counsellor Heuschrecke—"Grasshopper"—though not offensive, looks much more like a piece of fancy work than a "fair business transaction." The same may be said of *Blumine*—"Flower-Goddess"—the heroine of the fable; and so of the rest.

'In short, our private opinion is, as we have remarked, that the whole story of a correspondence with Germany, a university of Nobody-knows-where, a Professor of Things in General, a Counsellor Grasshopper, a Flower-Goddess Blumine, and so forth, has about as much foundation in truth as the late entertaining account of Sir John Herschel's discoveries in the moon. Fictions of this kind are, however, not uncommon, and ought not, perhaps, to be condemned with too much severity; but we are not sure that we can exercise the same indulgence in regard to the attempt, which seems to be made to mislead the public as to the substance of the work before us, and its pretended German original. Both purport, as we have seen, to be upon the subject of Clothes, or dress. *Clothes, their Origin and Influence*, is the title of the supposed German treatise of Professor Teufelsdröckh, and the rather odd name of *Sartor*

Resartus—the Tailor Patched—which the present Editor has affixed to his pretended commentary, seems to look the same way. But though there is a good deal of remark throughout the work in a half-serious, half-comic style upon dress, it seems to be in reality a treatise upon the great science of Things in General, which Teufelsdröckh is supposed to have professed at the university of Nobody-knows-where. Now, without intending to adopt a too rigid standard of morals, we own that we doubt a little the propriety of offering to the public a treatise on Things in General, under the name and in the form of an Essay on Dress. For ourselves, advanced as we unfortunately are in the journey of life, far beyond the period when dress is practically a matter of interest, we have no hesitation in saying, that the real subject of the work is to us more attractive than the ostensible one. But this is probably not the case with the mass of readers. To the younger portion of the community, which constitutes everywhere the very great majority, the subject of dress is one of intense and paramount importance. An author who treats it appeals, like a poet, to the young men and maidens—*virginibus puerisque*—and calls upon them, by all the motives which habitually operate most strongly upon their feelings, to buy his book. When, after opening their purses for this purpose, they have carried home the work in triumph, expecting to find in it some particular instruction in regard to the tying of their neckcloths, or the cut of their corsets, and meet with nothing better than a dissertation on Things in General, they will—to use the mildest term—not be in very good humour. If the last improvements in legislation, which we have made in this country, should have found their way to England, the author, we think, would stand some chance of being *Lynched*.

Whether his object in this piece of *supercherie* be merely pecuniary profit, or whether he takes a malicious pleasure in quizzing the Dandies, we shall not undertake to say. In the latter part of the work, he devotes a separate chapter to this class of persons, from the tenor of which we should be disposed to conclude, that he would consider any mode of divesting them of their property very much in the nature of a spoiling of the Egyptians.

'The only thing about the work, tending to prove that it is what it purports to be, a commentary on a real German treatise, is the style, which is a sort of Babylonish dialect, not destitute, it is true, of richness, vigour, and at times a sort of singular felicity of expression, but very strongly tinged throughout with the peculiar idiom of the German language. This quality in the style, however, may be a mere result of a great familiarity with German literature; and we cannot, therefore, look upon it as in itself decisive, still less as outweighing so much evidence of an opposite character.'—*North-American Review, No.* 89, *October* 1835.

IV. New-England Editors.

'The Editors have been induced, by the express desire of many persons, to collect the following sheets out of the ephemeral pamphlets * in which they first appeared, under the conviction that they contain in themselves the assurance of a longer date.

'The Editors have no expectation that this little Work will have a sudden and general popularity. They will not undertake, as there is no need, to justify the gay costume in which the Author delights to dress his thoughts, or the German idioms with which he has sportively sprinkled his pages.

* *Fraser's* (London) *Magazine*, 1833-4.

It is his humour to advance the gravest speculations upon the gravest topics in a quaint and burlesque style. If his masquerade offend any of his audience, to that degree that they will not hear what he has to say, it may chance to draw others to listen to his wisdom; and what work of imagination can hope to please all? But we will venture to remark that the distaste excited by these peculiarities in some readers is greatest at first, and is soon forgotten; and that the foreign dress and aspect of the Work are quite superficial, and cover a genuine Saxon heart. We believe, no book has been published for many years, written in a more sincere style of idiomatic English, or which discovers an equal mastery over all the riches of the language. The Author makes ample amends for the occasional eccentricity of his genius, not only by frequent bursts of pure splendour, but by the wit and sense which never fail him.

'But what will chiefly commend the Book to the discerning reader is the manifest design of the work, which is, a Criticism upon the Spirit of the Age—we had almost said, of the hour—in which we live; exhibiting in the most just and novel light the present aspects of Religion, Politics, Literature, Arts, and Social Life. Under all his gaiety the Writer has an earnest meaning, and discovers an insight into the manifold wants and tendencies of human nature, which is very rare among our popular authors. The philanthropy and the purity of moral sentiment, which inspire the work, will find their way to the heart of every lover of virtue.'—*Preface to Sartor Resartus: Boston*, 1835, 1837.

***

SUNT, FUERUNT VEL FUERE.

London, 30th June 1838.

SUMMARY.

BOOK I.

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How to make known Teufelsdröckh and his Book to English readers; especially *such* a book? Editor receives from the Hofrath Heuschrecke a letter promising Biographic Documents. Negotiations with Oliver Yorke. *Sartor Resartus* conceived. Editor's assurances and advice to his British reader. (p. 6.)

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and Great Men. Napoleon, a divine missionary, preaching *La carrière ouverte aux talens.* Teufelsdröckh at the North Cape: Modern means of self-defence. Gunpowder and duelling. The Pilgrim, despising his miseries, reaches the Centre of Indifference. (p. 162.)

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NEILL AND COMPANY, PRINTERS, EDINBURGH.

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Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 18 July, 2018